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DIVE INTO PAGE 76!

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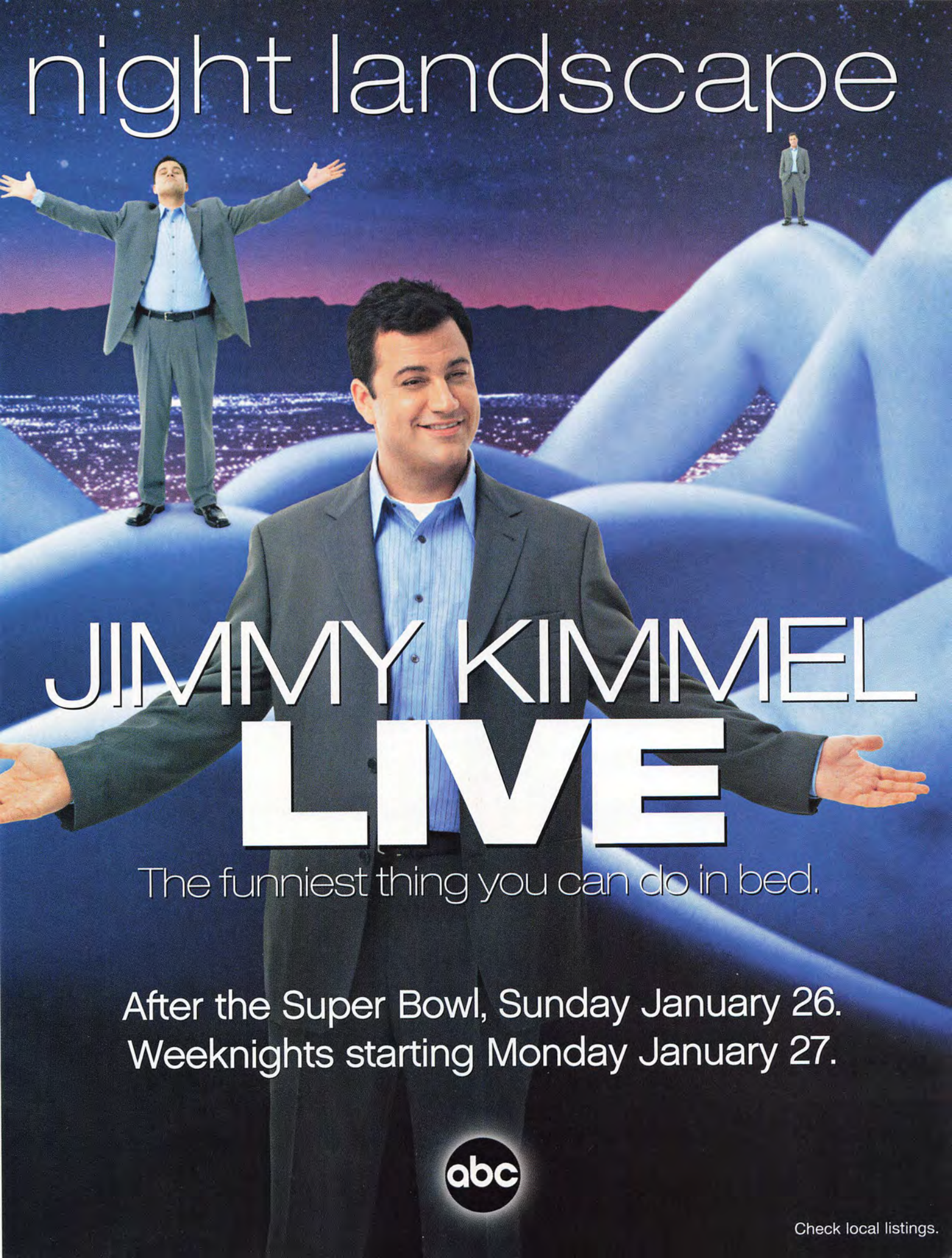
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Features





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COVER GIRL
CHRISTINA AGUILERA
We were watching the "Dirrty" video 37 times one day, when this editor had a brainstorm: Why don't we shake things up by showing Christina Aguilera with lots of clothes *on*? That editor now works at *Details*.

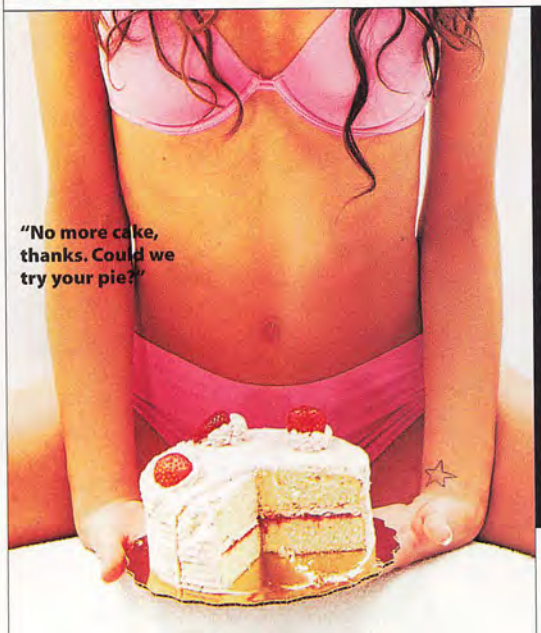












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BEAUTIFUL MINDS
CHICK TRICKS
You know how women always seem to get their way? Here's how you can, too. And you don't even have to grow breasts, or a uterus, or anything like that!

WE WANT ANSWERS!
74 RAY LIOTTA
Yeah, he *does* think you're funny like a clown. Yeah, you *are* here to amuse him. What the hell you gonna do about it? Huh?
p. 74

A THUG'S LIFE
90 GANGS GONE WILD
Organized crime conglomerates in Russia, Japan, Jamaica, and Colombia square off to kick some ass. Come for the shakedowns…stay for your own murder!

SINGLE HOT FEMALE
98 TRISTA REHN
In case you missed *The Bachelor*'s first season, now's your chance to see the girl that idiot guy passed up. *Passed up!* No, we don't know what's wrong with him.

TAKE A HIKE!
106 SUNDAY, SUPER SUNDAY
Couldn't get tix to the Big Dance, huh? Us? Of course we could. We just, ah, chose not to go. We're celebrating right here anyway, with an insider's game guide, gridiron greats, a high-octane guide to San Diego nightlife so you can dream a little, and the zaniest Super Bowl commercials ever.
p.110

SLAPPY NEW YEAR
110 YOU SAY YOU WANT A RESOLUTION?
It's a big world, but we've made New Year's resolutions for all of you. Here's yours, Britney: You promise to finally lose your virginity with a sensitive partner who really loves you…on pay-per-view.

FOR EVA AND EVA
122 EVA HENGER
Starting with a bang in *Gangs of New York,* this Euro-hottie says she has no trouble playing erotic parts. One look and you'll be OK with the concept, too.





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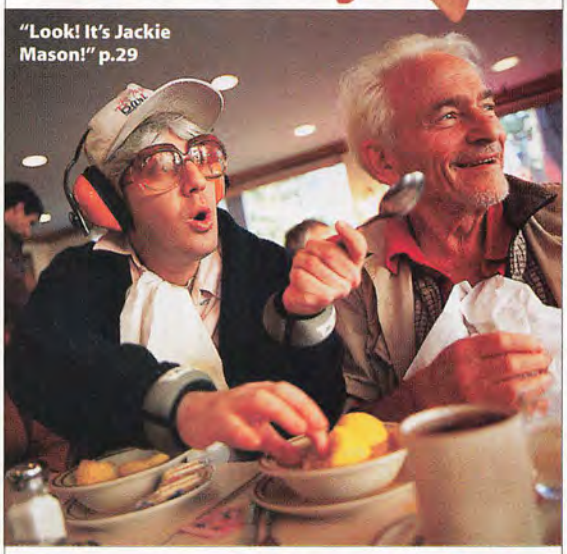


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COMING ATTRACTION
GENELLE
She once played the grim specter of Death...in a bikini. We'll die anytime now.

Invisible juggling, p.50



Regulars



"Look! It's Jackie Mason!" p.29



p.54



Just buried her rival, p.42

18 LETTERS
Saddam's sons are murderous menaces, and *Maxim* told you first. Hear that, *Newsweek*? First, beeyotch!

p.48



22 JOKES
If rib-tickling is a sin, let these wiseacres burn!

24 CIRCUS MAXIMUS
We've got planes so fast they're gone before you've heard about them, and hada spik Astraaaalyun.

38 HOW TO
Build a snow fort, host a bachelor party, and ruin everything. That's right: everything.

SAYS HER
44 BEDROOM BLUNDERS
Why won't she sleep with you again? We've got five good reasons she'll never tell you.

INSTANT EXPERT
48 UNZIPPED GENES
We will now examine your genetic matter. We got lots of it off a cocktail dress somebody sent us.

50 ASK DR. MAXIM
One guy thinks about uncut weenies; another has persistent foot fungus! Back, all of you!

p.44



I WAS THERE
54 SUDDEN DEATH
Dozens died in this South African soccer riot as our man, inside, fought to make it out alive.



That's a *male* koala, weirdo! p.148

129 MAXIM FASHION
Look! Up in the sky! *Smallville*'s Michael Rosenbaum sporting diabolical superduds.

145 TOP GEAR
Shirts off, ladies! The videophone is here. Plus, samurai armor and fat people.

WINE & DINE
150 SUPER BOWL CHILI
Super Bowl parties aren't just about pounding alcohol, you shallow bastard—they're also about pounding chili.

156 BAR EXAM
Senior editor James Heidenry whistles the "Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy" whenever he thinks he's alone.



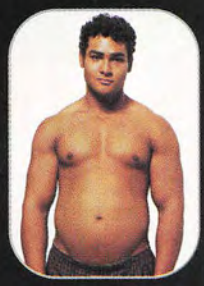
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HOT ZONE
What are *you* doing New Year's Eve? If you're not part of the cryonics team defrosting Dick Clark for another TV special, you'll want to know your other options.



"How embarrassing. My roots are showing," p.61

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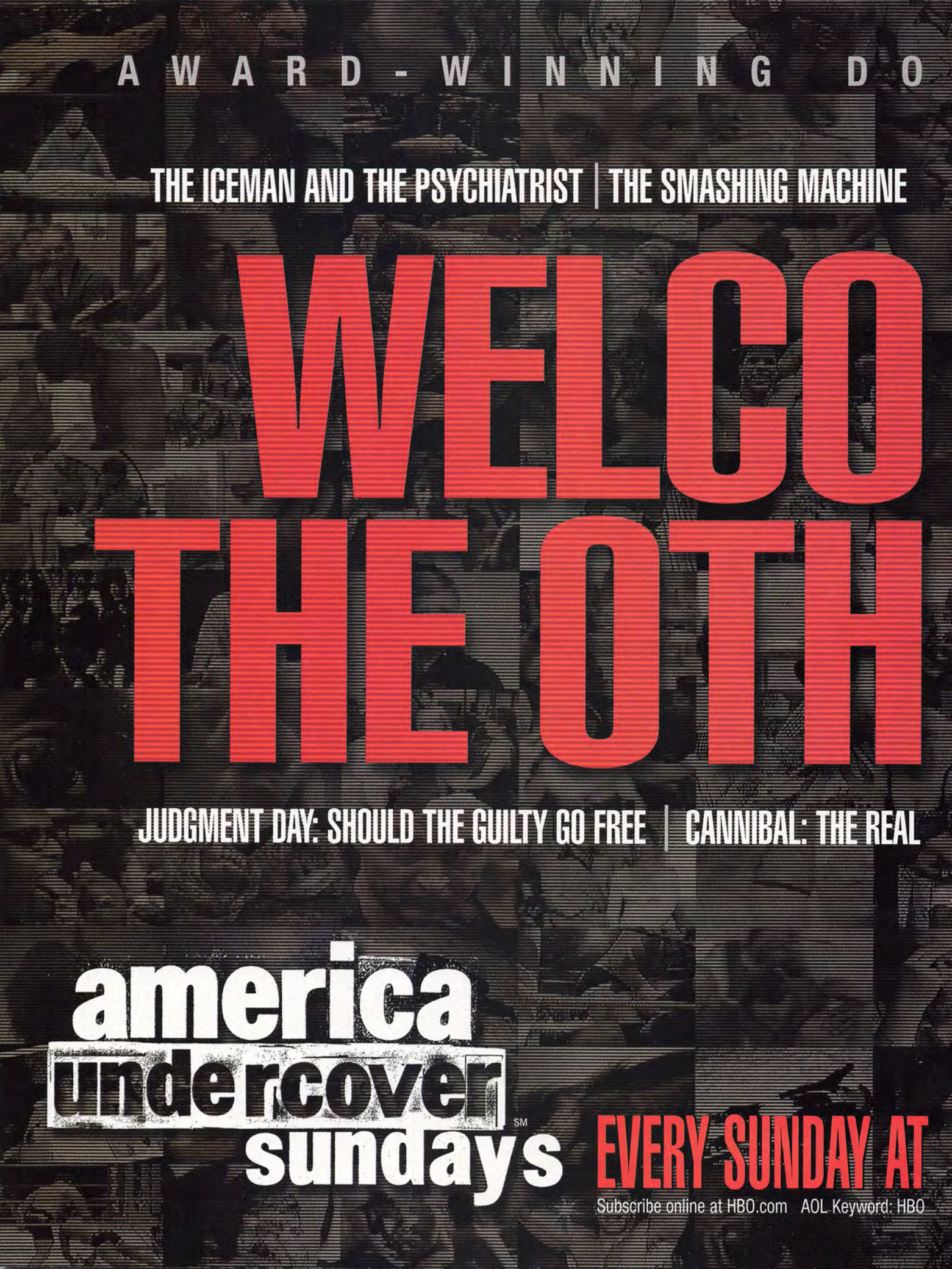


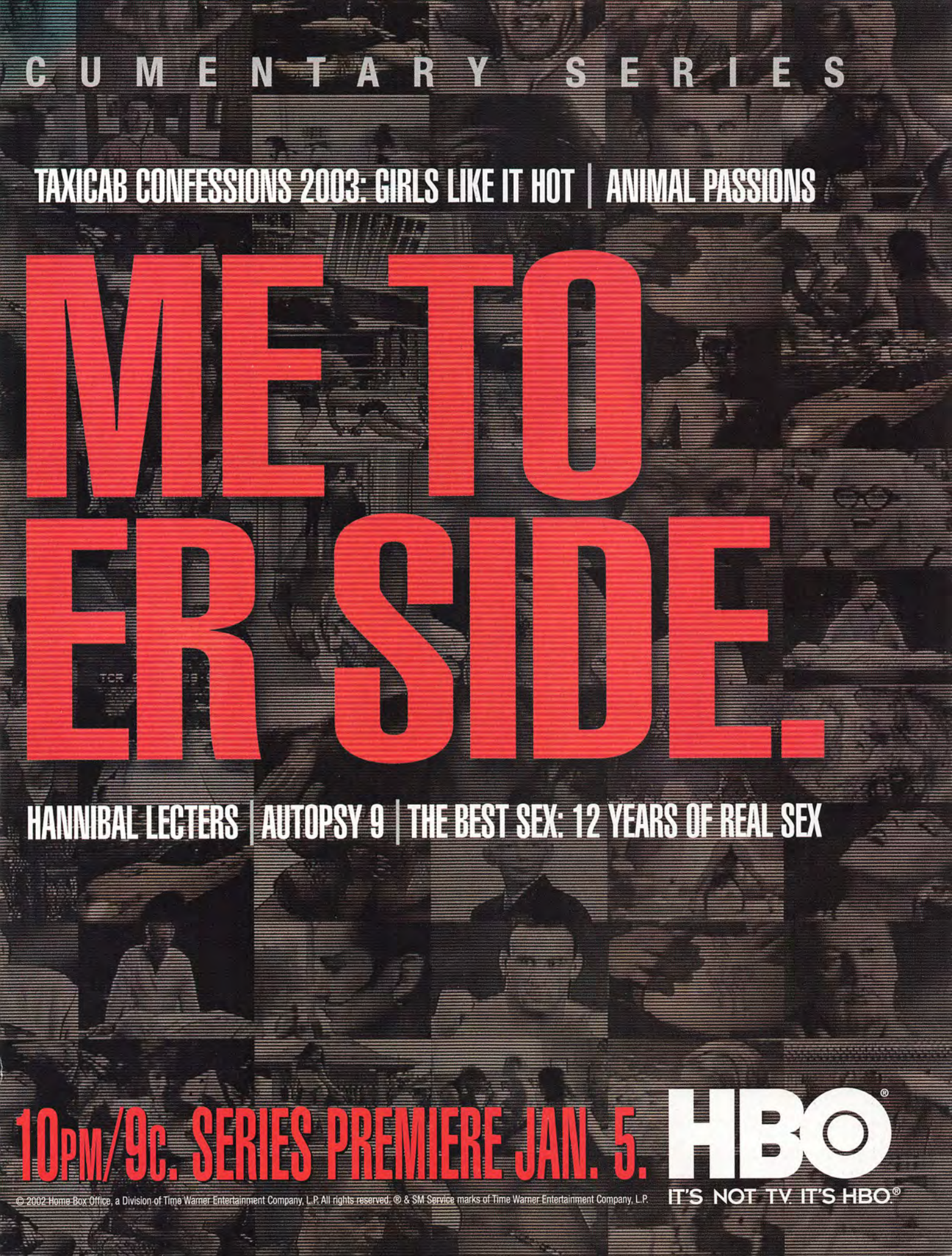
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Editor's Letter



Keith Blanchard
We think he's spraying in the corners.

Let's roll.

Right about the time you're reading this, if my secret defense department calendar's correct, the first Regime Changer cruise missiles should be streaking across the hot desert sky. I'm picturing Hussein on the crapper, flipping through a battered *Garfield* comic book and giggling...

Could we have avoided this whole Iraq mess with some smarter foreign policy? Sure, maybe. But it doesn't change the bottom line: Tyranny must be opposed, whenever it rears its head, by whomever is powerful enough to oppose it. And that someone, at this point in world history, is us. With great power comes great responsibility, as one wise man—OK, Spider-Man—wisely put it.

Rogue nuclear powers, al Qaeda sleeper cells, snipers at the gas station: A violent age has quietly crept up on us. Three *Sopranos* seasons into the new millennium, and already every wacko out there, foreign and domestic, is literally going ballistic. Be vigilant on the home front—the life you save may be your own. Or, more importantly, mine.

Here at *Maxim* we're soldiering on with the business of entertaining the troops—i.e., you. We've got steamy Christina Aguilera pics (open indoors, please...she's not exactly dressed for winter), a rundown of the world's scariest gangs, 100 resolutions we wish *someone* would make, and a whole lot more. Best of all, we've got TV! Don't miss *The Maxim NFL Beach Bash*, airing on ESPN on Sunday, February 2, right after the Pro Bowl. We're gonna blow *Trading Spaces* outta the water, dude!

Enjoy the issue; I'm off to dispense a dark brand of justice.

Keith Blanchard



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Peter Savic for aRT miX the Agency
MAKEUP BY
Stephen Sollitto for BIBO Cosmetics/CloutierAgency.com
MANICURE BY
Marilyn for the Delano Hotel, Miami Beach
CLOTHING
Bikini bottom by Diesel



This Month in Maxim

The cold, hard numbers behind this issue.

Bar tab racked up by the author of our San Diego story (p.109)	$616.08
Percentage by which this exceeded his allotted tab for the story	100
Inches this contributor must now be stretched on the rack in our office	3.16
Days till staffer Steve Kandell noticed his e-mail signature file read "Idiot"	5
Times Joe Namath said "heck" in our interview	23
Pounds of red meat editor Charles Coxe consumed for the diet story	26.25
Months this has shortened his life, according to actuarial tables	3
Days until the office bathroom was habitable again	6
Live fish received in the mail	1
Dead lobsters received in the mail	1
Death threats Rush fans sent over a recent Geddy Lee joke (Nov. '02)	8
Percentage of these winners who had "2112" in their e-mail addresses	25

Photograph, Charlie Langella (Keith); wardrobe and prop styling, Liz Engelhardt; grooming, Gina Simone for Oliver Piro/Mac Pro; leather jacket by Andrew Marc; boots by Kenneth Cole



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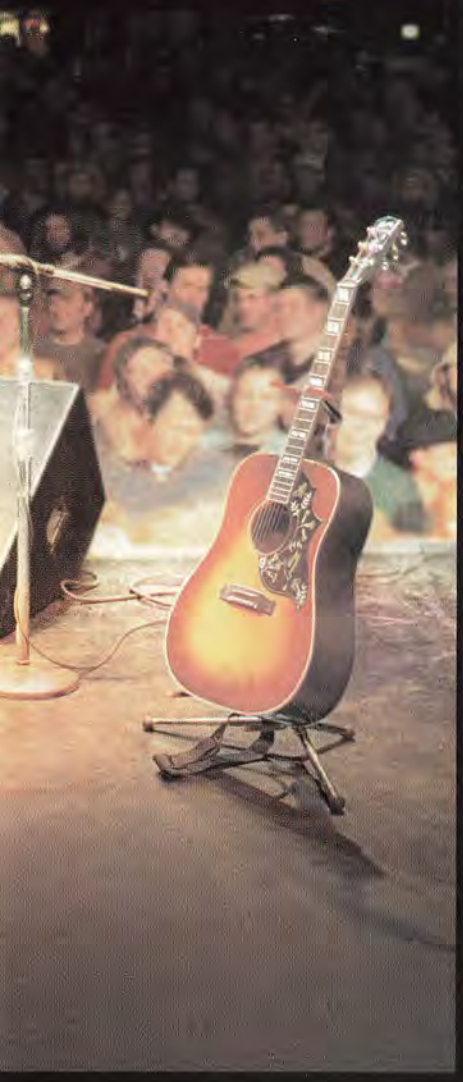
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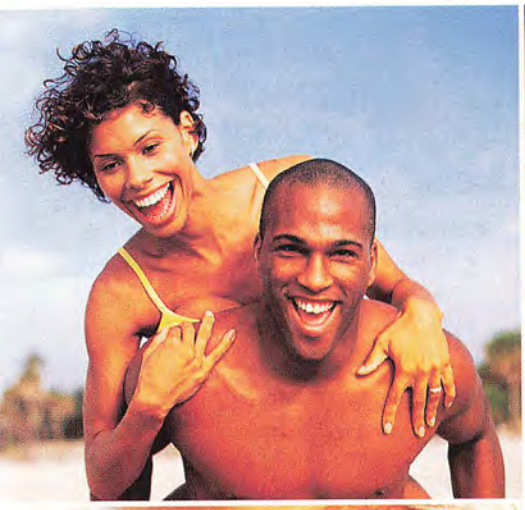
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YOU TALKIN' TO US?

Make a New Year's resolution? Yeah, right. Before you clean out that bong, check out these letters from a gullible NAMBLA fan, a pissed-off Geddy Lee fan, and a *Newsweek* freak. Send all empty promises to the address at the right.

DID YOU WIN?

If we printed your letter this month, we're sending you a *Hitman 2* video game. To play, e-mail us at editors@maximmag.com or write to Readers' Letters, *Maxim*, 1040 6th Ave., 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018.





Nobody's Perfect

Your November cover girl, Rebecca Romijn-Stamos, has won my heart. She's smart, funny, and amazing-looking, and maybe even knows a thing or two about cooking; she had a part-time job in a bakery. Landing a role in *X-Men* was great, and now it seems she's finally breaking into the big time with lead roles. Her only flaw is marrying that *Full House* guy instead of me.

Maury Welsh
Via e-mail

She knows, she knows—it's the source of her inner sadness. Would you pick up the phone and call her already?

Rebecca Romijn-Stamos gives us the slip, again

Bum Rushed

In your November Circus Maximus "Idol Rumors," you claimed that Rush bass player Geddy Lee was arrested for loitering in a truck-stop parking lot and that the doctors had to bandage his knees. How could you make such a distasteful remark about one of the greatest musicians of all time? You'll soon find out how loyal Rush fans are.

Jeff Carroll
Via e-mail

That joke hit a nerve with a lot of Rush fans! We deeply regret the remark and in no way mean to imply that anyone who complained secretly dreams of having Mr. Lee kneel and smoke his hog.

Eating Disorder

I just finished reading "The Code II" [November]. It was great! But I have one question regarding Rule #8,990, which states that men should always maintain grilling rights. Would it be acceptable to purposely fuck up your girl's crappy tofu burger so that she gets mad and takes over the grilling? That way she does all the work and you do nothing but chug beer.

Nate Corliss
St. Louis, MO

Sorry, the possibility of her fucking up your steak is too great a risk. We suggest moving the grill into the living room so you can chug beer, cook meat at your leisure from the couch, and watch the game all at the same time.

PUT ME IN MAXIM!

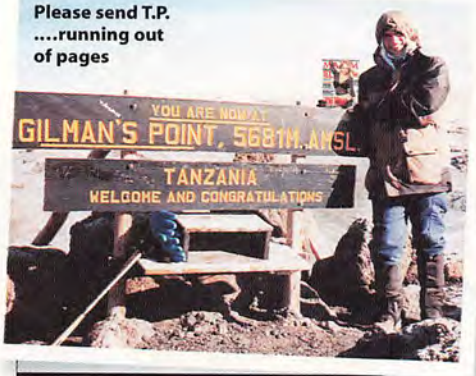
Heating Mag

After a six-day trek up Tanzania's Mt. Kilimanjaro and making a brief pit stop at Gilman's Point, I finally reached the 19,340-foot summit: Uhuru Peak. Temperatures dropped to a bone-chilling 20 degrees below zero, and the only thing that kept me warm was your June cover girl, Jeri Ryan.

Bill Cowin
Boston, MA

Could we get you to run back up there and get another shot? You're a little off-center in this one.

Please send T.P. ....running out of pages



Casting Coach

I'm meeting with an extremely sexy, well-known actress to discuss some project. I'm thinking of asking her out, but I have zero experience with celebrities, so I'm really nervous. Do you have any advice for how to deal with this once-in-a-lifetime chance?

Mike James
Via e-mail

Sure. Flash loads of cash and drop names like Spielberg and Lucas. Keep the relationship hot and heavy by maxing out all your credit cards. When your life eventu-

YOURS FOR THE TAKING



Drumroll, Please!

Time to get the band back together! We're giving away a one-of-a-kind Yamaha Maple Custom Absolute drum kit covered with gorgeous hip-grinding go-go girls hand-painted by Todd Rundgren drummer Prairie Prince. The rock'n'roll set comes with a bass drum, a snare, and five toms—to help you take full advantage of your office's acoustics. Big recording contract and perma-stoned roadies not included. For a chance to win the $13,000 neighbor-enrager, and an opportunity to beat your way to the big time, visit maximonline.com and go to the contest page to enter. All phone calls, faxes, and walk-ins will burn out or fade away.

Photographs: Dominique Issermann for H&K (Rebecca Romijn-Stamos); Robert Glasgow (drums)

ally crashes down around you, write us again and we'll tell you Part B.

Courage Under Fire

I'm a photographer who takes still-life portraits. After reading your combat photo piece "Shots From the Front" in the November issue, I bought the book you excerpted, *Shooting Under Fire: The World of the War Photographer.* One of the photojournalists you featured, Ron Haviv, has since been put on a hit list in Chechnya. I can't imagine what it's like having a career where sleeping in ditches, being held at gunpoint, and getting beaten is all part of the job.

Richard Wylie
Via e-mail

Our delivery guys from the Bronx say it's not as bad as you'd think.

Can't Have Just One

I can't believe you had Alicia Witt, the raging beauty who seduced Christopher on *The Sopranos,* in your midst and only took one friggin' picture ["The Sopranos' Most Wanted," November]. Why don't you show us the rest?

David Moore
Via e-mail

Sorry, they were deemed too "oh, Lordy" and were confiscated by upper management, who then locked their office door so we couldn't get in.

Boys on the Side

I saw a *South Park* episode about NAMBLA last week and thought it was a joke. Then when you mentioned the organization in your October issue ["Your Official *Maxim* Sabotage Kit"], this disbeliever went ahead and made a bet that it wasn't real. Now I know better. The people in NAMBLA need to be dragged out into the streets, their testicles set on fire, and eaten by wild boars.

David Johnson
Via e-mail

What are you saying? Doesn't NAMBLA stand for National Association of Magnificent Breasts Lovers Anonymous? Sure, it's a little weird, but no biggie.

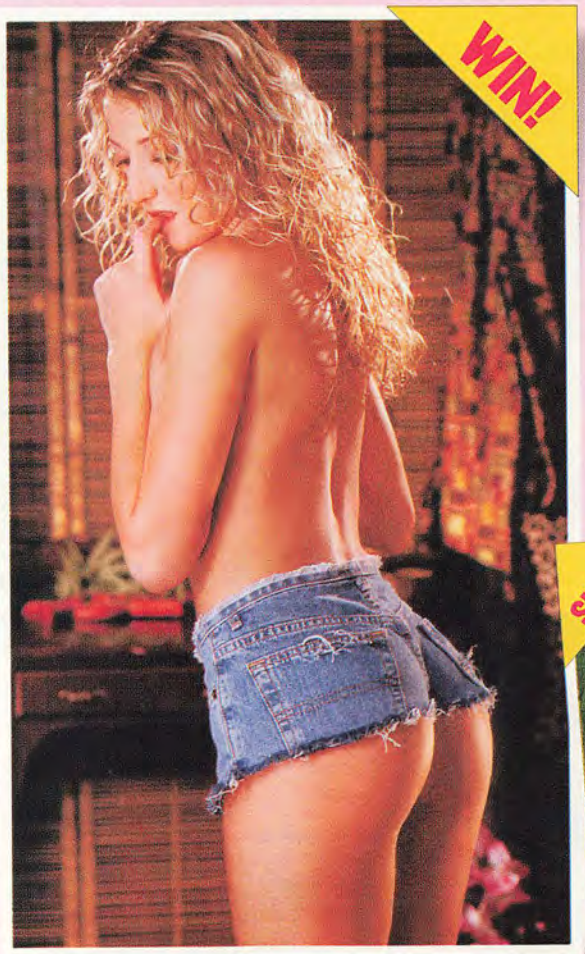
Often Imitated...

I sent this letter to *Newsweek:* "I find your reporting to be topnotch and informative. Unfortunately, *Maxim* has scooped you. Their investigative ▶

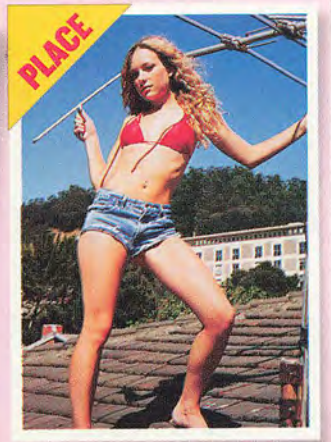
PUT UP YER DUKES!

POWER SHORTAGE

We offered $500 in our September issue to the lass who sent in the best shot of herself in Daisy Dukes. May this contest somehow advance the global peace process.



Danielle Koral of Napa, California wins $500 for her truly soul-baring and rather, ahem, uplifting picture.



Desperate for better reception, Ashley Kleckner raises the roof.



We don't know her name, but we'd like to marry her, just the same.



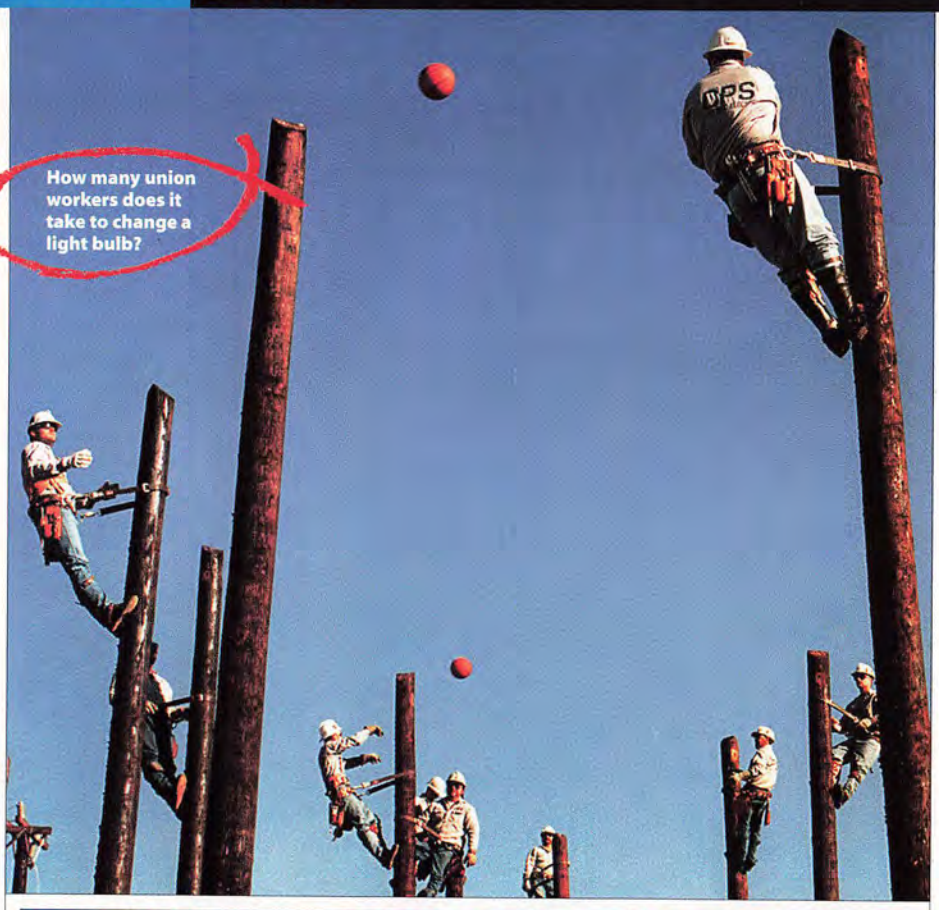
True patriot Jody MacCormack makes us stand at attention!



Canadian Kaylee Tanner. "Anybody for a game of catch?"



Nick Mosquera is no doubt beginning to "discover" himself.



piece on Saddam Hussein and his sons ["Blood Brothers," September 2001] was much more informative than your surprisingly similar October 21 feature. As a matter of fact, your reporting of personalities and events was almost an exact replica of *Maxim*'s efforts."

Bryan Jackson
Concord, NC

Thanks, Bryan. We hear that rag's setting its sights on our November "Makin' Bacon" feature about no-holds-barred pig roasts.

At Odds

In "How to Build a Sauna" [October 2002], you stated that the difficulty level of the job is 51 out of 63. Why is it 63? Ever heard of 100?

Jim Kelly
Philadelphia, PA

This was worth a stamp and two minutes off your so-called life?

Minority Report

When are you going to stop patronizing Asians and start patronizing another ethnic group? Why not replace "Hiroki! Is Hungry!" [Circus Maximus] with "Jamal the Uneducated Black Drug Dealer From Harlem"? The piece can be written in Ebonics and offer tips on where to score your next bag and pickup basketball game. Get a fucking clue, guys!

Drew J.
Via e-mail

Hiroki responds: You white college student with no black or Asian friends, definitely. Find real thing to complain about, or get girlfriend. Thank you.

Correction: The jacket featured in December's caption contest [Readers' Letters] was sponsored by Ecko function. All apologies.

OUTSMART MAXIM



BEAT THIS CAPTION!

As you read through *Maxim*, ever get the feeling you could come up with better captions than we do? Prove it. Take a look at the photo above, of men with big shafts, and write in your best one-liner. If your caption beats the one we've circled, we'll ship you a flashy digital C-720 Ultra Zoom camera from Olympus. We'll also frame the winning caption, and runners-up, on this page in an upcoming issue. So e-mail us at caption@maximmag.com or snail-mail your idea to Beat This Caption! Dept. 20, P.O. Box 3065, Edison, NJ 08818-3065. All faxes will be stripped, run up a flagpole, and set aflame.

NOVEMBER'S WINNING CAPTIONS

Winner:
Billy experiments with Bob Barker's Do-It-Yourself Neuter Kit.
Frank McCleary, Gilbert, AZ

WIN!

Runners-up:
What's wrong, kid, cat got your tongue?
Bill White, via e-mail

Although he liked to be in control, Mr. Fluffy was open to new things.
Joe Parrillo, Via e-mail



ATTENTION PUSSY LOVERS
We got letters from cat owners who thought the feline in this photo was tortured for our amusement. We're not animals! The boy works for a vet and is shown prepping the cat for surgery; the animal was in no way harmed. OK?



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- Steven Russell, MAXIM



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NYUK, NYUK, NYUK!

Got a joke that can top these? We'll pay $150 for the next Joke of the Month. E-mail 'em to jokes@maximmag.com, or send 'em to Jokes, Maxim, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018.

Woolly Bully

Q: How did the Scotsman find the sheep in the tall grass?
A: Very satisfying.
—Tim Rockford, via e-mail

Chilled to the Bone

One cold day a woman and her teenage daughter are sitting on the porch. "My hands are freezing," the girl says.

"Put them between your legs," her mother replies. "Your body will warm them right up."

The next day the daughter is sitting in a park with her boyfriend when he mentions that his hands are cold.

"Put them between my legs," she offers. "My body will warm them up."

"Ya know," he says, thinking quickly, "my penis is frozen solid, too."

The next day the girl and her mother are back on the porch, and the girl asks, "Have you ever heard of a penis?"

"Why, uh, yes," her mother replies, slightly concerned. "Why do you ask?"

"They make one hell of a mess when they defrost, don't they?"

—Steve DiBernard, Mt. Olive, NJ

Premature Evacuation

For his birthday little Johnny asks for a bicycle. His father says, "Son, the mortgage on this house is $80,000, and your mother just lost her job. I'm sorry, but we just can't afford it."

The next day the father sees little Johnny heading out the front door carrying a suitcase.

"Where are you going, son?" he asks.

"Well, last night I heard you tell Mom you were pulling out," says Johnny. "Then she said to wait because she was coming, too. I ain't sticking around here by myself with an $80,000 mortgage and no transportation."

—Jack Malloy, Los Angeles, CA

Smoked Ham

Bubba dies in a fire, and his body is brought to the morgue. The coroner calls in Bubba's two brothers to identify the charred body.

"Yup, he's burned pretty bad," says one of the brothers. "Roll him over."

The coroner rolls him over.

"That ain't Bubba," says the brother.

"Nope, it sure ain't," says the other brother. "Bubba had two assholes."

"What?" says the coroner. "I've never heard of such a thing."

"Yup," says the first brother. "Every time we'd go to town, people'd say, 'Hey, look—here comes Bubba with them two assholes.'"

—Sam Wheeler, via e-mail

Labor of Love

A woman is six months pregnant with her first child and goes to her obstetrician's office for a checkup.

After the exam she turns to the doctor and says shyly, "My husband wants me to ask you…"

"I get this question all the time," says the doctor, placing a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "Sex is fine until late in the pregnancy."

"No, that's not it," the woman continues. "He wants to know if I can still mow the lawn."

—Doug Moore, Portland, OR

Lying Four

Two men are trying to get in a quick 18 holes, but there are two slow female golfers ahead of them.

"I'm going to go ask if we can play through," says the first man. He gets about halfway there, then quickly turns around and comes back.

"What happened?" asks his partner.

"One of those women is my wife," says the man, "and the other is my girlfriend. You go ask them."

The second man walks toward the women. Halfway there he also turns around and comes back.

"What happened?" asks the first.

The guy shrugs. "Small world."

—James Overly, Greensburg, PA

Home Improvements

Q: How many men does it take to open a bottle of beer?
A: None—a good woman will take care of it for you.
—Kenny Lope, St. Louis, MO

Good to the Last Drop

A young man walks into a bar and orders six shots of tequila to celebrate his first blow job.

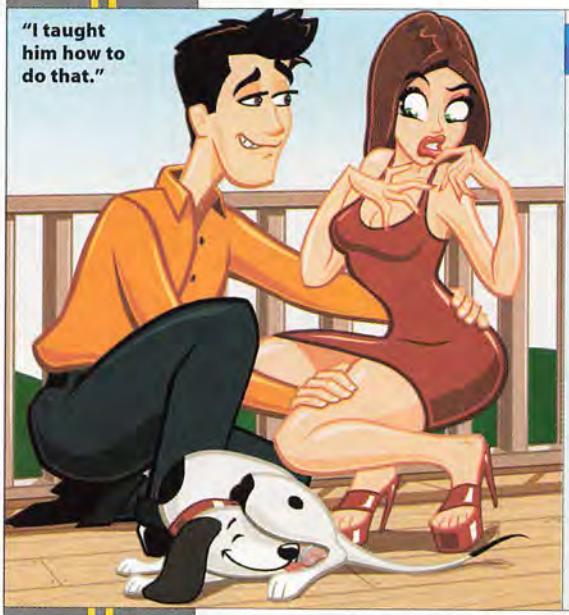
"Congratulations!" says the bartender. "Let me get you another one on the house."

"I appreciate that," the guy says, "but if six don't get the taste out of my mouth, nothing will."

—John Frechette, New York, NY

Second Opinion

Q: What's worse than hearing from your doctor that you have VD?
A: Hearing it from your dentist.
—Michael Farmer, Snyder, TX



THE $150 JOKE

Indecent Proposal

A guy who has a bad stutter is walking down the street one day when he bumps into an old friend.

"It's been a long time," says the friend. "What have you been up to?"

"I a-almost got m-married," the man replies.

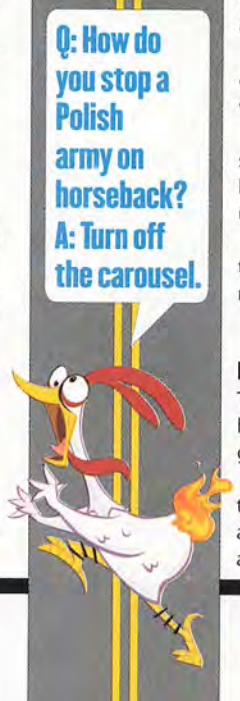
"What do you mean *almost*?"

"W-we were sitting on the p-porch, and the d-dog was s-scratching his back, and I said, 'H-honey, w-would y-you do that f-for me?' She p-punched me and l-left."

"All you did was ask her to scratch your back? What's wrong with that?"

"W-well, by the time I g-got it out, he was l-licking his balls."

—Steven Fears, Newport News, VA



Get your hands ready to slap those knees and go rifle through hundreds of jokes at **maximonline.com.**

Illustrations, Superham.com



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Circus M

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THE BIG PICTURE

PLANES THAT GO BOOM!

The next generation of commercial jets throttles up for travel at pants-soiling speed.

The Concorde is great...if you need to get to Paris or London in a hurry and you have $10,000 in loose change. For people who *don't* bathe in champagne, flying at the speed of sound remains limited to Saturday-morning cartoons. Expect that to change in five years, when Boeing introduces its futuristic Sonic Cruiser. Unveiled at the 2001 Paris Air Show, the Cruiser will hit speeds of Mach .98 (about 746 mph), blowing away the pokey 747, which maxes out at 640 mph. Although the Concorde flies at Mach 2, it employs fuel-guzzling afterburners, limiting it to a 4,000-mile range and 100 passengers. The Cruiser's advanced engines (prototypes are being designed by GE, Pratt & Whitney, and Rolls-Royce) will be able to roar for 9,000 miles and haul 250 people. This'll reduce travel time by eliminating connections, giving you quick, nonstop flights to almost anywhere. Boeing's ultimate goal is hypersonic flight (faster than Mach 5). Unfortunately, such a commercial aircraft is at least two decades away. "It's not too hard to get a long-range aircraft to go over Mach 1," explains Boeing's Lori Gunter, "but you end up with a plane that no airline can afford." *Unless* you're willing to try our new financing plan. Seriously, you look great in this beauty!



It's time for one mo' George Kennedy movie!



MACH 5? THAT'S PATHETIC!

NASA is currently testing a long-range rocket-launched aircraft called the X-43A that could hit Mach 10—fly to Korea for a cocker spaniel lunch and be home for dinner! The experimental "scramjet" technology pressurizes airflow at a supersonic rate and allows the plane to fly without its own oxygen supply, increasing payload while decreasing weight and cost. Don't expect to book one for spring break, though—a booster rocket went haywire during a test flight last year, delaying development. Working with a modest $185 million budget, NASA plans to restart test flights this summer but has no target completion date.



The test X-43A is launched from a B-52

Oyster? I barely know her!



MAXIM SALUTES

OYSTER CRACKERS

Healthy snacks. Chowder enhancers. American patriots.

The Civil War was a time of great misery—and good eatin'. Invented in the 1840s, the li'l crackers hit the big time when they were used as rations for Union soldiers. The army figured the cheap, dry victuals would stay fresh, but they attracted mini-vermin; soldiers had to dunk them into coffee, then skim the scalded bugs from their cups o' joe. The crackers got stale fast: One man—perhaps, historians surmise, butt-ass wasted on moonshine—made "armor" out of them. He was soon torn to pieces by grapeshot, but the oyster cracker is an epicurean favorite to this day.





532

Total miles o' bookshelves in the Library o' Congress.



THE MAXIM LIST

TEN REJECTED BOND MOVIE TITLES

1. *The World Never Dies Tomorrow*
2. *Tomorrow Comes Twice*
3. *Live Tomorrow and Let Die in the World*
4. *Die Tomorrow All Over Again*
5. *Enough With All the Dying*
6. *Live Tomorrow, Die Today*
7. *Never Say Die the Day After Tomorrow*
8. *So Die Already!*
9. *Dying Tomorrow Is Never Enough*
10. *Dr. Goldenpussy Von Thunderballs*

IDOL RUMORS

Gossip reported by the tabloids



★ **Ryan Phillippe** and breadwinner wife, **Reese Witherspoon,** showed up for a fund-raiser injured—her leg was in a cast, he had a gash over his eye. Who says their marriage is on the rocks?



★ **Kurt Cobain's** widow, **Courtney Love,** is crying saline tears over the death of her pet mutt. It supposedly bit the big one after snacking on an implant Ms. Hole had gotten removed.



★ **Bobby Brown's** wife, **Whitney Houston,** is an alleged suspect in a plot to murder her father's business partner. The man claims Whitney feared he'd drop the bombshell that she…uses drugs.



★ Groveling assistants rushed to **Billy Bob Thornton's** trailer on the set of *Bad Santa* after hearing hysterical shrieking. Turns out the clean-freak redneck misplaced his personal silverware.



★ VH1 canceled a reality show starring **Liza Minnelli** and her superheterosexual husband, **David Gest.** Producers got fed up with the fussy pair, who spent hours *rehearsing* scenes.

Buncha crap we made up



★ The long-delayed Guns N' Roses album *Chinese Democracy* has again been postponed while **Axl Rose** learns to sing in Cantonese. "Me need sing like Chinaman," said the reclusive gypsy.



★ **Freddie Prinze Jr.** is being humiliated by his new bride, **Sarah Michelle Gellar.** Friends claim that the *Buffy* star makes Prinze bark and wear his *Scooby* ascot whenever they have sex.



★ Since he appeared on the cover of *Details* magazine, rumors are flying that **Mike Tyson** is considering a career in musicals. "That magazine can do strange things to a man," says one boxing insider.



★ **Jerry O'Connell** was questioned at his Van Nuys home after a hooker told police that the screen idol hired her to pour hot wax on his balls and purr, "Ain't you the fat kid from *Stand By Me*?"



★ **Sir Paul McCartney** and gimp wife **Heather Mills** won a three-legged race at a benefit for Britain's Pediatric AIDS Foundation but gave back the trophy amid accusations of cheating.

upgrade your music







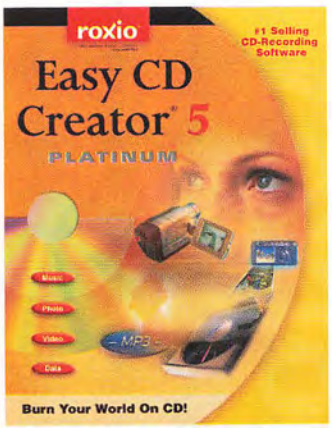






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MODEL CITIZEN

GENELLE

A.K.A.: Genelle Frenoy
Her gigs: Reebok model, Conan sidekick, Abercrombie hottie
Her story: At first modeling agencies thought something was *wrong* with this stunner. "They'd say, 'You're too short, too all-American; you don't have the New York look,'" says the Glassboro, N.J. native. "I guess I fill in the gaps left by the girls who do. Hey, someone's gotta do it." Genelle has scored roles playing Conan O'Brien's boss and the Grim Reaper in skits on *Late Night*. Oddly enough, *both* characters were wearing bikinis…
Hard or soft tacos? "Soft. But this is *Maxim*—am I supposed to say hard?"

Photograph, Antoine Verglas; styling, Andrea Cooker; makeup, Coji Higashino at Arthousemanagement.com; hair, Ted Gibson at Art House for Bandostick.com

OLD SCHOOL

We dare to walk a mile in Grandpa's orthopedic shoes.

New educational programs provide schoolchildren with rudimentary kits that simulate what it's like to be elderly. So we decided to find out for ourselves in this exclusive *Maxim* investigation.

INSTANT CODGER
Here's what we used to feel even more feeble than usual:

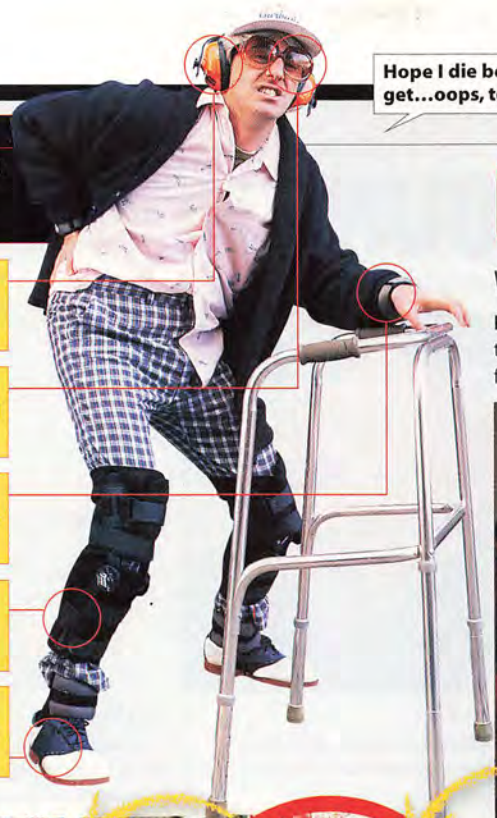
HEADPHONES
Muffle all sound, including taunts.

BLURRED GLASSES
A little Vaseline, and *voilà*—cataracts!

WRIST WEIGHTS
Even bingo becomes a cardio workout.

LEG BRACES
Pretend you're a big-league catcher!

GOLF SPIKES
Slip and break a hip 30 percent faster!





▲ **FINE DINING!** The arm weights revealed why every geezer's shirt is stained with coffee and chicken broth. Being hard of hearing made milk-pricing and colostomy-bag chat tolerable.



▶ **SHOPPING!** Trying to use coupons and pay with exact change helped us understand why supermarket cashiers want to brain old people. Still, the price of milk *was* shocking!





▲ **EXERCISE!** Restricted movement and sensory deprivation demonstrated why old men can't jump, move, nor understand trash talking. The walker, however, helped box out defenders.

▲ **LEISURE!** Golf spikes and leg braces slowed a morning stroll to a gimp's pace, and impaired vision caused our guy to mistake two horny ex-cons for mailboxes. Oops!

Props and wardrobe, Liz Engelhardt; leg braces courtesy of Clayton & Edward, 212-737-6240

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCOTT JONES



MAXIM PHRASE BOOK

G'DAY LITE

Phrases for the man who's going places. This month: Australia!

ENGLISH: That kangaroo just hit me in the groin!
AUSTRALIAN: That 'roo just jobbed me one in my jatz crackers!

E: You're from "Queensland"? Ooh, I'm scared now, pal!
A: You're a banana bender? I'm shitting my daks, mate!

E: Hey! We also have a long history of mistreating black people!
A: Bonzer! Us Seppos have made a dog's breakfast of our blackfellas for donkeys' years!

E: Does this video store have any movies starring Michelle Pfeiffer, Bruce Willis, or Carrot Top?
A: Does this vid shop have any flicks starring Nicole Kidman, Mel Gibson, or Yahoo Serious?

E: I'd like to order some breakfast.
A: Gimme a tinnie of Foster's. Oi!

E: Do you know Paul Hogan? What am I saying? Of course you do.
A: D'ya know Hoges? Fair dinkum! Blind Freddy could see that you do.

E: Do "Australian Rules" *really* let you hoist opponents by the scrotum?
A: Don't yank m' chain! Ya can't roolly grab a fella by the apricots when youse playin' footy?

E: You can't *all* be gay, yet there are no women in your bars.
A: Ya can't all be pooftas, but there ain't any sheilas in your boozers.



"They say my liver is delicious."

SEEMS WRONG SOMEHOW

FOUND PORN

Someone actually thought this stuff was innocent.



▲ RUNNER-UP:
Picture Traci Lords naked, in high heels and a construction helmet.
—Michael Pona, St. Louis, MO



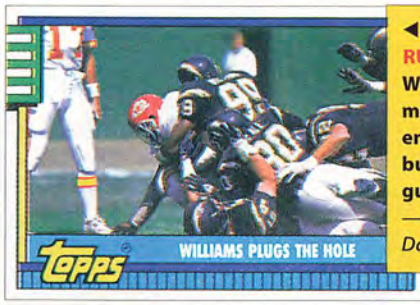
▲ RUNNER-UP:
In Japanese that means...the exact same thing. Damn sickos!
—Jason Quinn, Tucson, AZ



◀ THE $150 WINNER:
We all dig hairy clams—but watch the juice!
—Chris Kelly, Huntington Station, NY



1ST RUNNER-UP: ▲
Monday: The authorities who take the king into police custody.
—Jo Foster, Tulsa, OK



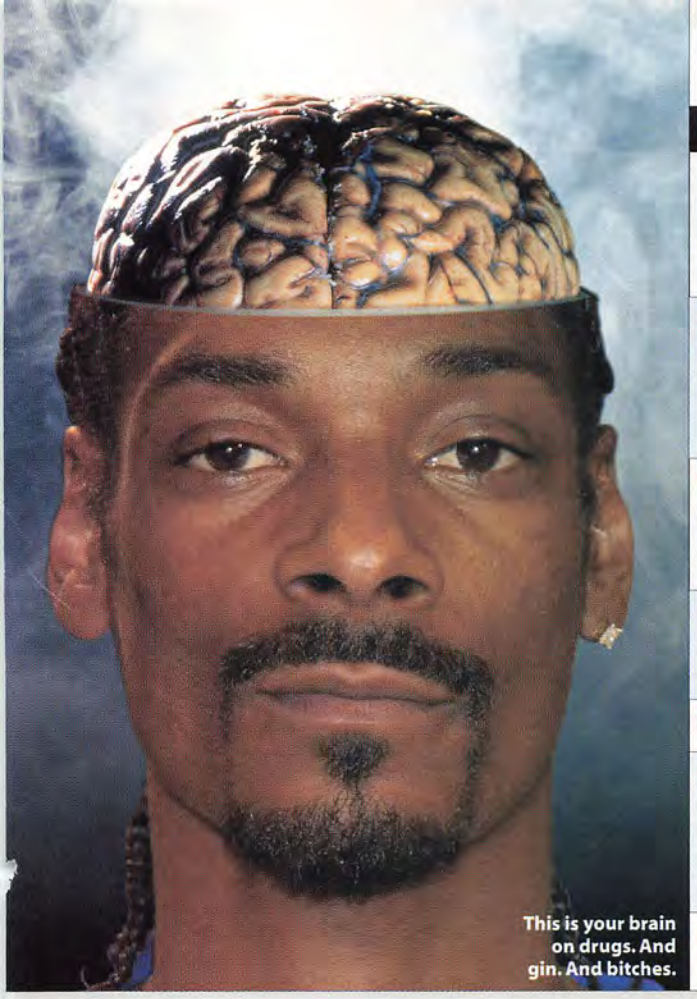
◀ 2ND RUNNER-UP:
We could make a "tight end" joke—but not to the guy's face.
—Ryan Bolton, Danville, IL

RUNNER-UP: ▶
It's good to support small business, but Bed, Bath, and Behind sells them cheaper.
—Amber Baskin, Tucson, AZ



HAVE YOU SEEN ANY UNINTENTIONAL PORN LATELY?
If it turns us on, you'll win $150! Send your entry to: Found Porn, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Have electricity? E-mail it to foundporn@maximmag.com.

Photograph, Robert Glasgow (Sodami)



This is your brain on drugs. And gin. And bitches.

WHAT'S HE THINKING?

GRAY MATTERS

This month: We look inside the mind of Snoop Dogg.

30% Nonstop carnival music due to having personally smoked half the weed ever smuggled in from Mexico

15% Jealousy over that grumpy white boy Eminem getting all of Dre's attention

12% Equal parts mind on his money and money on his mind

8% Girls with big asses

8% Concern that the combination of quitting pot and getting older will make his rap less phat Glock and more Matlock

6% What rhymes with "mutual fizzund"?

5% The locations of as-yet-undiscovered corpses

5% "Who the *fuck* took my skull cap?"

4% Grocery list: paper towels, butter, AK-47 ammo, Chips Ahoy!, stripper pole

3% The name of that one cracker chick who starred in *Police Woman*

3% Residual bong gunk

1% "Is military action in Iraq really the only recourse once diplomacy's failed, or is there still hope for a peaceful solution through further economic sanctions? Hmm, where'd I put my Nutter Butter…"

DOUBLE TALK

THE TAO OF *ROAD HOUSE*



Never underestimate the brilliance of a shitty script.

Though it appears on the surface to be merely the story of Dalton, a contemplative philosopher/bouncer, this 1989 Patrick Swayze classic contains larger, greater truths that may hold keys to explaining the universe. Oh, yeah, it also features a totally naked Kelly Lynch! Yowza!



"Oh, what the hey—we can *both* be skins!"

Dalton: "Pain don't hurt."
Meaning: Dalton accepts all; he is Oneness. By embracing pain, the pain becomes part of him, it becomes one with him. Therefore, pain don't hurt—except the throbbing ache of a stiffie induced by the aforementioned naked Kelly Lynch. *[Take a deep breath; hold.]*

Dalton: "I'm only good at one thing, Doc—I never lose."
Meaning: By denying the very possibility of loss, one will always emerge victorious. Even the question of how amazingly hot a naked Kelly Lynch is becomes timelessly irrelevant. (She has a role in this particular movie, just in case you didn't know.)



"Can't…move…head. Hair…too…stiff."

Dalton: "Nobody ever wins a fight."
Meaning: This lesson may appear at first to be in direct opposition to the previous lesson, but what is winning without losing or losing without winning? One entity cannot exist without the other—dynamic balance *is* the goal of Tao. By simply yielding, one overcomes the desire to put one's head through a wall every time Kelly Lynch gets naked on-screen. Either that or maybe our pal Dalton is just a babbling idiot.

Dalton: "Be nice…until it's time not to be nice."
Meaning: Here Dalton demonstrates the third principle of Taoism: Cyclical Growth, the endless spin of the yin and the yang. As the sun is replaced by the moon and the moon is replaced by the sun, there is a moment for all things—both light and dark, both clothed and naked, both Kelly and Lynch. *[Release breath.]*

Dalton: "It's my way or the highway."
Meaning: Dalton gently guides his disorderly disciples toward the True Path of Enlightenment, where all signs point to total Hollywood oblivion—represented spiritually by the glistening breasts of you-know-who.



.8

Percentage of U.S. drivers arrested for DUI in an average *(hic)* year.

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STOCK OPTIONS

HARD ALCOHOL

Load up your home bar with novelty hooch you can be proud of.

THE STING

Eating the worm from a bottle of tequila is for frat-initiate virgins. To really send your female party guests into fits of hysterics, offer up Skorppio Vodka's crunchy scorpion goodness. After polishing off the dregs of this, um, Belgian vodka, snack on the pickled scorpion entombed within. Tip: Cut off the tail to prevent pesky internal bleeding. *(skorppio-vodka.com)*

OIL OF OLÉ!

Matadors often celebrate afternoons of defying death in the bullring by downing death-defying amounts of tequila. So matador Germán Ortega came up with Tequila Forcao. Bottled in the Mexican hamlet of Rancho Miravalle, it's not yet available in the States—so pick up a bottle when you head south of the border for prescription drugs, dynamite, and gardeners.

HOG WILD

American Biker Sour Mash Bourbon is the *only* liquor made from the distilled blood of genuine Hells Angels. Are we making that up? Maybe…but there's no denying the fact that the 86-proof liquid courage—bottled in the "bourbon capital of the world," Bardstown, Kentucky—is the perfect shootin' drink to celebrate outrunning armed hillbillies. *(412-481-7112)*

STRANGE BREWS

Wash down these macho toxins with a suitable chaser. Wasatch Beers' Polygamy Porter caused a brewhaha in Salt Lake City with its Mormon-baiting ad campaign: "Why have just one?" *(wasatchbeers.com)* Or toss down Tank Beer, a battle-tested lager brewed in the Israeli town of Ashkelon. The empties make great Molotov cocktails. *(tankbeer.com)*

5 QUESTIONS FOR...



…Bigfoot monster truck driver Eric Tack.

How'd you get into this line of work?
I always had a passion for pickup trucks with big tires. So I started on Bigfoot's crew and worked my way up.
What's Bigfoot's sticker price?
It costs about $175,000, but we probably spend close to $200,000 a year on maintenance. Plus, the tractor-trailer that hauls it costs $160,000.
Nice! Ever total Bigfoot?
I don't purposefully tear it up, but a few years ago I jumped over a Boeing 727—148 feet long, 20 feet high. I was sore for a week, but that was the worst I've ever been hurt. I've also rolled 'er four different times.
So tell us, what does a monster truck driver eat after a long day of jumping jumbo jets?
Wings and beer—at Hooters.
Does that come with a side of groupies?
Yeah, and they can come in all shapes and sizes. But with some of them, how many teeth they got…varies.



7

Pounds of pressure required to rip off a human ear. (Practice!)



Photograph (bar), Bradford Noble; styling, Andrea Cooker; props, Donnie Myers Studio; hair, Bret Strange (RJ Bennett); makeup, Bryan Lynde (RJ Bennett/Clinique)

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HOW WE GOT...JACKIE CHAN

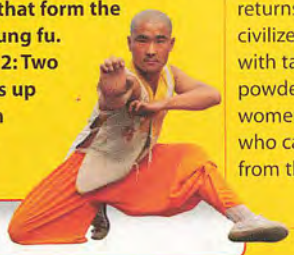
We retrace the key historical events that led to the creation of everybody's favorite martial arts buffoon.



800 B.C. China distills beer for the first time. Inane jokes and bar fights now correctly seen as high art.



520 A.D. **Indian holy man Bodhidharma teaches Shaolin monks the 18 exercises that form the basis of kung fu. Number 12: Two chopsticks up nose, then scramble brain.**



1265 Marco Polo returns to the civilized world with tales of gunpowder, obedient women, and guys who can shoot fire from their hands.



1925 Honorable detective Charlie Chan hits the big screen. He's adept at solving crimes, quoting fortune-cookie wisdom, and perpetuating Chinaman stereotypes.



1920 **The Band-Aid arrives! Cuts and scrapes suffered during tussles with evil warlords get infected no more.**



1869 Completion of the transcontinental railroad means all Americans can have their garments expertly laundered by westward-drifting Chinese immigrants.



1620 **Pilgrims present the Indians with "trick" blankets infected with typhoid and measles, bringing the ancient art of the practical joke to the comedy-starved New World.**



1930 **The Three Stooges debut. When the peerless Curly does battle with an uppity bowl of oyster soup, the world reels: Martial arts comedy has officially arrived.**



1941 Pearl Harbor is bombed. Suddenly, Asian dudes aren't so damn funny anymore. Eventually, we make peace, and now we eat sushi off their granddaughters' naked bellies.



1948 **An immoral priest and a penny-pinching rabbi walk into a bar. With a duck. Years of hilarity ensue.**





1981 **In his American comedy debut, *The Cannonball Run*, Chan is ignominiously upstaged by a spandex-clad Dom DeLuise, a bug-eyed Jack Elam, and a poisonously drunk Dean Martin. Jackie goes back to China.**



1974 Carl Douglas' timeless ballad "Kung Fu Fighting" goes all the way to number one, marking the only time a crappy, gimmicky, disco-tinged novelty song finds chart success in the buttoned-up 1970s.



1970 **Odd couple Elvis Presley and Dick Nixon quarrel about wardrobe choices but bond over their shared love of Mexican uppers and nubile teenage brides. The buddy comedy is born!**

1954 After a death-defying exit from his mother's uterus, Jackie Chan insists on doing all his own stunts—including speaking English.



1986 Scatman Crothers dies. The legendary voice of Hong Kong Phooey...forever silenced.

1987 ***Lethal Weapon:*** **Reluctant black cop + unpredictable martial artist cop + big explosions + snappy catch phrases = $$$$**

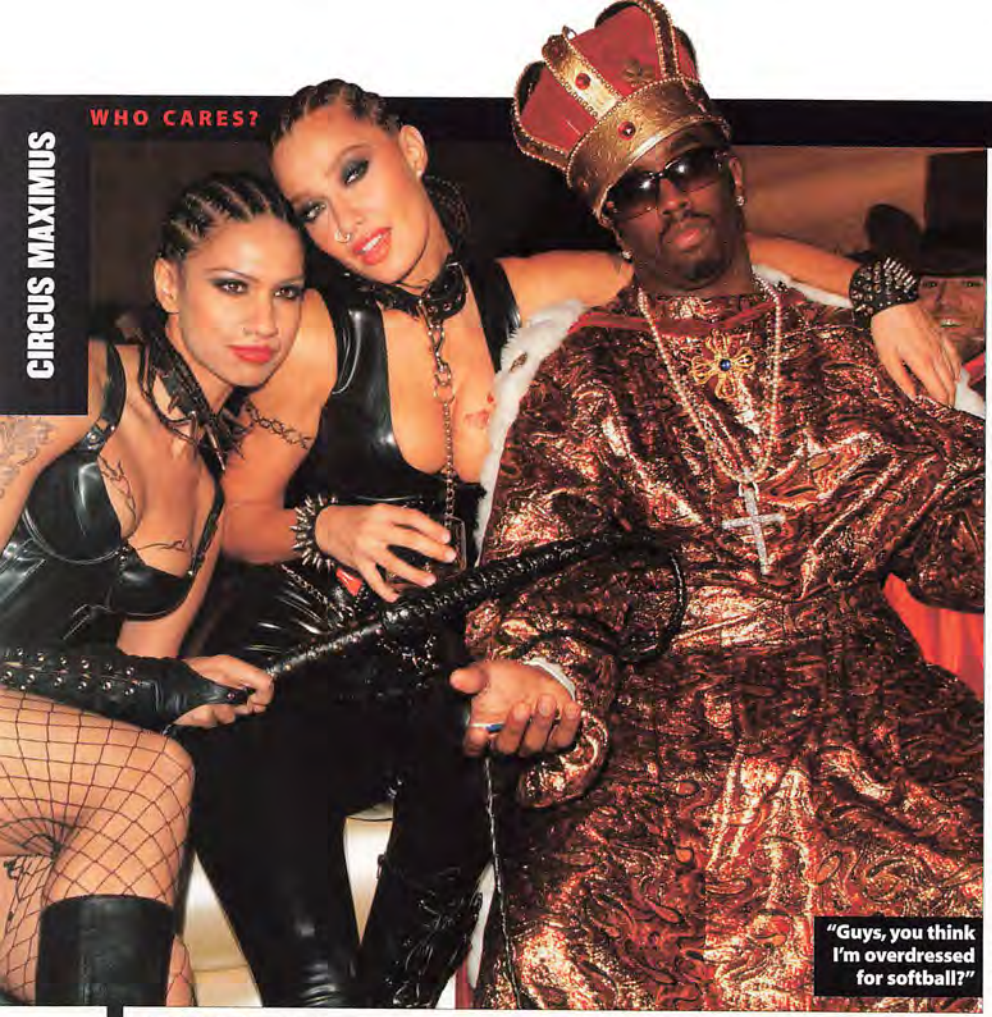




1998 Thousands of years of Eastern culture are finally legitimized by Chan's breakthrough hit *Rush Hour*—due in part to Chris Tucker's ear-piercingly shrill ridicule of Eastern culture. *Go-o-o-o-ng!*



WHO CARES?



"Guys, you think I'm overdressed for softball?"

G'HEAD, ASK US ANYTHING

Maxim answers all your samplistic, hollow, bug-eyed questions.

Q: How much do rappers pay for samples?

A: "The amounts are all over the map—it's a real pain in the ass," admits Stephen Finfer, general manager of TVT Music Publishing. It all started in 1991, when Biz Markie sampled Gilbert O'Sullivan's 1972 hit "Alone Again (Naturally)." Although the Biz cleverly covered his thievery by calling his song "All Alone," O'Sullivan sued for copyright infringement, and the rap album had to be reissued without the tainted track. These days samples must be licensed, so rappers need to request permission from the owner of the recording *and* the owner of the song. The price depends on the sample's length, the popularity of the original song, and the purity of the blow you send to the record company execs. On average, two to six cents per record sold goes to the owner of the recording, and 50 percent of the song's profits go to the songwriter. Sting reportedly received about $1 million, *plus* royalties, for Puff Daddy's lame use of the already boring riff from "Every Breath You Take." So why do artists sample when the price is so high? Because if a single is a hit, the artist's album can go multiplatinum. And that beats "sampling" hubcaps.

We turn stereotypes on their head

Q: What'd happen if I jumped into a hole through the Earth?

A: Imagine sex…with a fat woman slathered in burning napalm. "You'd catch fire and die about six miles down," explains Dr. Jayson Meyers, associate professor of mineral geophysics at Curtin University of Technology in Australia. If you coat yourself in SPF 8 gazillion and reach the Earth's core, you'll find yourself in a sphere of iron superheated to 11,000 degrees Fahrenheit and pressurized to 3 million atmospheres. (Graphite collapses into diamond at 10,000 atmospheres.) Start in the contiguous U.S. and you'll come out not in an Asian massage parlor but at the bottom of the Indian Ocean. It'll take you 37 hours to fall to the center of Earth—but gravity will reverse your progress 30 miles past it, turning you into a human bouncing thingy until you stop at the Earth's core, where geologists assure us there's lots of top-shelf pussy. So, who's got a shovel?

Q: Why do I get red-eye when I'm stoned?

A: Because you just watched eight straight hours of *SpongeBob SquarePants* without blinking! Doctor dudes say your eyes contain thousands of tiny veins called capillaries, and…what were we talking about? Oh, yeah. When you toke up, your brain instructs the blood vessels in your eyes to increase their diameter—scientists aren't sure why—making your eyes red. Want to avoid red-eye? "Get better marijuana," suggests the eminently wise Jay Cavanaugh, Ph.D., national director of the American Alliance for Medical Cannabis. "The less pot you have to smoke, the less your eyes will be irritated." So treat yourself to primo bud—doctor's orders!



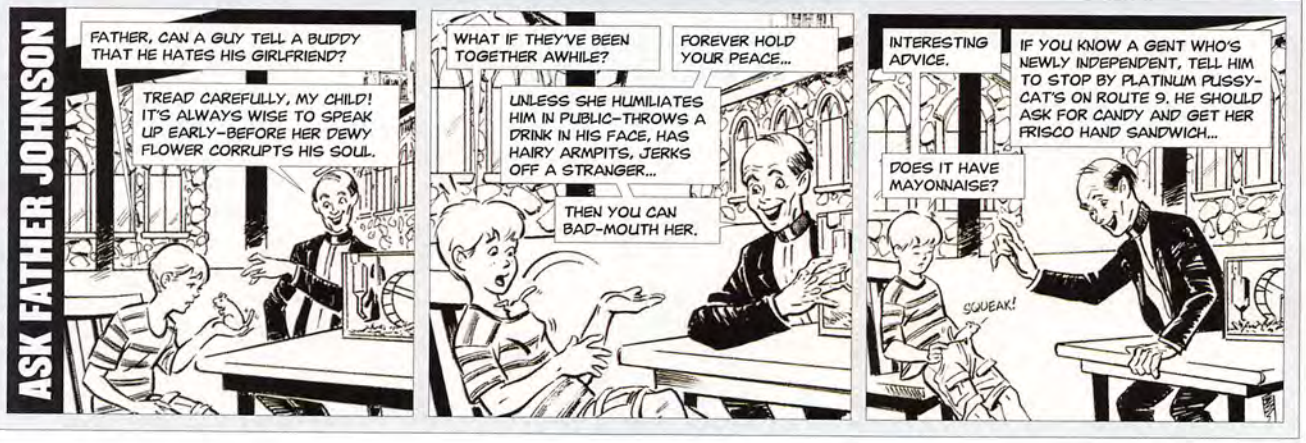
"I said two *high*balls!"

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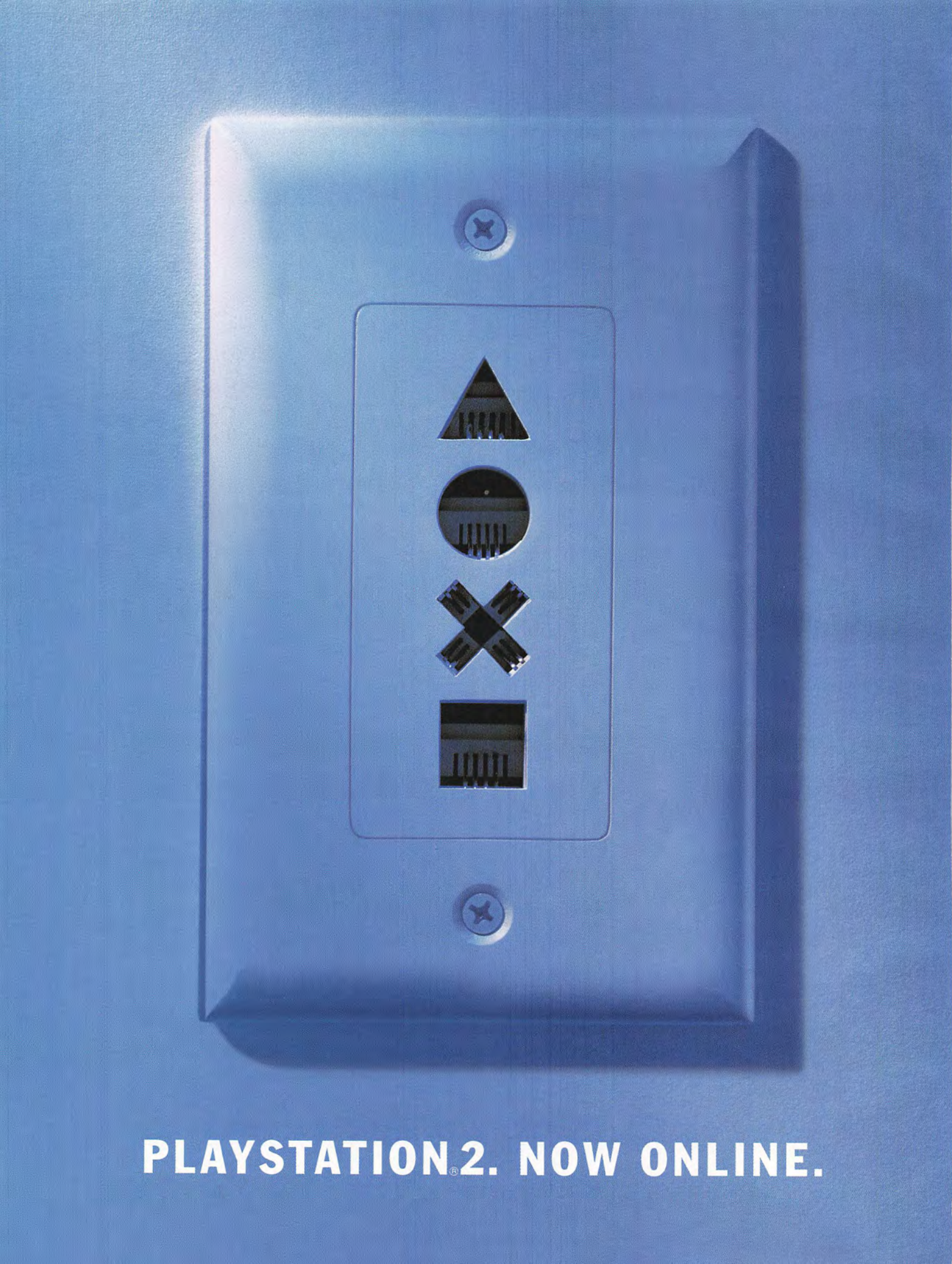
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ELEMENT
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- PlayStation 2 (duh)
- Network Adaptor (obviously)
- Memory card (8MB for PlayStation 2) with at least 137K of space (that ain't much)
- Dial-up or broadband Internet connection (in English: such as cable modem, DSL, T1 or just a plain ol' phone line)
- Network Adaptor Start-Up Disc to create ISP settings (don't worry, it's easy)

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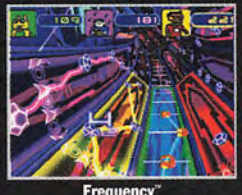

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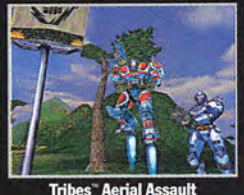

Tony Hawk Pro Skater™ 4


SOCOM: U.S. Navy SEALs


Frequency™


Twisted Metal:Black™ ONLINE


NFL GameDay™ 2003


Tribes™ Aerial Assault

ONLINE
BROADBAND AND DIAL-UP

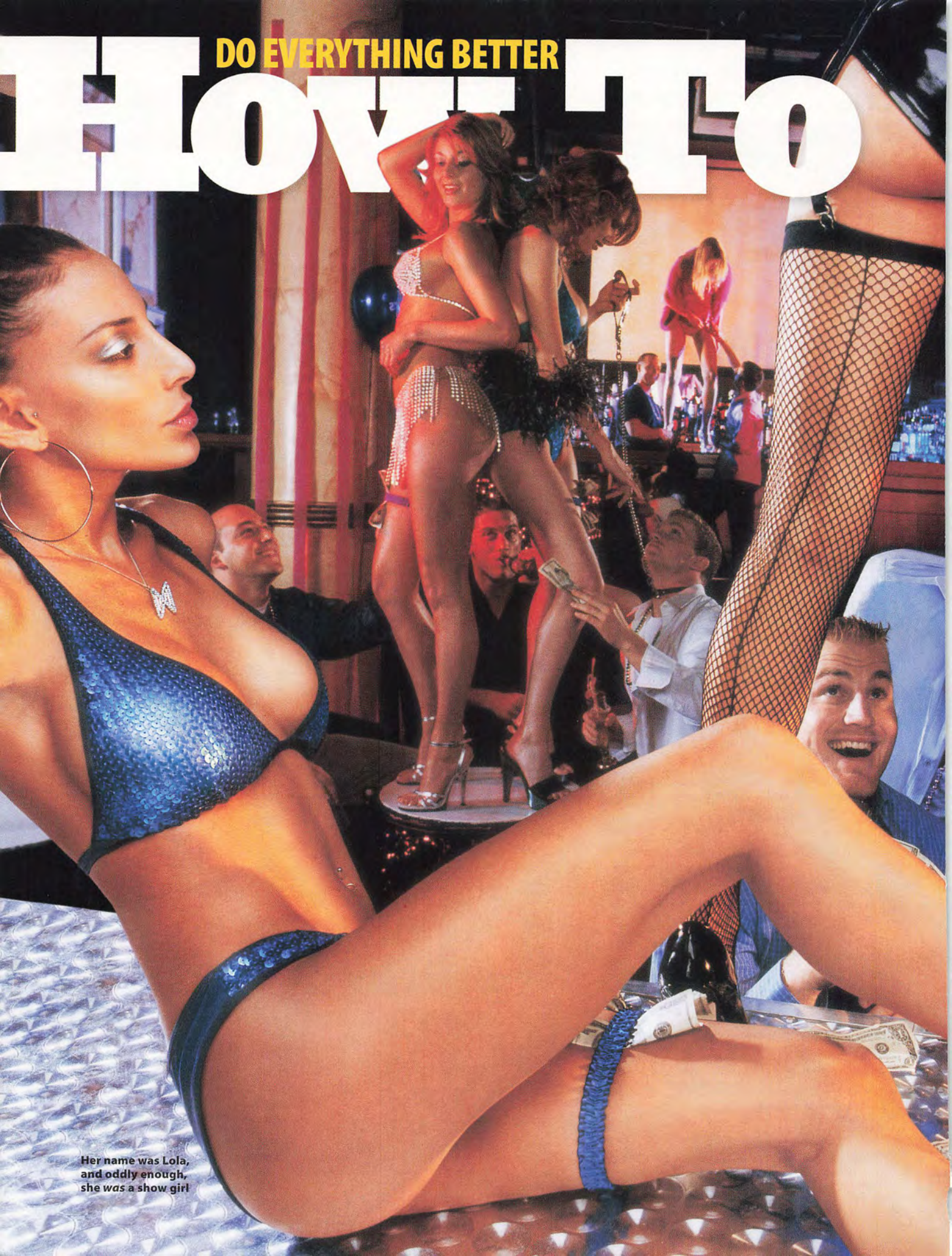
Look for this icon indicating PS2 games with online capability

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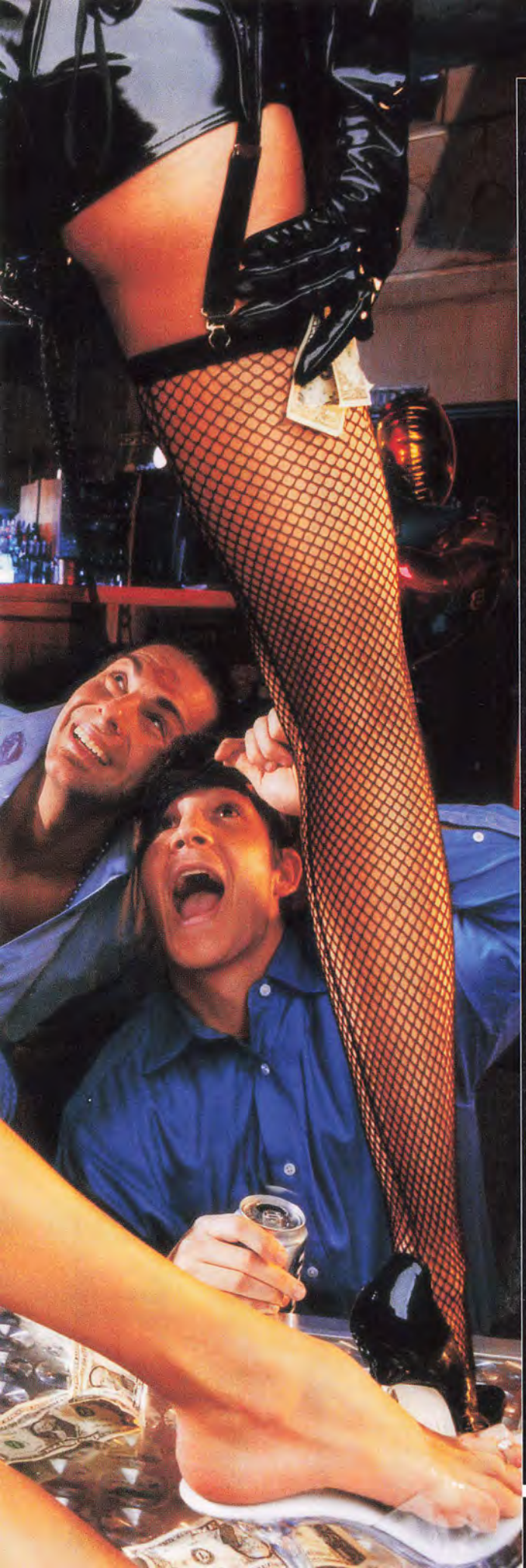
PRODUCTS RANGE FROM RATING PENDING TO MATURE
RP-M
CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

DO EVERYTHING BETTER

HOW TO



Her name was Lola, and oddly enough, she *was* a show girl



HOW TO

THROW A BACHELOR PARTY



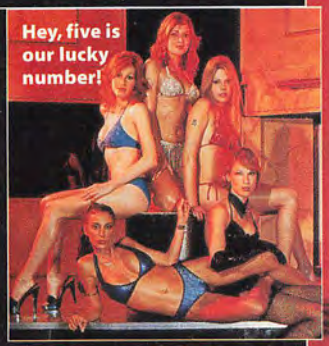
Wait a minute...*Mom?*

Treat your buddy to a properly swingin' *Bachelor Party* without doing too many *Very Bad Things.*

A best man has many responsibilities: keeping track of the ring, giving the big toast, sexing up...uh, *dancing* with the bridesmaids. But by far his most sacred duty is orchestrating a night of reprehensible debauchery. Remember, your buddy's *dying* here—so make sure you give him a proper send-off.

1. REMEMBER WHO IT'S FOR

"Customize the party to the interests of the groom," says James Grace, author of *The Best Man's Handbook*. If he likes football, rent a luxury box and strippers; if he likes fishing, rent a boat and strippers; if he doesn't like strippers...why are you friends with this guy? Get a list of invitees from the groom, and unless your mom gave you a $1,000 gift certificate to Buns N' Roses—that's funny, she gave *us* one—tell the guests how much they'll have to fork over.



Hey, five is our lucky number!

2. TAKE OATHS OF SILENCE

Loose lips sink relationships, so ensure that all invitees can withstand interrogation. If you're obligated to invite moles, Grace suggests designing a multistage party: Entertain the bride's father over a boozy dinner, then lose him before the daisy-chain lesbians show up. Make sure something funny but PG-13 happens over the course of the evening. Why? Because every significant other will demand one anecdote or she'll (quite rightly) suspect the worst.



At the annual GQ slumber party

3. HAVE A GAME PLAN

Be sure to hit up all the deadbeats for the money in advance—you don't want yet *another* maxed-out credit card. Grace says $50 to $100 per sinner is a good no-frills rule of thumb, but if you've got some cash to spare, you can arrange a deluxe party package at Web sites like theknot.com. Pick a home base (not *your* house) and stock it with bachelor party basics—cards, poker chips, beer, DVDs—in case your cash runs out before you pass out.



"*This* is why girls have sex with me!"

4. KEEP IT UNDER CONTROL

As best man it's your job to get the groom through the night with no regrets. (Well, no *serious* regrets.) So you may have to stay sober(ish) while other revelers hit the floor like a flock of blood-gorged ticks. Nobody's saying you shouldn't leave the groom bound, blindfolded, and naked on the side of a highway with a new tattoo of a sword on his schlong. But get him home safely—he can ruin his marriage all by himself.



"My retainer's in here somewhere..."

Wardrobe styling, Andrea Cooker; prop styling, Liz Engelhardt; hair and makeup, Melanie Harris and Gina Simone for Oliver Piro; grooming, Tamah for Oliver Piro. Shot on location at the V.I.P. Club, 20 W. 20th St., NYC. Breast cake courtesy of Masturbakers, 212-475-0476 or masturbakers.com

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK MANN

HOW TO



You could cut glass with those!

HOW TO

LAND A RICH GIRL

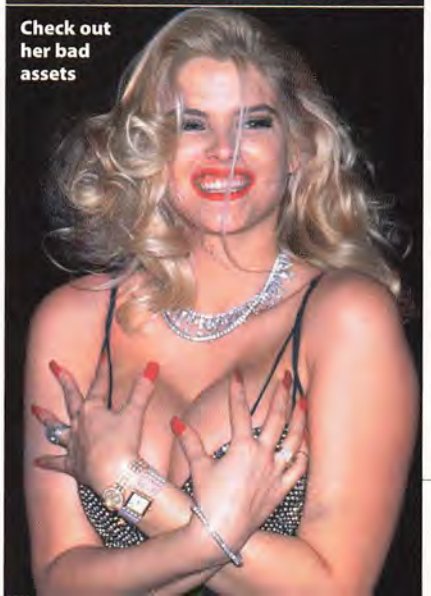
Stop looking at breast size—find a lady who's well-endowed.

SET THE STAGE

It's no secret that rich women date rich guys. However, they're willing to drop that requirement—and their designer trou in the process—for a poorer man with the right appeal. "Your goal is to raise yourself from the depths of mediocrity to the level of boy toy," explains Datinginsider.com publisher Kent Wilson, who's bedded some of Seattle's richest women (read: Microsoft babes). They don't play pool at Irish McSurly's, so save your dough and hit swankier joints half as often. "Look for groups of two to four women who are well-dressed and clearly on the prowl," Wilson says. Then introduce yourself—and try not to let your eyes turn into gigantic dollar signs.

BREAK A LEG

Rich women are like real women: They love to talk about themselves, so ask lots of questions and feign interest in their banter. Be sure to overtip the bartender: If the help is at your beck and call, she'll notice. As you get to know each other, don't be afraid to touch her; a hand on her waist as you walk to the bar establishes your alpha-dog personality. Never talk about money—it's gauche if you got it, pathetic if you don't—and try not to talk about yourself. "Play the mystery card," Wilson suggests. After all, she's bound to be bored with cookie-cutter trust fund boys. Once you have her digits, plan a romantic (read: cheap) date like a picnic in the park, or a special museum exhibit—on free day. Soon *she'll* start footing the bill, meaning your beautiful dream of a Schlitz Jacuzzi can finally become a reality.



Check out her bad assets



Bravo Company's search for the latrine continues...

HOW TO

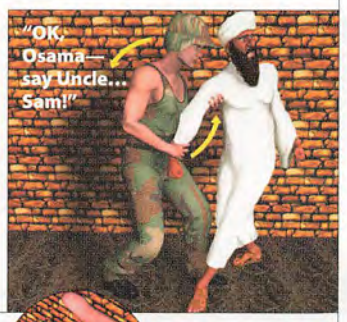
FIGHT LIKE A MARINE



Is your major malfunction simply being a wuss? Learn these badass leatherneck moves without setting foot in boot camp.

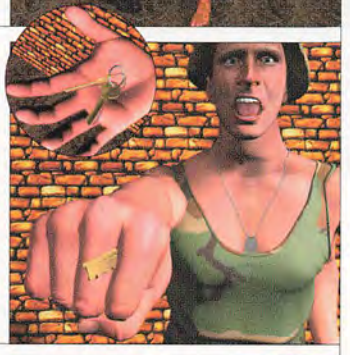
COUNTER THE STRIKE

Today's marines are taught to show restraint. "If refugees are stealing your chow, it's probably not worth killing over," says black belt Sgt. Douglas Esposito, an instructor in the Marine Corps Martial Arts Program. But they still kick ass. When that drunk with the girl you're ogling throws an angry right, block it with the meaty portion of your left forearm and grab his wrist with your right hand. Ram your left thumb into his armpit, straighten his arm and "dig around until you find something that hurts," advises Esposito. Situation defused; nobody gets hurt. Gin rummy, anyone?



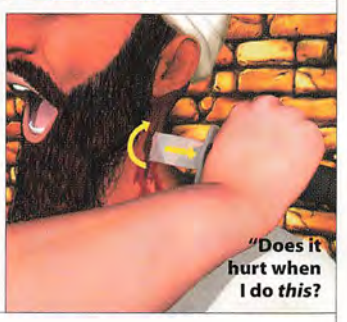
IMPROVISE A WEAPON

If you're attacked with a weapon, it's only fair to retaliate in kind. Since you're probably not packin' heat—unless you work for the postal service or attend public school—get creative. According to Esposito, almost anything can make a weapon: a brick, keys, your *girlfriend's* vibrator. With small backswings, strike from the box created by your shoulders and hips at an angle where the target area is weakest: To hit the knee, bash from the side; to hit the neck, go for the windpipe at a 45-degree angle. For added effect, unleash an intimidating battle cry, like "Yaarrr!" or "Have at thee!"



EXTERMINATE AT WILL

When an attacker clearly intends to kill, marines are taught to use desperate measures. They're issued a K-Bar, a big Crocodile Dundee–style blade that bears little relation to the Swiss Army toy Grandma gave you for graduation. The Marines' basic technique is based on gross motor skills, stuff you can do even if you've injured yourself (or, in your case, soiled yourself). With your palm down and the blade horizontal, plunge the knife into the side of the guy's neck, then crowbar it out by twisting your palm up, tearing his neck open. Great! Now who's up for Pez?



"Does it hurt when I do *this*?

Blake wants the cup back (continued) So as another season gets underway, you can expect big things out of this Rob Blake, starting with some more of his trademark big hits. As it is every year, NHL FaceOff™ 2003 is packed with thunderous checks. And not too many players hit harder than Blake. But we all know by now that he's no thug. He's a smart, agile player — characteristics that are very accurately depicted in this year's game. Fast gameplay and tight, instinctive play-controls return once again as players battle it out every game on the long road to the Stanley Cup.



Hard-hitting game with hard-hitting cover guy.



One of the biggest changes that Blake and every other player will notice this year in NHL FaceOff 2003 is in its new presentation engine. Every game will have the feeling of playoff hockey as a new level of emotion and intensity is delivered. Pre-game warm-ups and walks through the tunnel get the guys pumped up and ready for action. During the game, players pushing and shoving between whistles, banter from the penalty box and plenty of post-game celebrations keep the intensity at an all-time high.





As they begin the 82-game regular season march toward the playoffs, one of the advantages that Rob Blake and the Avalanche have over the rest of the league is that they return all but a few members of last season's team. But they did make a few off-season roster moves. This is where Career Mode came into play. With this feature, anyone can assume the role of General Manager and build his hockey team from the ground up. Players will begin to realize that battling with NHL teams isn't done solely on the ice, as they learn to deal with free agents, trades, rookies and retiring players. Losing a strong fellow defenseman will put some more pressure on Blake, but he'll handle it. And if the past is any indication of what's to come, the Avs will make the most of the new Career Mode and make a strong trade sometime next spring to give themselves their best chance at another championship.

Teams will undoubtedly be tougher this year, due in part to NHL FaceOff 2003's addictive gameplay. The fluid, fast-paced NHL action is back, delivering more tenacious energy and non-stop hockey action. And with 1,000 new goalie and skater animations, there's a whole new feel to the league. Rob Blake is confident that the Avs look great. But a lot of teams do, especially with knockout player models running at 5,000 polygons.



989 SPORTS®

The determination of the Avalanche after the disappointment of last season will make them a formidable opponent to anyone. But it's a long road to June, with many games yet to play and stars yet to emerge, each hoping to bring the Stanley Cup to his city. But make no mistake, the road to the Cup, in one way or another, goes through Rob Blake.

PlayStation.2

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NHLPA

www.989sports.com

EVERYONE E CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

Violence

HOW TO

BUILD A SNOW FORT

Protect yourself against attack... because nuns aren't afraid to retaliate.



1. SNOW PROBLEM

In a perfect world, you'd make lots of money, be routinely mistaken for John Holmes, and have tons of perfect snow with which to unleash holy hell on your elderly neighbors. But you've got to work with whatever powder you've got, so take the advice of Nolan Doesken, assistant state climatologist at the CSU Colorado Climate Center: If the snow on the ground is disappointingly fluffy and dry, turn it into good packing snow with a light misting from a spray bottle filled with tepid water. We repeat: water, *not* sulfuric acid.

And us without our rubbers!



3. BIG BALLS

Once you've picked the location, roll giant snowballs three feet in diameter and position them next to each other in a semicircle to form the base. Pack snow into the gaps using your hands or a shovel, then add a second, slightly thinner wall on top, and so on. "Your base layer should be twice as thick as the top," advises Doesken. Build it high enough to provide cover without having to crawl around in the snow like Kelsey Grammer on a bender. 'Bout five feet should do it, unless you're a dwarf. Um, you're not a dwarf, are you?

TOTAL COST: Free (not including uninsured frostbite amputations)
TOOLS: Gloves, shovels, frozen water sprinkled from the sky by a vengeful Thor, dainty spray bottle
DIFFICULTY: 1 out of ∞



2. LOCATION, LOCATION, LOC—OW!

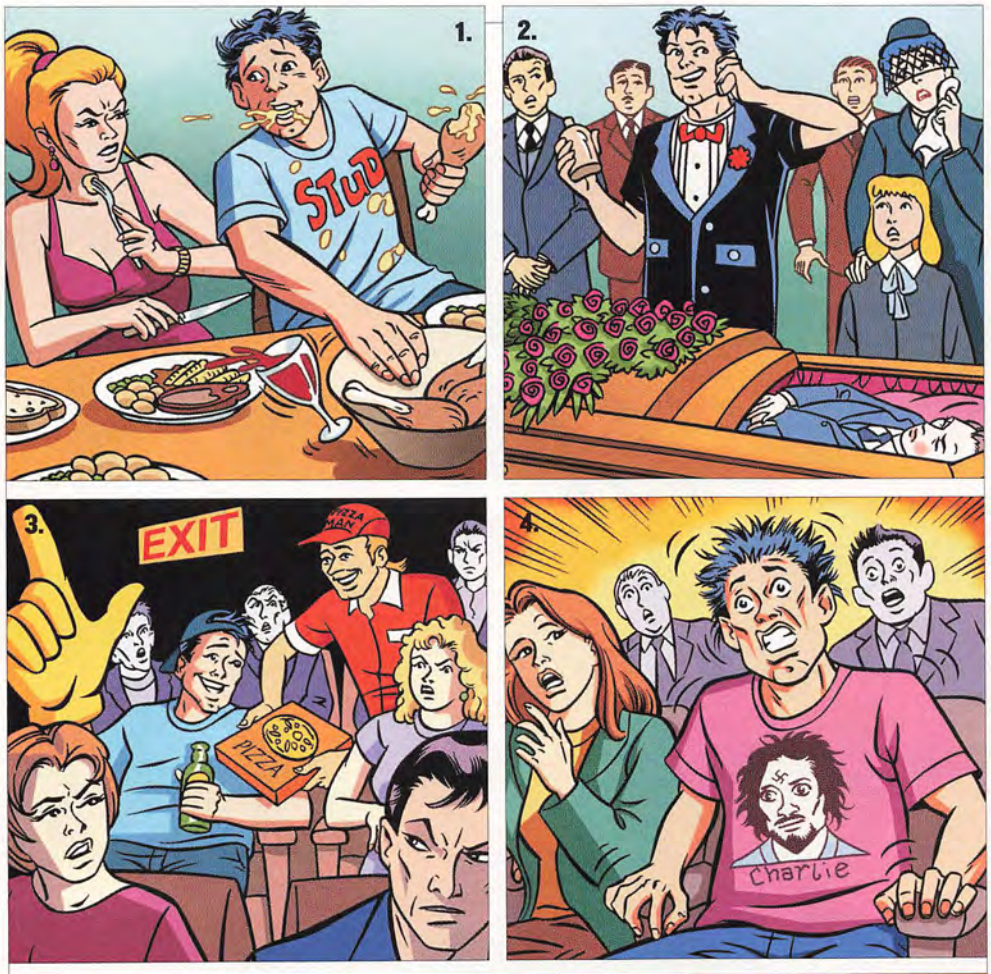
Choose a spot on high ground that has natural barriers—trees, rocks, frozen corpses of stranded pioneers—on either side to keep your flanks covered, and make sure the sun is at your back so your enemy has to deal with snow blindness. "What you build must allow for mobility and a quick escape," says Ken Cooper, director of Tactical Handgun Training, a New York State law-enforcement and security facility. A semicircle with walls that taper to the ground is relatively simple to build and will make it easy to skedaddle if your evil opponents overrun your snowy citadel—or if your mom calls you in for dinner.



4. FINISHING TOUCHES

To add windows and glory holes, Doesken recommends using a stick so you don't push over the whole fort with your awkwardly mittened hands. Pour water over the top of the wall so it freezes, then dump more water on the snow directly in front of the fort so any enemies attempting to storm the castle will slip, flail, and crack their skulls comically when they fall. After amassing a stockpile of snowball ammo, Cooper recommends building a second, smaller vacation fort off to the side in the unlikely event that you have to retreat. Or make a tiny snow cyanide capsule...

Photographs, Bradford Noble; styling, Andrea Cooker; set design, Donnie Myers Studio; hair, Bret Strange (R.J. Bennett); makeup, Bryan Lynda (R.J. Bennett/Clinique)



HOW TO

RUIN EVERYTHING

Few skills are as useful as behaving like a hateful stooge.

1. A DINNER PARTY

Didn't want to be invited in the first place? Then make sure it never happens again. According to Sue Fox, author of *Etiquette for Dummies,* "Nothing is less mannerly than losing control after drinking too much." You won't like any of the fancy food served, so BYOMcD's. To avoid staining your pants, take them off and drape them over the chandelier before eating. Converse only by yelling, and feel free to drop your silverware…into your pocket.

2. A FUNERAL

Man, people take these *so* seriously—make it your mission to lighten things up. A well-placed whoopee cushion is a nice tension-breaker, unless you can summon the real deal. "Showing up late dressed inappropriately is offensive," Fox says (tuxedo T-shirts: $17 at libertees.com), "but the worst is your phone ringing." So answer promptly and offer to call back "as soon as the dirt hits the lid." Scream, "Read the will!" during reverent silences—or sound a discreet air horn. To really put the *fun* back in *funeral,* do a shot at every mention of the word "God."

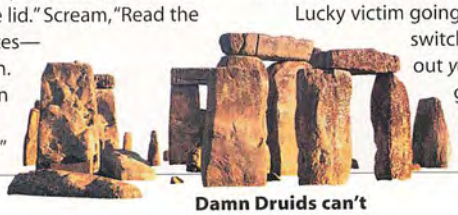
3. A PLAY

Every clown needs an audience, so if you crave a little extra attention, go where the audience already is. Live theatrical productions, or "plays," are just like movies, except the special effects suck and the actors can hear you yelling at them. Take advantage of this golden opportunity by warning characters of impending danger, critiquing on the fly, and waving your giant foam #1 hand whenever it seems appropriate. Theater chow sucks, so get a pizza delivered to your seat after you finish your Act I fattie.

4. A PUBLIC EXECUTION

Whether you hate capital punishment or love angering bloodthirsty mobs, nothing ruins a death sentence like a lack of death. If your village favors lynching, replace the noose with delicious licorice rope; when the gallows floor opens, the hangee will fall to the ground, at worst spraining an ankle.

Lucky victim going to the chair? When the switch is flipped, twitch and pop out *your* eyes, too, to evoke a final grin from the zappee. Hey, you can't spell *slaughter* without *laughter*!



Damn Druids can't build anything right

Illustrations, Dave Hine





AT $19.99, CRASH IS LOSING HIS PANTS ON THIS ONE.

PlayStation.2

Traveller's Tales

UNIVERSAL INTERACTIVE

EVERYONE E CONTENT RATED BY ESRB — Mild Violence

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Bedroom Blunders

Can't figure out why your studliness isn't translating into your own personal army of insatiable stalkers? Alonna Friedman gives you five good reasons.

Girls love to talk about sex, and we'd like nothing better than to give you the bedroom feedback that'd turn you into our dream lover. But when it comes to negative feedback, we hold back for fear of crushing your big, delicate male ego. Well, toughen up, soldier: We're about to let you in on the five common sex gaffes that bug us the most—and how to turn each one to your carnal advantage.

The turnoff: Coital cross-exam

"When a guy asks whether I've come yet, it kills any momentum I might have had. I hate that."—*Anna, 29*

We know you're concerned with pleasing us, and we appreciate it, but quizzing us during the act about the state of our orgasm only takes us farther from the promised land. **The turnaround:** No matter how much of a sexual dynamo she is, she might not feel comfortable vocalizing what she's feeling. For women it's all about staying in the zone; we can't utter more than "mmm" or "uh-huh" without dropping out of the race. Don't get us wrong—your seeking feedback is great. But try asking yes/no questions that she can moan responses to. Whisper, "Do you like that?" or "Does that feel good?" instead of a mood-breaker like "Tell me what gets you hot." The key is to turn us on without making us feel pressured. "When my boyfriend shows me he's interested in *getting* me to come, rather than finding out *if* I'm there, it makes sex sexier," says Rachel, 28. "And sexier inevitably equals faster—so we both win!"

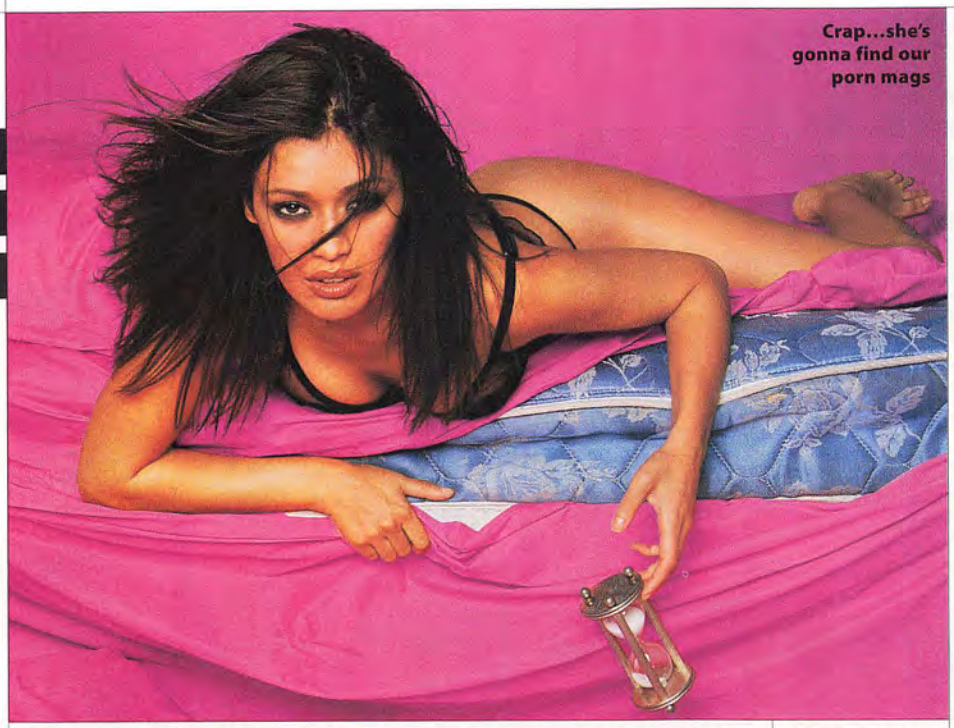
The turnoff: Wham-bam overload

"I hate when men try to go on forever and ever. I certainly don't want a minute man, but when we have sex for too long, it can really start to hurt me."—*Amy, 27*

Forget everything you learned from porn: Real-world girls actually don't want marathon sex. Pounding away like a determined jackhammer only makes her sore. **The turnaround:** Contrary to popular opinion, we girls don't expect our orgasms to coincide with yours every single time. We may not



Turn sex gaffes to your carnal advantage. Now!



Crap...she's gonna find our porn mags

even get there at all—and believe it or not, that's OK. Heck, sometimes we just have sex because we know *you* want it. "Maybe it sounds weird," says Kim, 28, "but every once in a while I kind of like it when my boyfriend comes right away. Knowing I make him feel so good he can't hold back anymore makes me feel really sexy." The trick is knowing when you can let 'er rip. If she starts pumping away furiously on your shaft rather than grinding her pelvis into yours, she's giving you a ticket to ride. Not sure? Get the green light by saying, "Oh, my God, this feels so good—I think I'm gonna come," a few seconds *before* the point of no return. If she keeps bucking, you're in the clear...so quit torturing yourself and release the hounds.

The turnoff: The post-b.j. blow-off

"It really bugs me that after a blow job my mouth is off-limits. All that work and no good-night kiss?"—*Kate, 23*

We'd really like to believe that your desire to kiss us outweighs any icky feelings. When it doesn't we feel hurt and rejected...and in no mood to do it again anytime soon—which is clearly a bad thing.

The turnaround: All right, we get it: You don't want sperm anywhere near your mouth. But just *pretend* you're not grossed out—we take that stuff personally. "My boyfriend always brings a glass of water to bed," says Cara, 23. "When I finish going down on him, he'll ask if I'm thirsty and hand the glass to me. Trust me, I get the message loud and clear, but the way he does it shows he cares about me." She rinses, you smooch, and everyone's happy. Warning: A toothbrush in the water is probably overdoing it.

The turnoff: Using your "move"

"One guy I dated kept trying to focus in on some weird spot back around my butt. No matter how many times I tried to get him away, he just kept going back for more like a poorly wired robot."—*Karen, 25*

No matter how much girls love your "move," they'll love it a lot more if you read their feedback and tailor it to them. ▶

Forget porn lessons: Girls don't want marathon sex.



Ready for your protein shake?

SCREW U.

Bone up at a sex seminar. Spot the faker and win a prize!



Can we clap your erasers?

1. HEAR NO EVIL
Last April roughly 40 deaf women gathered in New York City for a workshop sponsored by sex-toy company Toys in Babeland. Conducted entirely in American Sign Language, the session informed the hearing-impaired ladies all about anal sex, cock rings, S&M toys, and other topics you rarely, um, hear about.

2. HANDS-ON EXPERIENCE
Married sexologists Vera and Steve Bodansky travel the West Coast demonstrating their technique for "Extended Massive Orgasm." The seminar includes watching a "certified doer" manually stimulate the genitals of a "certified woman." No mention of how these women become "certified," but ask your sister—she can probably explain it.

3. HOT FOR TEACHER
L.A. sex therapist Laura Bernstein, Ph.D., offers a service designed to help women better satisfy their sexually ravenous significant others. The doc goes to a couple's home and does the dude, while simultaneously doing color commentary for his spouse on the sidelines. Better than porn!

4. 9021-OH-H-H-H-H-H!
Beverly Hills–based sexpert Lou Paget offers seminars to teach Hollywood wives the finer points of administering oral sex. Explains Paget: "Mother Nature never intended us to put these things in our mouths." Oh, really? How else are women supposed to get expensive jewelry?
—*Noelle Hancock*

Answer: 3. Do you also believe in the tooth fairy?

KISSES OF DEATH

Women describe the worst oral offenders.

THE SNAKE

M.O.: Darts his tongue in and out of the girl's mouth like he's tapping out a message in Morse code. "All I want to say is, how would you feel if your mouth was being jackhammered? Thought so."—*Amy, 28*





THE HUMAN PLUNGER

M.O.: Plants his lips around her entire mouth—*outside* the lips—like a vacuum nozzle, maximizing moisture and creating a horrible suction effect. "If this guy's kissing is any indication of his oral, watch out."—*Heather, 27*

THE LAP DOG

M.O.: Displays visible tongue before girl's mouth is even open. "Coming at me tongue-first without even touching my lips with his is a huge turnoff: It's aggressive, forceful, and just plain weird."—*Vanessa, 31*





THE TONGUE-LESS TERROR

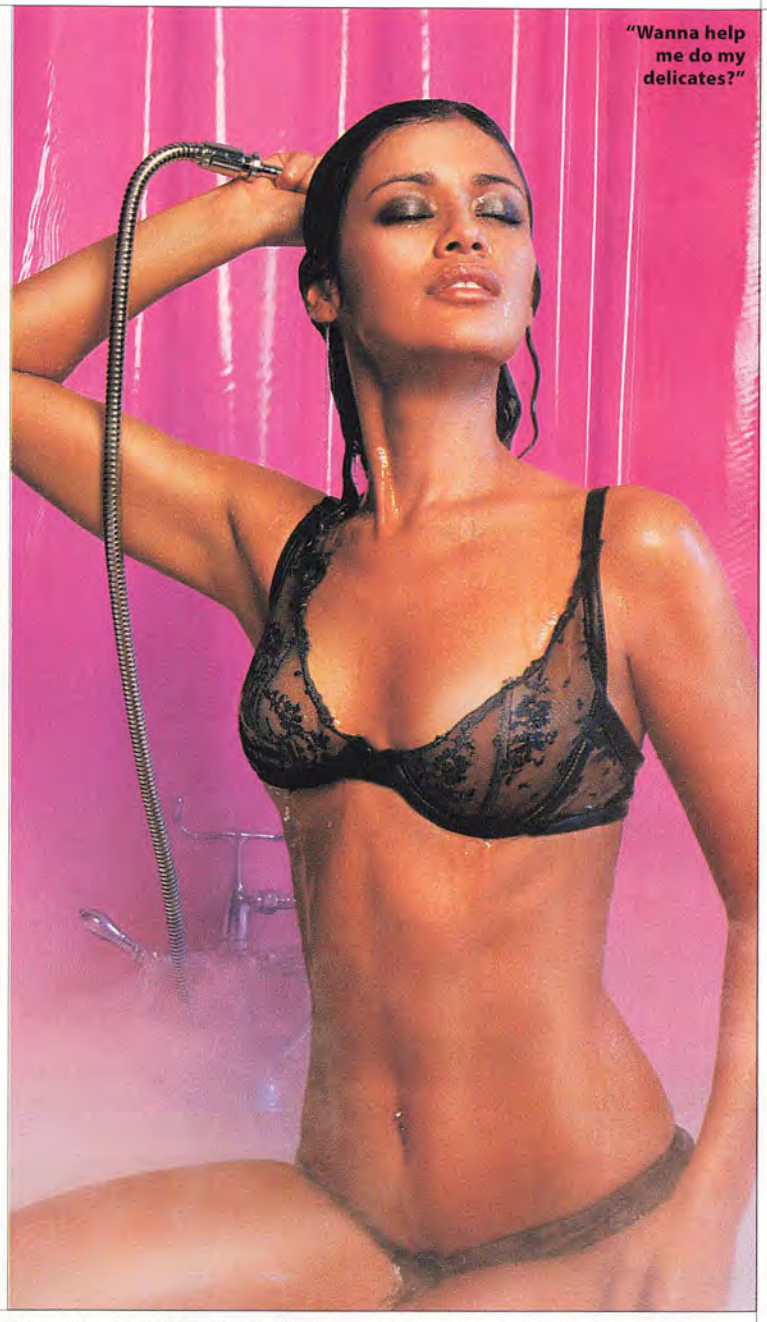
M.O.: Kisses passionately with an open mouth but with absolutely no hint of tongue. "It's like CPR. It just makes me wonder: If he's this afraid of my tongue, is he ever going to want to visit my crotch?"—*Holly, 26*

THE HUMAN TOOTHBRUSH

M.O.: Tries to sneak in a root canal mid-make-out. "I once had a guy tongue every molar and incisor in my mouth. He was scrubbing like one of those electric toothbrushes."—*Ariel, 28*

—*Maria Fontoura*





"Wanna help me do my delicates?"

The turnaround: Just like you wouldn't put the gas from a NASCAR hot rod in your rusty Chevy, you can't assume the same juice will work for every girl. So go ahead and try out that great move your buddy said drove his girlfriend crazy, but pay attention to what *your* girl's moans and wiggles tell you about it. If she lies there like a cold fish or pulls back from your touch, try variations—harder, softer, faster, slower, etc.—until the response is favorable. "A guy can't always tell if he's doing something wrong with me," says Mia, 25, "but he can definitely tell if he's doing it right. If he's off target, I'll touch his hand to stop it, but when it feels good I'll make all these little noises and arch my back up toward him." Then, and this is key, *remember* how she likes it and next time you'll have a head start.

Tailor your special move to *this* girl and she'll love it.

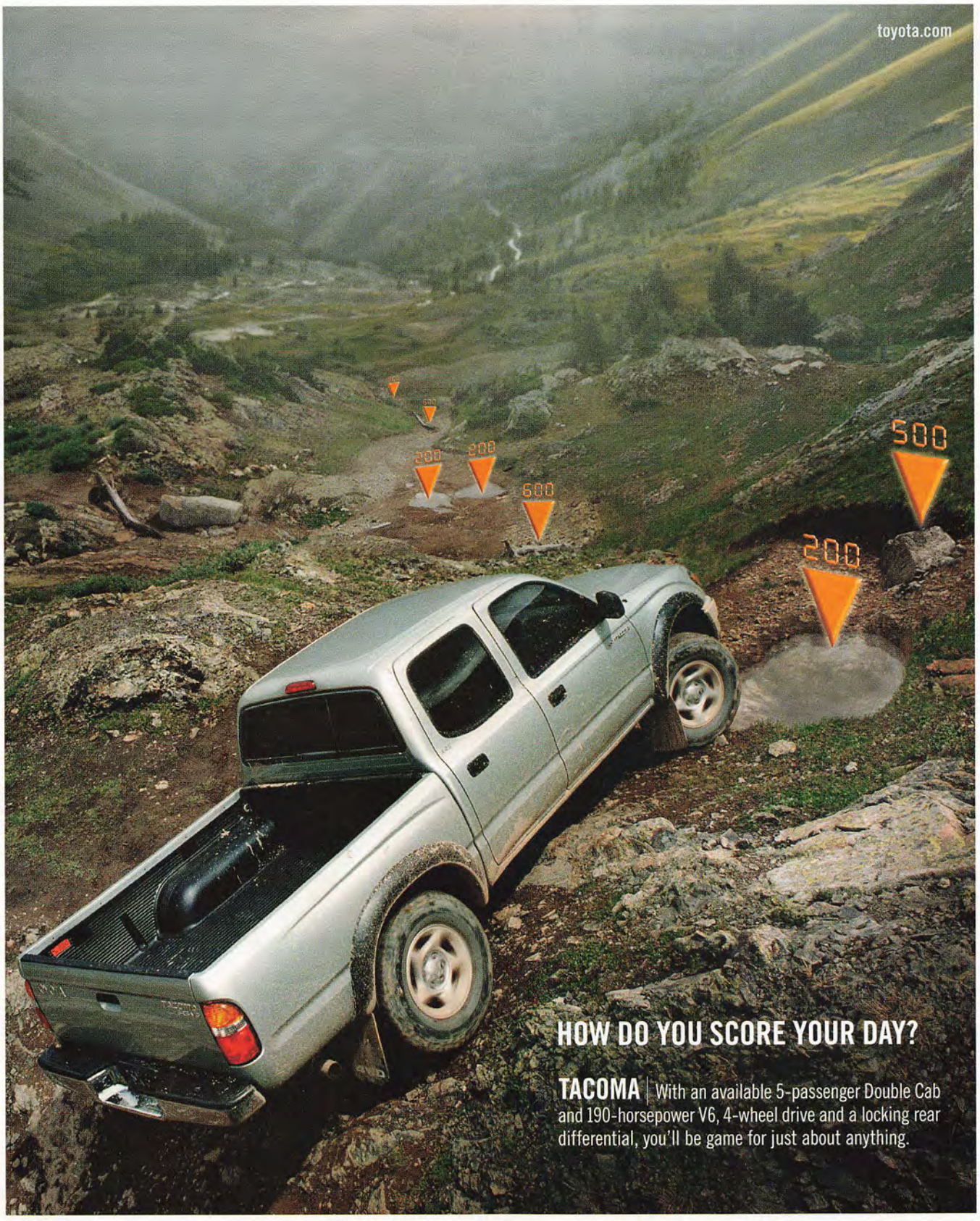
The turnoff: Mr. Clean's dirty girl

"Jeremy has this thing where he always heads straight into the shower as soon as we're done. It makes me feel like *I'm* dirty . . . and drives me crazy."—*Emily, 24*

When a guy immediately rushes off to the shower, it makes us feel like lepers. Needless to say, that kills your odds of a repeat performance faster than . . . well, a cold shower.

The turnaround: The key to a successful post-sex shower is to make sure she doesn't think you're running away from her. A couple of complimentary words and satisfied kisses is all it takes to let her know you're not trying to wash your hands of the whole experience. "My boyfriend likes to shower after sex," says Claudia, 26. "But it doesn't bother me, because he always gives me a big kiss and tells me I made him so hot he has to go cool off before he can get any sleep. It's actually kind of flattering and cute." Better yet, try inviting your girl along. You still get your scrub-down; she gets a steamy bonding experience. Plus, if you wash her back, she'll wash yours . . . and then some. And next time you might be able to skip the bed altogether. M

Photographs, Bruno Bisang; styling, Paula Kowalczyk; hair, Sam Leonardi for Artists; makeup, Elisa Flowers for Bernstein & Andriulli; props, Ariana Salvato



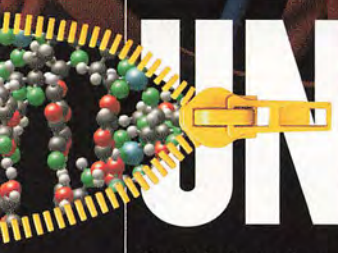


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Scientists have finally mapped out what you're made of—now get the crayons and connect the genetic deformities!*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE CROSS

TEXT BY ANDY RADCLIFFE



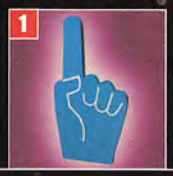
UNZIPPED GENES

You, lucky bastard, are alive for one of the most amazing moments in history. In a few months eggheads at five major public research institutions will present a complete sequence of the human genome, a breakthrough equivalent to the discovery of atomic energy or the wedgie. *So what?* By spelling out your genetic makeup, the Human Genome Project will hopefully give doctors the ability to diagnose, treat, and cure deadly diseases at the genetic level. But naysayers predict negative ramifications, including bioengineered kids, genetic discrimination, and the extinction of carnival sideshows.

TRAITS AND CONDITIONS THEY'VE ALREADY MAPPED TO SPECIFIC CHROMOSOMES:

PROSTATE CANCER

Little is known about its exact causes, though gene HPC1 has been identified as a susceptibility locus: a possible risk-determiner for the disease (and unwelcome anal probing).





PARKINSON'S DISEASE

Mutations in the SNCA gene have been linked to several Parkinson's disease families, forcing scientists to put the Tyra Banks Cloning Project on hold indefinitely, damn it all.

ASTHMA

Chromosome 5 contains genes that code for molecules that play a role in asthma. Asthma is a complex heritable disease—wait, let us catch our breath—influenced by mutations in multiple genes.





DIABETES (TYPE 1)

Diabetes, affecting approximately 16 million Americans, is complex; scientists have identified 10 different susceptibility loci for Type 1, including IDDM1 on chromosome 6. Ain't that sweet?

OBESITY

The Ob gene controls the production of leptin, a hormone that regulates hunger. But genetics is one of many factors contributing to obesity (including psychological issues and bacon cheeseburgers).

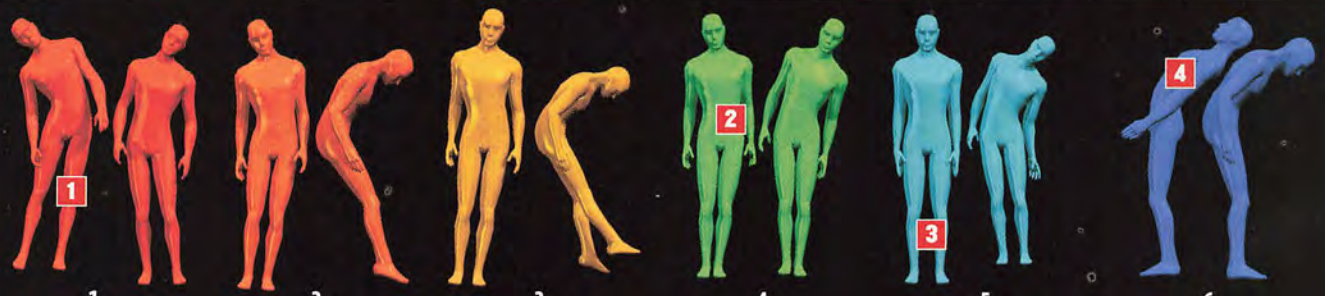




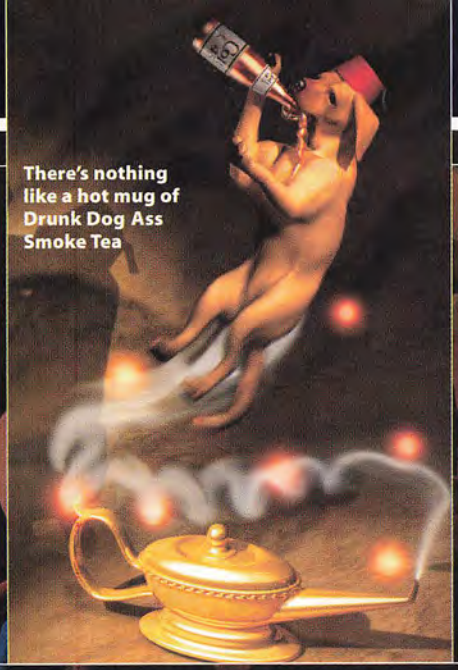
ADVENTUROUS PERSONALITY

There is evidence for a connection between an adventurous personality (i.e., someone who wants to bang twins while skydiving) and variation at the dopamine receptor D4 locus, yo.

YOUR VERY OWN 23 CHROMOSOMAL PAIRS:







There's nothing like a hot mug of Drunk Dog Ass Smoke Tea

DREAMING OF GENIE

With the genome mapped, the race is on to identify other important genes. Could the genetic links behind these great mysteries be the next to fall?

THE G-SPOT LOCATOR GENE

Located somewhere on the Y chromosome, this gene determines a man's ability to find a woman's G-spot. Though a subject of much prodding and poking, many scientists claim this gene is a myth.

THE BILLY DEE GENE

The age-old question of nature vs. nurture: What makes women universally swoon before Billy Dee Williams? His natural suaveness or the nurturing effects of an ice-cold Colt 45?

THE *SPEED 2: CRUISE CONTROL* GENE

That someone actually made this abysmal sequel is a surefire sign of a genetic disorder. But where?

THE BELCHING PROFICIENCY GENE

Forget peace talks—the world will be a better place when we can all belch the alphabet backward.

THE X-MEN GENES

Control of these will allow Magneto to engineer an army of mutants to steal the world's oil supply. *Bam!*

ALZHEIMER'S

Mutations in four genes, including PS1, are believed to contribute to this disease. On the plus side, Alzheimer's has reduced the nursing home workload by allowing seniors to hide their own Easter eggs.





HAIR COLOR

Red hair and fair skin are linked to MC1R. Once researchers identify the causes (and they will, the persistent bastards), we'll finally be able to genetically engineer a 6'10", red-haired Asian man.

CANCER FIGHTER

The p53 gene is (hurrah!) an "anti-cancer" gene, helping regulate cell division. Mutations (boo!) increase susceptibility to unfettered cell division, creating tumors. ("It's not a tumah!")





EYE COLOR

Like hair, eye color is a polygenic trait, meaning multiple genes are involved. Little is known about these genes, but green eye color has been linked to chromosome 19. Big words make Hulk's head hurt!

DUCHENNE MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY

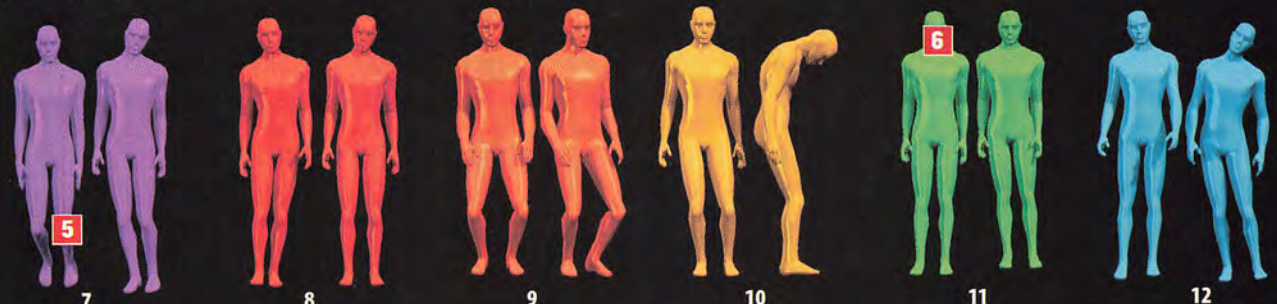
Characterized by muscular degeneration and the appearance of Jerry Lewis. It's been linked to the DMD gene, which is responsible for muscle cell structural support.





TESTIS FORMATION

Thank gene SRY for your huge balls! It alters the shape of nearby DNA, in turn altering the DNA's function, leading to the formation of testicles (available in regular or deluxe brass models).





*Alabama residents can copy off their spouse's genetic map. Special thanks to Dr. Steve Scherer, head of mapping at the Baylor College of Medicine Human Genome Sequencing Center; and Edward Curtis, researcher and Ph.D. candidate in molecular biology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. For more info, check on the human genome online at ncbi.nlm.nih.gov.

Ask Dr. Maxim



Coming out a cut above the rest, curing bladder blowups, and keeping athlete's foot on the run. Plus, doc-approved home remedies. **BY ESTHER CRAIN**

Is it true that uncircumcised men feel more during sex than circumcised ones?

What do feelings have to do with sex? Seriously, it depends on which camp you ask. The uncut argument goes like this: During sex a dude's hoody glides over his shaft as he thrusts in and out, sort of like getting a hand job while humping. "Without one, you won't have that sensual gliding sensation," claims Tim Hammond, founder of No Harmm, an anticircumcision group. A willy-wrapper also adds friction along the supersensitive head, further rocketing a guy to the sexual stratosphere—again, allegedly. Another benefit: Natural lube produced by the foreskin makes sex more slippery (just think of all the money you'll save on K-Y).

But the ol' circumcised camp claims a snipped salami is an equally sensitive one. "I've performed a lot of adult circumcisions, and not one patient has ever complained that he lost sexual feeling," says Howard Woo, M.D., a urologist at the Ochsner Clinic Foundation in New Orleans. A recent study found no noticeable change in penile pleasure between just-cut and intact guys. Since the hood retracts as soon as your pecker stiffens, experts say all this gliding-sensation stuff is malarkey. Finally, what some call lube, the rest of the world calls smegma. 'Nuff said.

Helmets vs. anteaters—which way do *you* lean?

With sexual science deadlocked, we went to the real experts on the foreskin vs. former-skin issue: chicks. *Maxim* conducted an informal survey,0 asking women if they prefer pigs-in-blankets or a tailored tallywhacker. The comments ranged from "Is that what that flap is?" to "When he's wearing a condom, I can't tell the difference" to "What do you do with one of those?" But the overwhelming response was "Foreskin—ew, nasty!" Since intact guys seem to make girls squirm, they probably aren't getting as many return customers. Conclusion: Extra skin equals queasy gals equals less boots-knockin'. We crown "cut" the winner . . . by a head.

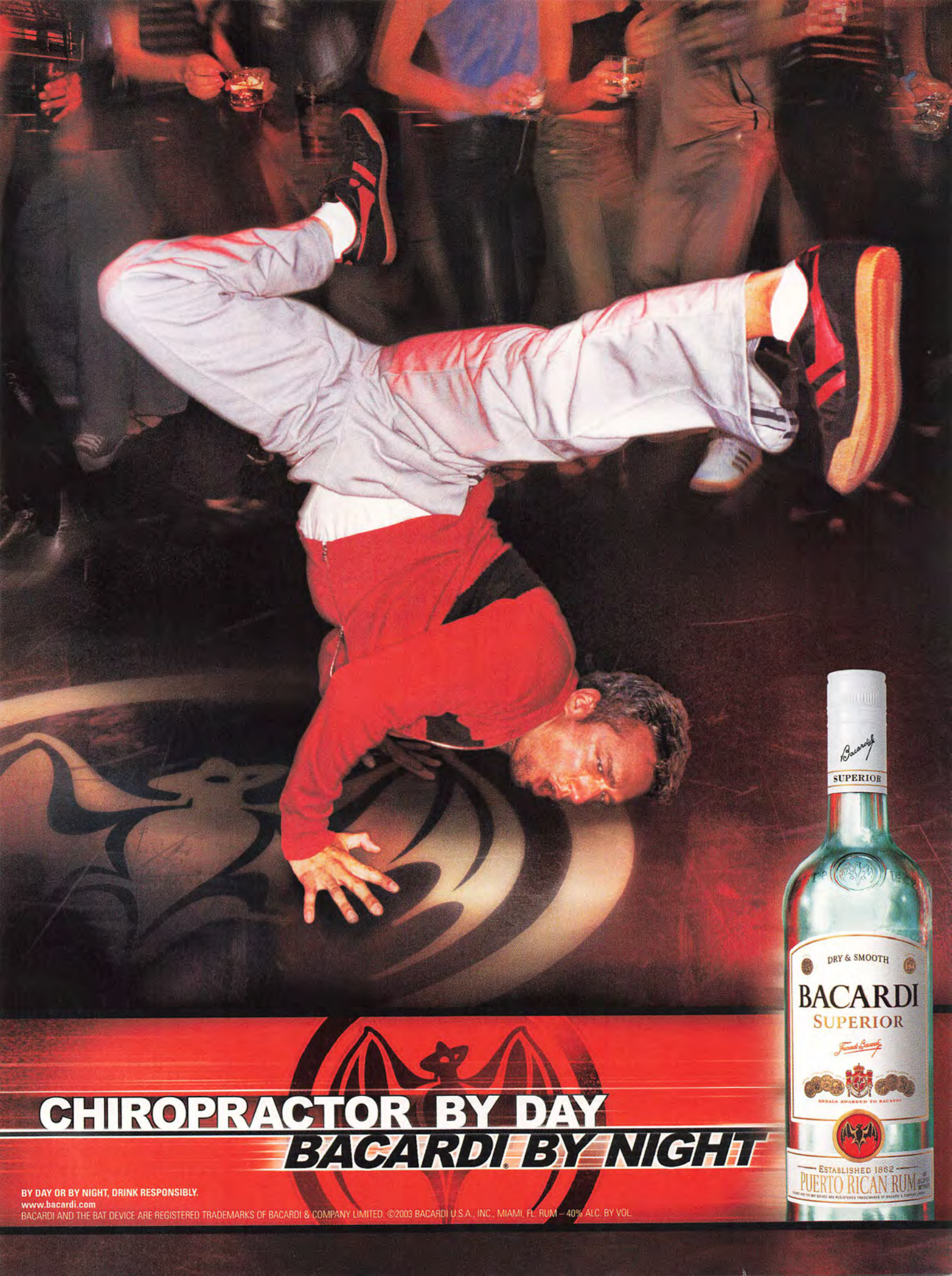


Girls are always getting bladder infections. Are they contagious?

Are girls contagious? Definitely. Their bladder infections? Not really. Guys may kick the bucket before women do, but at least they're not prone to chronic, painful piss problems that sabotage their sex lives. Here's the deal: Bladder infections fall under a larger category called urinary tract infections. They happen when bacteria that normally hang out near your butt migrate to your pubes. From there they make their way into the urethra (the tube you pee out of) and, if left untreated, mosey on up to your bladder.

"Women have shorter urethras, making it much easier for bacteria to get inside and cause an infection," says Leslie Kaplan, M.D., attending urologist at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center in Los Angeles. By the time germs attempt to scale a guy's longer urethra, his body has had more time to head 'em off at the pass and demolish the suckers. Also, because a girl's front and back doors are such cozy neighbors, the bugs can swiftly go from one to the other. Yet another reason we gals are squeamish about anal.

Though a bladder infection can be sexually transmitted, your risk of catching one during sheet shredding is really, really low, thanks especially to an antibacterial, zinc-containing secretion from the prostate that's activated during arousal. To play it safe, use a condom (big shocker there). If you're worried about your shooter, check for these symptoms: cloudy, egglike urine; burning pain while peeing; and the constant urge to take a leak. If any of these show up, see your doctor for a urine culture, pronto. "It's normal for a woman to get up to three bladder infections a year, but if a guy gets just one, it raises a red flag because it's so uncommon," adds Dr. Kaplan. One possibility: You ▶



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have an STD like chlamydia or gonorrhea, both of which can have the same bladder-infection-like symptoms. See? We told you to use condoms.

How do I get rid of persistent foot fungus?

Cut off your feet. But if you want to take a somewhat less aggressive approach, invest in an over-the-counter antifungal cream or spray, like Tinactin or Lotromin. And here's a brilliant idea: Follow the instructions for exactly how long you should use it. "One major reason foot fungus keeps coming back is that most people only apply the medicine for a week or two instead of the several weeks they're supposed to," explains Ronald Jensen, a podiatrist in Modesto, California.

Even while faithfully slathering on the antifungal, it takes ongoing foot maintenance to keep reinfection at bay. So make some permanent changes to your hoof style. Like telemarketers, fungi love warm, moist, mucky places—think the inside of your Chuck Taylors, humid locker rooms, yesterday's sweaty socks. Alternating your shoes every day and avoiding bare contact with the locker room floor will force the critters to find some other human host. Wash your feet twice a day, and dry 'em thoroughly before shoving them back into your sneakers. And

Like telemarketers, nasty foot fungi love warm, moist, mucky places.



wear socks made from synthetic fabrics, such as CoolMax. These keep moisture away from your skin by absorbing sweat.

If the nasty between-toes cracking doesn't go—or stay—away, check in with a podiatrist for prescription antifungal meds that are stronger than the OTC stuff. Just don't expect it to fade on its own. "Foot fungus is more annoying than harmful, but the fungus does make it easier for bacteria to get inside your feet and potentially cause a second, more serious skin infection," says Jensen. The upshot: cool scabs for you to pick. M

GOT HEALTH QUESTIONS?
Submit them on the Grit channel at **maximonline.com.**

CURE THIS AT HOME!

Doctors spill their best home remedies—so they can hit the golf course. By Jessica Mehalic

HEADACHE

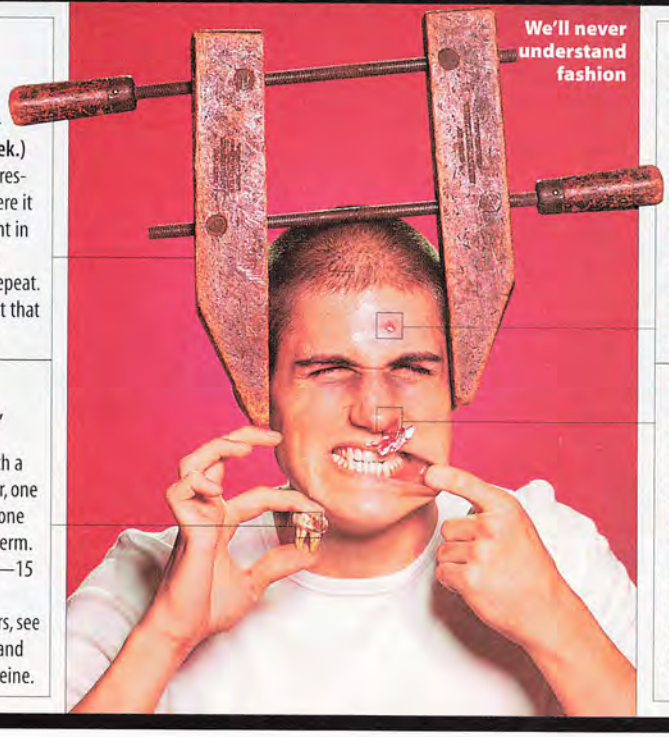
Try some New Agey reflexology, advises Michelle Kluck, a celebrity massage therapist. (Hey, it's the closest you're going to get to Salma Hayek.)

1. Using your right thumb, apply firm pressure at the base of your left big toe where it webs. Hitting the noggin's pressure point in the foot supposedly kicks out the pain.
2. Do this for 10 seconds, release, and repeat. Bonus: Now your girlfriend can't trot out that "I've got a headache" excuse anymore.

TOOTHACHE

NYC's Robert Gonzalez-Molina, D.D.S., takes a bite out of tooth pain.

1. Reduce swelling around the gum with a saltwater cocktail: eight ounces of water, one tablespoon of salt. Hold a mouthful for one minute—and try not to think about sperm.
2. Ice the side of your face with a pack—15 minutes on, 15 minutes off.
3. For pain that lasts more than 24 hours, see the man in white. He'll fix the problem and prescribe something. Ah, the joys of codeine.



PIMPLES

Take matters into your own fingers, says Alan Kling, M.D., an NYC dermatologist.

1. Swab zit with peroxide.
2. Use a sterilized safety pin (run a lit match over the tip until it turns black) to gently prick just the top layer of skin.
3. Use your forefingers to gently squeeze Mt. Pustule from the sides till it erupts. Any more tampering and you'll risk a scar.
4. Clean the site with a dab of rubbing alcohol and have another half a pizza.

NOSEBLEED

David Marks, M.D., a medical reporter for WNBC-TV, nose what to do.

1. To stop the flow, lean your head forward or the blood may end up in your stomach.
2. Using firm pressure, squeeze the soft part of your schnoz with your thumb and middle finger for at least five minutes.
3. Ice for 10 minutes to constrict the vessels.
4. Apologize to the mustachioed lady for your insensitive lesbian joke, and compliment her lady friend.

Photographs, Bradford Noble (Dr. Maxim); wardrobe styling, Anne Farbar; prop styling, Liz Engelhardt; hair, Corrine Vegter; makeup, Bryan Lynde (R.J. Bennett). Shot on location at Manhattan Medical. Photograph (guy), Robert Glasgow; grooming, Bret Strange (R.J. Bennett).

(Continued) Tom Brady's brilliance continues in NFL GameDay™ 2003, where he'll take the helm for the Patriots again. This time as the starter, not the young kid waiting for a break. One thing's for sure: he's the guy that every other team is gunning for, and that's a tough spot to be in.

With this in mind, count on Brady to call a number of plays using NFL GameDay 2003's new "Hot Routes." This new feature allows the quarterback to change



a receiver's pass route at the line of scrimmage based on what he sees in the setup of the opponent's chosen defense. Defenses are once again very tough in NFL GameDay 2003, where new multi-player tackling provides the most realistic football action ever. But if defenses fail to wrap up the ballcarrier, fans will see one of 70 new "break tackle" animations. This means every play will be different and guys like Tom Brady can enjoy the highest replay value ever (and add to their constantly growing highlight reels).



Another part of the game that Brady looks forward to is the 2,200 fluid animations, including 300 amazing new tackles and catches – all of these under the most responsive control ever offered. When defenses take hold of a man and tackle him into the ground, it's not only something witnessed, but also felt. Perhaps this is one feature that Brady could have done without.

While some players would have enjoyed the time to rest during the off-season, Brady embraced the chance to improve. In fact, even with the departure of his quarterback mentor, Brady knows the Patriots are still looking great. As is every team in NFL GameDay 2003, with

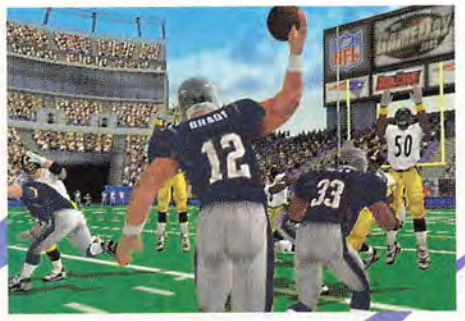
One of the perks of being Super Bowl MVP.





thousands of polygons going into the creation of each player. In addition to that, all-new textures and lighting make sure every player jumps off the screen with incredible realism. Also, 180 new player faces give true-to-life emotion to the players, whether they're celebrating a touchdown or gathering their pride after an embarrassing sack. Sources also say Brady was "blown away by GameDay's new 60-frames-per-second gameplay," which puts the athleticism of the NFL into each player like never before.

NFL GameDay 2003 starts off with a bang, featuring all 32 NFL teams and updated team rosters, including the latest trades and free-agent signings. GameDay participants will enjoy the improved look



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of the stadium models, featuring new lighting, texture enhancements, renovations and the newest in field wear. As Tom Brady and others are on the road, they'll see new stadiums in Houston, Chicago, Seattle, Green Bay and Detroit. And at home, the Patriots will get used to a brand-new stadium of their own.

As the regular season warms up, Brady and the Pats will have their work cut out for them. Although they're a preseason pick by most to win their division, nothing is for certain. Except, of course, that Brady will see for the first time the agonizing effort it takes to defend a championship. He's going to take some licks, but you can expect to see the same kind of winning spirit that makes him a great leader and one of today's finest all around quarterbacks.

PlayStation.2

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Sudden Death

Soccer fans are a different breed. Just ask South African Milton Nkosi, who lived, breathed, and almost died for his favorite team. Forty-three others did. **AS TOLD TO JAMES BRYCE**

Americans just don't get soccer. You can't use your hands. Foreigners insist on calling it football, but you can't tackle anybody. Nobody scores. It's a crazy sport. But in the rest of the world it's an insane one. Friendly neighborhood stadiums throughout Europe and South America feature fences between groups of fans to keep them from killing each other and moats built around the fields to protect the players. Sometimes this kind of passion can prove fatal. In the past two decades, more than 600 people have died in soccer riots. On April 11, 2001, Milton Nkosi, the African bureau editor for the BBC, managed to survive one of the worst soccer riots in history.

The stakes were high when Nkosi's favorite team, the Orlando Pirates, squared off with the crosstown Kaizer Chiefs in Johannesburg. But no one could have guessed how high. When an angry mob of 15,000 rushed the gates of the 62,000-seat stadium, Nkosi was in the eye of the bloody storm. Here is his story.

'The aisles were a war zone bursting with people shoving each other.'

Recipe for disaster

This was the biggest game of the year, so I made sure to arrive at Ellis Park Stadium an hour before the 8 o'clock kickoff. As usual, what I ran into was nothing more than chaos. The park, located in a run-down section of Johannesburg, has a well-deserved reputation for violence. But matches in South Africa have other ingredients for disaster. Unlike in the rest of the world, ticketing is usually on a first-come, first-serve basis. And while the stadium capacity was more than 60,000 people, some news reports estimated that as many as twice that number showed up for the game. Outside, hundreds of police in blue uniforms and baseball caps patrolled the area. Meanwhile, a throng of supporters, some as young as five, swarmed the turnstiles.

Sifting through the growing mob, I bought my ticket and headed toward the northeast end of the stadium to Gate 4. I slipped past a crowd converging at the gate and through the concrete-walled tunnel to my section. Fans were singing, guzzling beer, and blowing horns. Amazingly, I managed to find a seat along the aisle just three rows behind the goal.

But 25 minutes before kickoff I sensed things weren't quite right. The aisles were becoming a war zone bursting with people shoving each other and hustling for seats. As if oblivious to the chaos, the ref blew the whistle, and the game got under way. What none of us realized was that even more danger was brewing outside of the stadium.

Once the game began, police shut the metal gates surrounding the arena. The place was already filled to capacity, but I later found out that it had been oversold, leaving thousands ▶

BLOOD SPORT

Soccer fans are notorious for excellent manners—here's the worst of the worst.







From left: A Manchester fan catches a bull's-eye during game against Liverpool (1978); Moscow fans riot after loss to Japan (2002); English, Turkish fans butt heads in Copenhagen (2000).





From left: Following the riot, a medical team struggles to save the near-dead; the field becomes an impromptu morgue; a father and son mourn the loss of a loved one; news of the stampede shocks the world.



of angry fans on the outside. Tension mounted when those shut-out fans heard the cheers after the first goal was scored by the Chiefs 15 minutes into the game. When the Pirates scored just two minutes later, all hell broke loose.

The people crowded against the stadium gates pushed forward, shattering the black metal gate in four places and slamming themselves through turnstiles like human battering rams. In an attempt to gain control, security threw tear gas at the mob, which only added fuel to the fire. Confused, and now angry, fans stampeded through Gate 4. . . and straight toward me!

A tidal wave of terror

A horde of people poured out of the tunnel into the stadium, spilling into our section. Hundreds fell forward, and panic set in. People screamed for the fans behind them to move back, but it was no use. No one could move. The exit, clogged with panicked people, provided no hope of escape. We were fenced in on all sides—trapped like farm animals. Yelling and wolf-whistling, we tried desperately to draw the attention of the match officials to stop the game. But it was no use. They paid no attention. Maybe they thought we were just cheering for our teams—because the game went on.

A handful of security guards rushed over to help but were swept aside like kittens by the rushing crowd. As the waves of people came at me, I was sucked up off my feet. In front of me an entire row of men were smashed into each other, their heads colliding violently. A few feet to my left, a man wheezing desperately turned blue and was swallowed up by dozens of fans.

When people were knocked off their chairs, others dropped on top of them or stomped over their bodies in a desperate attempt to save themselves. I'll never forget this one guy pinned to the floor below me, crying out for me to pull him up to safety as I was being shoved around like a rag doll. Bloodcurdling screams came out of his mouth as he begged, "Help me! Help me!" Even then I was sure he was doomed. I didn't have the strength to fight against the fury of human bodies. I couldn't do *anything*. I knew if I bent over I'd be overrun by the stampede of frightened people.

'A man wheezing desperately was swallowed up by dozens of rioting fans.'

All around me desperate fans viciously assaulted each other. Heavy blows rained down on my back. People dug their toes into my ribs and tried to catapult themselves to safety. To beat them off, I started swinging. All I heard were the screams, "Get off, get off me!"

As time went on, the sound from the crowd evolved from loud shrieks of terror to lower-pitched moans and faint gasps. I could see what were now actual corpses being jerked around by the stampede. I thought about my wife. What would they tell her? I had to get out any way I could. Only the strongest or those closest to the exits would survive. I was too far away to climb into the next section, so my only hope—the only way out—was the field.

Just ahead there were only three rows and a red metal fence separating me from the grass track that surrounded the field. There was no time to think or reason: Delay would mean certain death. I dug my foot into someone's hip, grabbed his shoulder, and pulled myself up. I couldn't even see the seats, just the backs of the people in front of me. I started walking on and over the nameless masses to where I could leap down onto the field. The escape route took mere seconds but seemed like an eternity. ▶

continued. . .





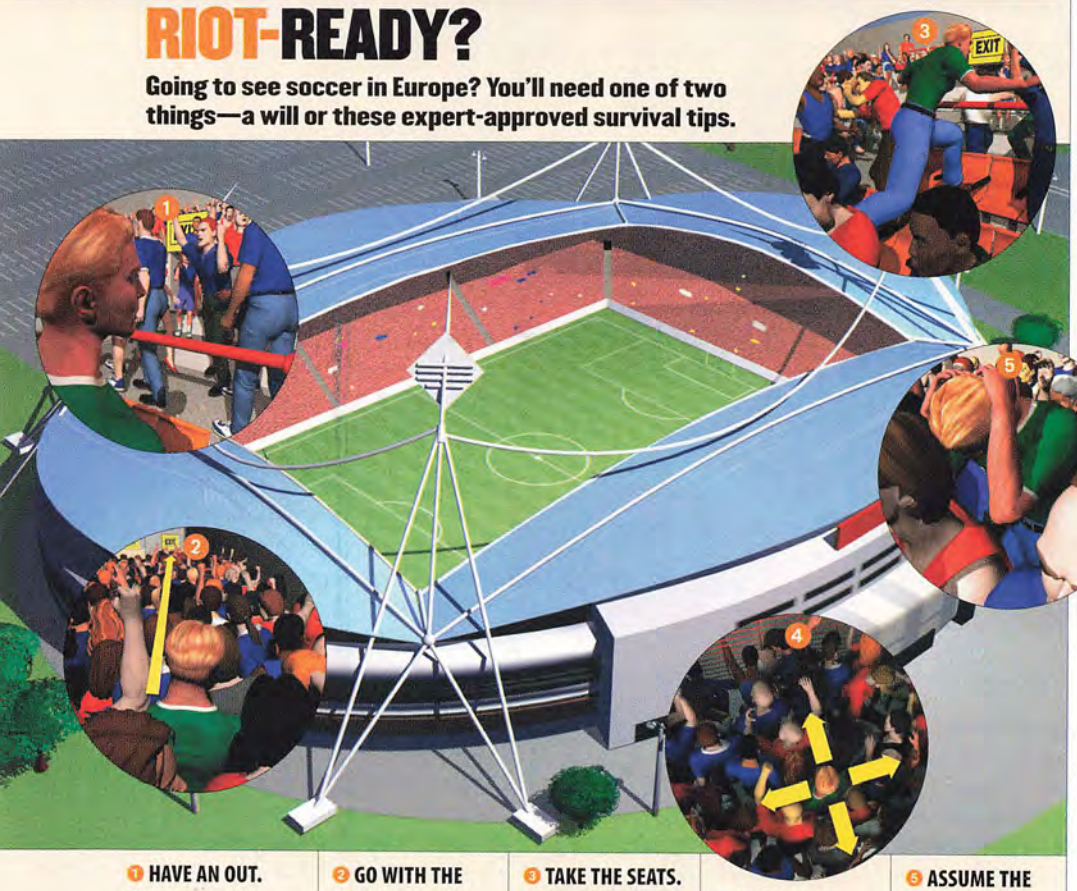
From left: Death toll is 95 after stampede at England's Hillsborough Stadium (1989); Guatemala vs. Costa Rica oversold, 84 fans trampled (1996); Athenian cops contain a rabid fan (1997).



JUST FOR KICKS

RIOT-READY?

Going to see soccer in Europe? You'll need one of two things—a will or these expert-approved survival tips.



1 HAVE AN OUT. When your Spidey-Senses pick up on danger, pinpoint stadium "safety zones," such as nearby exits or wide-open spaces. "People get killed when they panic and do what everybody else is doing," says Neal Rawls, a veteran cop and, coincidentally, the author of *Be Alert, Be Aware, Have a Plan*.

2 GO WITH THE FLOW. Never try to buck a massive surging crowd. It's like going against a riptide. Instead, move with the crowd, but try to angle toward your safety zone. The movement of the crowd will carry you toward your target and make it easy for you to get to a safe spot.

3 TAKE THE SEATS. If the aisles are gridlocked, step directly over the seats. "Airplane crash survivors often have to do this to get to the emergency exit," says Rawls. "Trying to force yourself into the aisle puts you into further danger of being overrun or suffocated in a sea of people."

4 WALK AT AN ANGLE. "When the surge dissipates for a moment, move laterally or diagonally in the direction of least resistance to try to make your way out," says Paul Wertheimer of Crowd Management Strategies. Continue until you've reached the periphery.

5 ASSUME THE POSITION. If you find yourself being crushed by a horde of Big 'n' Tall boys, put your head down and protect it with your hands. Use elbows to cover your ribs. "This gives your skull and ribs protection," says Rawls.
—Jordan Matus

The final score

I sat on the track and tried to catch my breath, but the nightmare was far from over. Wedged in the red metal fence that I had just hurdled were scores of twisted and broken bodies. Within seconds the fence collapsed, and corpses spilled out onto the track. Incredibly, the game continued as though none of this madness was occurring. Finally, at 8:33 P.M., the PA announcer saw the carnage and called for calm, and the game was stopped. Fans who were swarming the gates from the outside heard the announcement and mercifully ceased their surge. Suddenly, the crush began to wane. The riot itself lasted 15 minutes—enough time for 43 people to be killed.

An eerie silence fell over the entire stadium as the teams gathered at the center circle. Ambulances and patrol cars drove onto the grass. Firefighters and police pulled bodies out of the stands using advertising boards as stretchers to carry them onto the field. Paramedics tended to a field of grievously injured fans: broken ribs and legs and bloodied eyes; they strapped oxygen masks on people gasping for air. A medical helicopter landed inside the stadium to evacuate the more seriously wounded.

Red blankets were laid over the dead, their shoeless feet sticking out from the edges of the cloth. I saw the limp and lifeless bodies of several small children on the ground. Relatives sat beside them, tears streaming down their faces while the PA announcer read the phone number of Johannesburg's Hillbrow mortuary.

I stumbled out of the stadium, sickened by everything I saw. The turnstiles were twisted and ripped out of the concrete bases. Among the 43 dead, 14 hadn't even made it into the stadium. Their shoes, bags, and belongings were spread across the outer perimeter. One hundred fifty more were injured, many of them children. It took three days just to identify the bodies. I'll never forget it. And the face of that man who screamed for help from the stadium floor will haunt me until the day I die. M

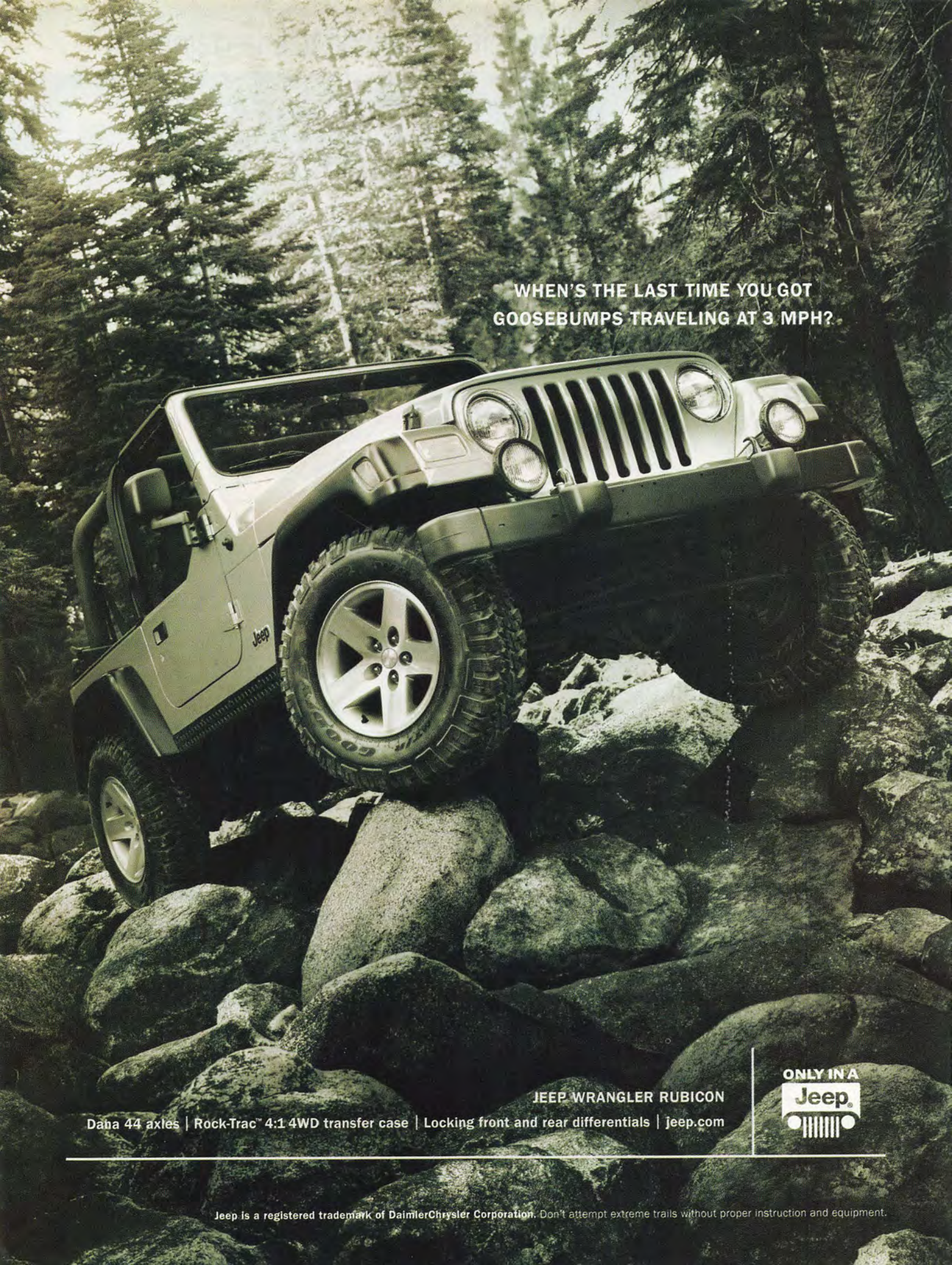
MORE BLOOD SPORT







From left: English hooligans attack Irish fans in Dublin brawl (1995); fans stabbed in Santiago, Chile clash (2000); Honduras' loss to El Salvador sparks a military match-up, 2,000 die (1969).


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January 2003

Your definitive guide to Entertainment

HotZone

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The Chinese may have invented fireworks, but we perfected them

TV Surly Chiklis! p.62



Music Paid dues! p.66



Games Raid tombs! p.68



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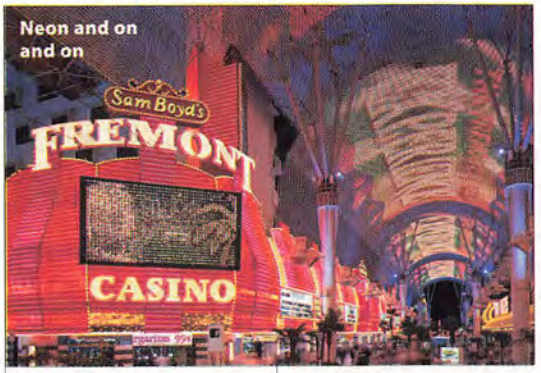
THE NEXT BIG THING

NEW YEAR'S BLOWOUTS!

With a little planning and a will to party, you can ring in 2003 in style.

FREMONT STREET PARTY

Where: Las Vegas
What's going down: The annual bash on Fremont Street in Sin City is near legendary. The street is blocked off so 30,000 revelers can enjoy live music, a light show, and fireworks.
Most likely to overhear: "Siegfried, you've had enough champagne. Please dismount the tiger."
Probable morning-after scenario: It's not technically the morning after if you haven't slept a wink.



Neon and on and on

HOGMANAY

Where: Glasgow and Edinburgh, Scotland
What's going down: Massive street fairs abound as the Scots eat, drink, and…light shit on fire? Much of the Hogmanay festival involves "lighting of New Year's fires" and the tradition of "fireball swinging." That's right—drunken Highlanders lugging fireballs down narrow streets. Hell, yeah! Par-*tay!*
Most likely to overhear: "Ah telt ye, ah've goht tae fuckin' piss!"
Probable morning-after scenario: Regretting not wearing flame-retardant underwear under your kilt. Or any underwear at all.

GUNS N' ROSES

Where: Compaq Center, San Jose, California
What's going down: The J.D. Salinger of rock, Axl Rose, brings his new-look Guns to Cali for a New Year's blowout. Time to party like it's 1994!
Most likely to overhear: "I knew we should've gotten here early—Axl finished off the whole freakin' buffet!"
Probable morning-after scenario: You *did* always want a Guns album cover tattooed on your back—but *The Spaghetti Incident*?

COPACABANA BEACH

Where: Rio de Janeiro, Brazil
What's going down: Brazilians need a reason to party like Michael Jackson needs a reason to buy zoo animals, so it's no wonder their New Year's Eve is intense. At the Copa, Copacaba-a-a-na, the entire populace dresses in white while tossing flower offerings to Lemanjá, the "Queen of Waters."
Most likely to overhear: *"Feliz Ano Novo! Quitese sus pantalones!"*
Probable morning-after scenario: Passed out on the beach with several revelers you really hope are mostly female.

PHISH

Where: Madison Square Garden, New York City
What's going down: Every year, the Hemp Nation get in their minibuses and reunite for Phish's traditional New Year's jam session. The final solo ends around January 12.
Most likely to overhear: "Dude, this year is going to be so much better than last year. Um, what year is this?"
Probable morning-after scenario: Waking up in the VW van. But…*it's not yours!*



Dancing with Mr. Brownies

Photograph (model): Andrew Brusso; styling: Amit Gajwani; props: Greg Meyer for Halley Resources; hair: Scott Summers; makeup: Assumpta Clohessy for Price, Inc. Leather swimsuit and choker, danaingcustomleather.com. Ring and earrings, 925 by Chikako Tsuruta, 212-979-1177.

A LITTLE IN 'N' OUT

THE MAXIM REPORT

Why? Because we said so.

	👎	👍
NEW YEAR'S TRADITION	Getting kissed at midnight	Getting frisked at midnight
EMBARRASSING BOWL SPONSOR	Chick-fil-A Peach Bowl	Gaylord Hotels Music City Bowl
PUFFY TOM HANKS COSTAR	Wilson the volleyball	Leonardo DiCaprio
COLLECTIBLE	Bobble heads	Jennifer Lopez proposals
ILL-ADVISED CAMPAIGN SLOGAN	Love 'em or Lieberman!	Give Bush a push!
GOOFY HOCKEY NAME	Radek Bonk	Jarkko Ruutu
BENGALS PLAYOFFS STRATEGY	Concentrate on passing game	Watch with family and friends
'80s NOSTALGIA YEAR	'83	'85
BLOCKBUSTER PORN	*Hairy Pooter and the Chamber of Secretions*	*Gangbangs of New York*
VAGUE DRIVING DIRECTION	"It's just around the bend."	"Turn left where Joe Bob shot the goat."
CRAZED DOG	Cujo	John Ashcroft











PREVIEWS	FILM	STARS	STORY	SEX & VIOLENCE	WE SAY
	**Gangs of New York** (Miramax) Release date: December 20	Leonardo DiCaprio, Daniel Day-Lewis, Cameron Diaz	Martin Scorsese goes really old-school in this tale of immigrant gangs fighting poverty and one another in 19th-century Manhattan. Like history class…with knives!	Several incidents of body-mashing street fights; one body-pressing orgy hosted at a brothel. 	We'll take the gang to *GoodFellas: Episode 1*, despite its inevitable three-piss-break running time.
	**25th Hour** (Touchstone) Release date: January 10	Edward Norton, Rosario Dawson, Barry Pepper	A guy (Norton) busted for dealing drugs does some intense navel-gazing—and partying—the day before he ships off for a seven-year federal vacation.	Norton whiles away at least an hour or two in bed with Dawson (wouldn't you?), and where there's drugs, there's probably violence.	Don't be late. Norton's solid, and director Spike Lee knows his way around a gritty urban morality tale.
	**Confessions of a Dangerous Mind** (Miramax) Release date: January 10	Sam Rockwell, Julia Roberts, Drew Barrymore, George Clooney	Would you believe that former *Gong Show* host Chuck Barris was a CIA operative? That's what his dubious autobiography says, so it's gotta be true! 	Barris claims to have been a hitman, so there's potential for violence—even if it's only *imagined* violence.	Gong! We have doubts about weird material like this in the hands of rookie director Clooney. And whether anybody but show-biz folks gives a damn.
	**Catch Me If You Can** (DreamWorks) Release date: December 25	Leonardo DiCaprio, Tom Hanks, Jennifer Garner	Is this Take Leo to Work Month? Tired of sci-fi, Steven Spielberg takes on the true tale of slippery '60s con artist Frank Abagnale Jr. (DiCaprio) and the FBI's efforts to nab him.	Leo ain't stupid—why bother impersonating doctors, lawyers, and airline pilots if it doesn't score babes? (See Exhibit A, left.)	*Catch*…and release. This movie's got a fine pedigree, but why do we feel like staying home and watching *America's Most Wanted* instead?
	**A Guy Thing** (MGM) Release date: January 17	Jason Lee, Julia Stiles, Selma Blair	Lucky groom Lee's bachelor party ends the perfect way: He wakes up with Julia Stiles. Too bad she's his fiancée's cousin, which leads to all sorts of prenuptial nuttiness.	Hey, maybe *we* hit the sack with Julia Stiles and can't remember it, either! 	We do—not! When a movie calls itself *A Guy Thing*, you can bet your wine cooler it's really a chick flick.
	**The Sin Eater** (20th Century Fox) Release date: January 17 	Heath Ledger, Shannyn Sossamon	When corpses covered in religious symbols begin popping up (we *hate* that), a young priest must investigate an ancient religious order who absolve sins…by killing the sinner.	Since we know how seriously priests take their vow of chastity *[cough]*, we're sure there's no hanky-panky. And you can chuck "Thou shalt not kill" while you're at it.	Pass the Pepto-Bismol. We had more Ledger-Sossamon "magic" than we could stomach with *A Knight's Tale*. No need for seconds.

LOST AND FOUND

DISC EXCHANGE

Got The Country Bears *for Christmas? Return it for one of these new-to-DVD classics.*

Back to the Future Trilogy The complete McFly odyssey, letting you reminisce about an era when "the present" was 1985. **Something special:** Pop-up factoids with more Christopher Lloyd trivia than one person should ever see.

Serpico As a renegade '70s NYPD detective, Al Pacino battles crooks, corrupt cops, and a hairdo that'd make Barry Gibb proud. **Something special:** A featurette on the real, equally hirsute Frank Serpico.

Glengarry Glen Ross: Special Edition You don't give a shit that this obscenity-fest has finally been given the DVD treatment? Put this disc down. DVDs are for closers. **Something special:** A documentary on the sleaziest real estate scams in U.S. history.

"I was just trying to impress Tina Yothers."



Illustration, www.sosnovsky.com

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At the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve, Dick Clark suddenly aged all at once

BUMPING UGLIES

MONSTERS' BALL

Come to The Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers *for the epic battles. Stay for the bloodthirsty beasts, mutant freaks, and walking trees!*

A Hobbit corrupted by the Ring, Gollum now resembles Steve Buscemi on an airplane-glue bender.

Without its freaky creatures, *The Lord of the Rings* would be little more than a big-budget Renaissance fair. Luckily, FX wizards are on the job, bringing J.R.R. Tolkien's monsters to life. So just in case you watched the season's darkest blockbuster from between your trembling fingers, we invited Joe Letteri, of *Rings'* special-effects house, WETA Digital, to introduce these gruesome nasties. "Tolkien was very vague in his descriptions," says Letteri. "So we had to fudge a few things. But that ultimately gave us room to figure out how these creatures could best connect with the audience." So allow us to connect you to the creepiest gang of freaks this side of Ozzy Osbourne's night terrors.



TREEBEARD

What the hell? A kindly Ent, or tree-person, who rescues hapless Hobbits Merry and Pippin.

What's its story? Explains Letteri: "Treebeard started out as a giant, highly detailed animatronic puppet that we re-created digitally. We just tried to do it justice."



GRISHNÁKH

What the hell? A sniveling Orc soldier.

What's its story? Throwing a big wrench in the deceptively simple "Let's drag a couple of Hobbits back to our leader" plan, Grishnákh attempts to double-cross Uglúk and his Uruk-hai cohorts. A friend of ours double-crossed an Uruk-hai once. *Once.*



BERZERKER

What the hell? A mindless Uruk-hai bred for the sole purpose of making enemy soldiers crap their armor breeches.

What's its story? These batshit-crazy monstrosities charge into battle wearing nothing but a smile. A snaggle-toothed, gore-soaked smile.



THE BALROG

What the hell? An ancient fire demon discovered in the Mines of Moria.

What's its story? After "killing" Gandalf in part one, the Balrog returns in a flashback sequence that explains how the wily wizard actually avoided becoming Middle-earth's most magical charcoal briquette.



UGLÚK

What the hell? An Uruk-hai chief.

What's its story? Uglúk is one of the devilishly handsome, bloodthirsty goons charged with bringing captive Merry and Pippin back to evil wizard Saruman, but soon he realizes he can't trust his Orc companions, especially the devious Grishnákh.



GOLLUM

What the hell? A Hobbit corrupted by the Ring, Gollum now resembles Steve Buscemi on an airplane-glue bender.

What's its story? "We had to create a full CG muscle structure in order to get him to act," says Letteri. "And he does! We started seeing him as an actor, not a 'character.'"

REMOTE PATROL

GOOD COP, BALD COP

The Shield's Michael Chiklis has shed hair and pounds but gained a rep as the toughest TV chrome-dome since Kojak.

If you still picture Michael Chiklis as the waddling donut he was on *The Commish,* prepare to have that notion forcibly removed from your skull. As Vic Mackey, the ethically challenged head of an elite strike team on FX's hit cop drama *The Shield,* he's a leaner, meaner lawman who shoots first and asks questions…eventually. Luckily, we were the ones running *this* interrogation.

How hard was it to go from dragging ass on *The Commish* to kicking ass on *The Shield*?
I feel bad because people keep asking me if there's a magic pill they can take, but it's just work. Hard fuckin' work. I'm at the gym six days a week. I'm eating perfectly—high protein, low carbs. On *The Commish* I was a big fat guy with cheese inside, on purpose. I was so preoccupied with actors like De Niro that I decided to transform myself and gain 50 pounds. Suddenly, I'm the "roly-poly type." Problem is, nobody knew who I was *before.*

Your recent Best Actor Emmy for *The Shield* should take care of that.
I was just happy to be at the dance. Have you ever seen a trauma victim? When they called my name, my eyes went from pinpricks to huge pupils. Everything was in slow motion, then I thought, *Holy shit, schmuck, it's you! Get up!*

How hard is it to get under the hide of an on-the-edge dude like Mackey?
Remember, I've been playing cops for 15 years now. I know a lot of real ones personally, so Vic Mackey is kind of a conglomerate of all that. But I don't let on what my personal opinion is about him. One of the genius things about *The Shield* is that it pushes the audience's buttons, but it doesn't moralize. Everyone knows my view of cops and the heroism it takes to put on a badge every day. A cop once said to me, "You have no idea what it's like. They spit on me, call me 'pig.' But when they're in trouble, I'm the first one they call." It's a tough job.

Has anyone ever mistaken you for a real cop?
Back when I was doing *The Commish,* there was a kidnapping down the street from my house. I walked down, and two detectives saluted me and said, "Commissioner, this is what's happening." And then they made their approach and broke into the house because they thought I'd given the order! That was the worst two minutes of my life. But everything worked out OK.

Who's your favorite fictional lawman?
Gene Hackman as Popeye Doyle in *The French Connection.* You only needed to look at Hackman to feel all the years of shit he'd been through.

We gotta ask: What is a Chiklis anyway?
It's Lesbian. That's true. I'm Greek, and we're from the Isle of Lesbos. So I'm probably the only male Lesbian you know, but it makes perfect sense to me.

What do you say to actors who think they have to be pretty boys to make it in Hollywood?
In this town there's room for everyone. There are plenty of ugly-ass people who make it. And I'm one of them!—*Dann Halem*

The Shield, *season two, premieres January 7 on FX.*

'These two real cops broke into the house 'cause they thought I'd given the order.'



Say halo to my little friend

Styling, Julie Waldorf for Fred Segal; prop styling, Mark Helf for Smashbox; grooming, Barbara Farman for Cloutieragency.com

PHOTOGRAPH BY NIGEL PARRY FOR CPi

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HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

ACTION FIGURE

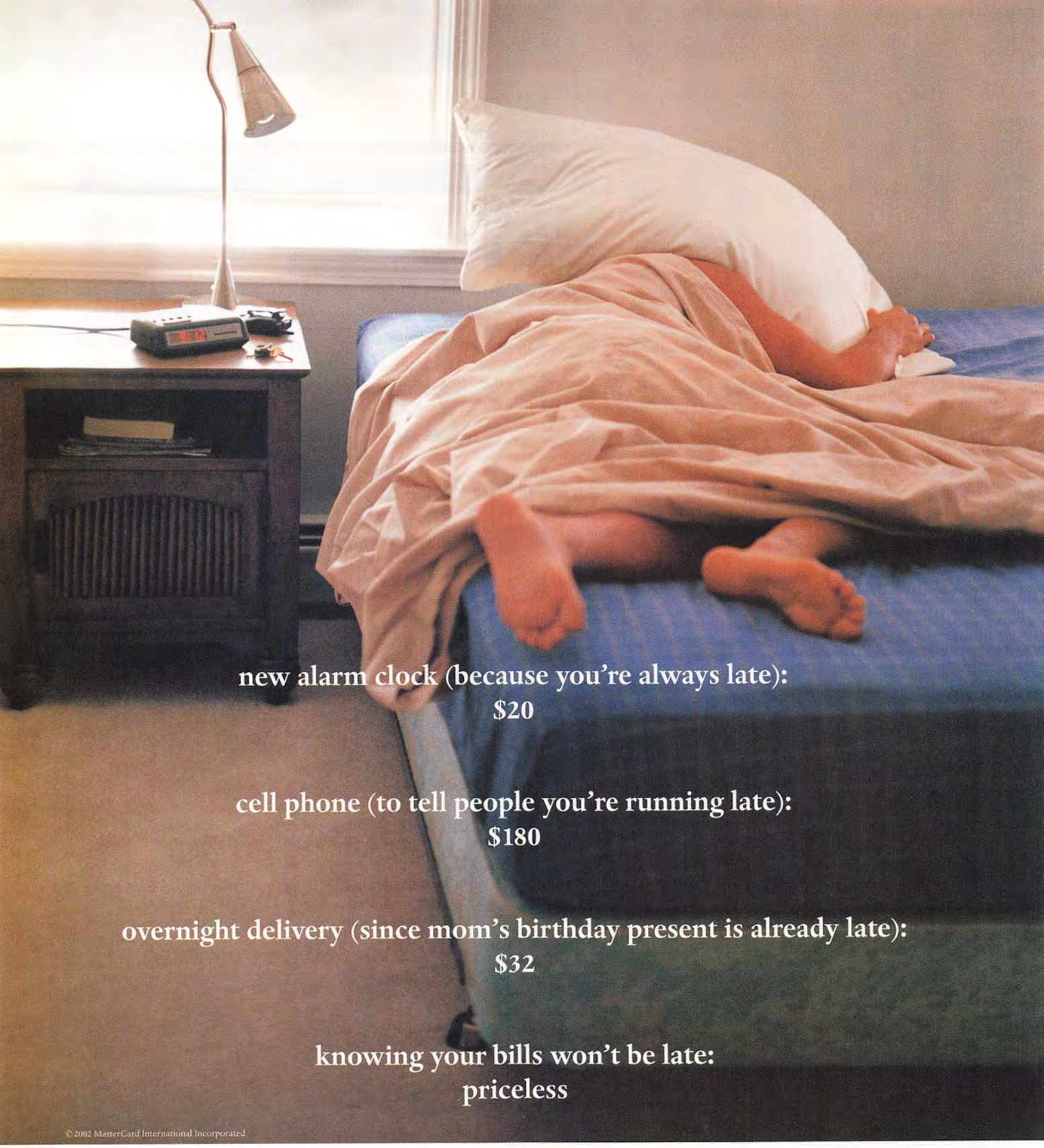


Stuck in *Worst* gear

Real name: Danielle Burgio
Better known as: "Gear Girl" on TBS' *Worst-Case Scenario*
Her story: You can ditch your sports-injury anecdotes around Danielle—this petite dynamo gets tossed through windows and slammed into walls on an average workday, so your scraped-knee boo-boo ain't gonna cut it. A former dancer, her natural athleticism and disregard for personal safety led to a stunt career, and her toned bod helped land blockbuster gigs like *Daredevil* and the *Matrix* sequels. "Trinity is the ultimate female action icon," Danielle says. "Just getting into the wardrobe is enough—slap on some tight leather and I'm totally excited!" (Us, too!) While on hiatus from *The Matrix,* she landed *Worst-Case Scenario.* "This job is like a dream for me; I'm able to do my thing for the world to see!" But what does it take to get to the top in this line of work? "The biggest thing is just having the willingness to slam your body as hard as you can into a brick wall. And I definitely have that."—*Eric Alt*

'I have a ton of battle scars. That's my *Daredevil* scar, that's my *Matrix* scar…'

Photographs: Alberto Tolot for JGA; styling: Shinko Iura for the Rex Agency; hair: Christophe Saluzzo for Cloutieragency.com; makeup: Agostino for Cloutieragency.com. Shot on location at the Argyle Hotel, Sunset Strip, Los Angeles.



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The last thing that box of Krispy Kremes ever saw

TOP SPIN

JAY-Z

The Blueprint 2: The Gift & the Curse (Roc-A-Fella)

You have to give Jay-Z credit for having the testicular fortitude to bark rhymes about the decidedly non-gangsta trappings of his nouveau-riche lifestyle—Birkin bags, hotels in Capri, attempts to purchase a penthouse apartment in a chichi New York building—but all that "see how I'm livin'" novelty is beginning to seriously interfere with the big man's flow. As on the original *Blueprint* two years ago, Jay's new album is heavy on bombastic, soul-infused production, but noticeably light on actual soul—witness the overdone "As One" and the presumptuous "Hard Knock Life" knockoff "I Did It My Way." When he's at his best, though, no rapper in the world can even get close to him. His lyrics on "What They Gonna Do Part II" are dense and deft. Likewise, Jay's storytelling prowess on the comical "2 Many Hoes" and the stark "Meet the Parents" is almost cinematic in scope. It all goes to show that Jigga can almost reach the level of high art—he's just got to *want* to.—*Jon Caramanica*

★★★★☆



Like this? Try these...



Big Pun
Capital Punishment
Loud, 1998



Notorious B.I.G.
Ready to Die
Bad Boy, 1994



Lord Finesse & DJ Mike Smooth
Funky Technician
Wild Pitch, 1990

***Does This Look Infected?* just steamrolls you with sheer power and endless bouncy hooks.**



Sum 41
Does This Look Infected? (Island)

Punk rock ain't brain surgery. Sum 41 know this, so they don't waste their time on clever invention. Instead, *Infected* just steamrolls you with sheer power and endless bouncy hooks, calling to mind the guitar blitzkriegs of Bad Religion and the Offspring. The Canadian outfit have streamlined their sound, 86-ing the occasional raps that made their megasingle "Fat Lip" sound like Blink-182 doing a Beasties impression. The resulting assault will surprise few but undoubtedly please fans.—*David Peisner*

★★★☆☆



Snoop Dogg
Paid tha Cost to Be da Boss (Priority)

Snoop may have sworn off the chronic, but he hasn't abandoned '70s funk-inspired hip-hop. Aided by DJ Premier and the Neptunes, Sniz-oop name-drops *The Sopranos*, fires cluster bombs at nemesis Suge Knight, and trades rhymes with the likes of Jay-Z and Ludacris. And he still finds time to play lover man: Crooning alongside the Dramatics, Snoop sounds positively romantic with sentiments like, "I got my dick in her neck, I ain't even taken her out to dinner yet!" Look out, Barry White!—*Steve Appleford*

★★★★☆



Primal Scream
Evil Heat (Epic)

Call it magic or luck, but Primal Scream managed to turn what would seem like a mess of feedback-drenched guitars, swaggering vocals, and buzzing acid house beats into a harrowing, electronically charged piece of garage rock. But not without help: Guest Robert Plant's wailing harmonica energizes "The Lord Is My Shotgun," and even rail-thin model Kate Moss lends her vocal stylings (you read that right). It's weird stuff, but fans of the Stooges, the Chemical Brothers, and recreational medication will eat it up.—*D.P.*

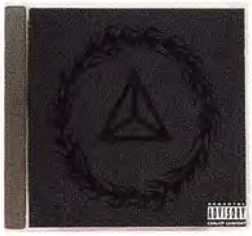
★★★★☆



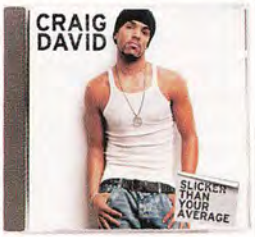
Aaliyah
I Care 4 U (Blackground)

Aaliyah's sole posthumous record is an already somber affair magnified by the fact that its six previously unreleased tracks show so much promise. "Don't Know What to Tell Ya" is a sultry number, and "All I Need" showcases the R&B siren's husky, elegant voice. Rounding out the set are eight Aaliyah hit classics—including "Try Again" and "Are You That Somebody"—but a new track, the saucy, growling "Erika Kane," is the real highlight, proving the late singer to be much more than the ingénue she was portrayed as.—*J.C.*

★★★★★



Mudvayne
The End of All Things to Come (Epic)
Mudvayne call their sound "math-metal," and, fittingly, it can be about as much fun as calculus. Every once in a while, these masked marauders break out the begrudging melody, but the emphasis here is clearly on violent guitars, angry beats, and bloodcurdling screams. The songs generally vacillate between aggro-industrial grinding and nü-metal whining, though on stomps like "Not Falling," Mudvayne echo prog-metal masterminds Tool, proving it's sometimes possible to look like a clown without totally sounding like one.—*D.P.*
★★★☆☆



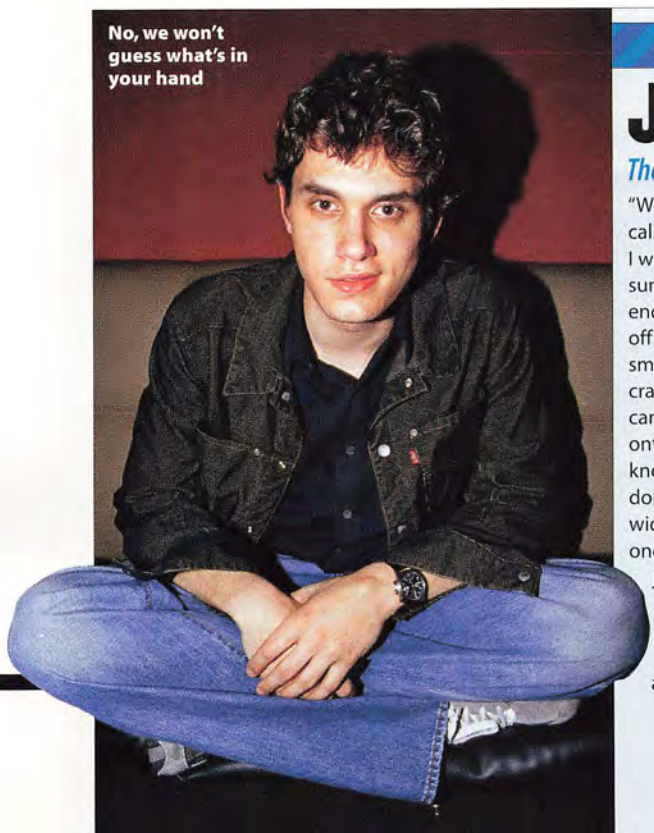
Craig David
Slicker Than Your Average (Wildstar/Atlantic)
Credit British R&B singer Craig David with, if nothing else, truth in advertising. His slinky soul workouts are nothing if not slick, and this sophomore effort proudly polishes the pop-friendly sound of his multiplatinum debut to an even higher shine. Horns punch in and out of the title track amid slinky grooves and turntable breaks as David performs vocal backflips without even breaking a sweat. This is classic sex-me-up R&B, though sometimes it's a fight to keep *slick* from becoming *sterile*. Fortunately, it's a fight David usually wins.—*D.P.*
★★★☆☆



Mariah forgot that she should *never* mix fatigue and exhaustion

Mariah Carey Charmbracelet (MonarC Music/Island)
Sure, Carey has sold a trillion albums, but her strip-mall fan base is more fickle than Wilt Chamberlain in a room full of groupies. One nervous breakdown and one bad movie (OK, one cinematic crime against humanity) and they split. Will this ballad-heavy bid for respect restore Mariah's shine? Nope. Thick with survivor schmaltz ("Through the Rain") and one laugh-out-loud clunker (a limp cover of Def Leppard's "Bringin' on the Heartbreak"), this comeback is over before it begins.—*Dan Catalano*
★☆☆☆☆

Will this ballad-heavy bid for respect restore Mariah's shine? Nope.



No, we won't guess what's in your hand

TALES FROM THE ROAD

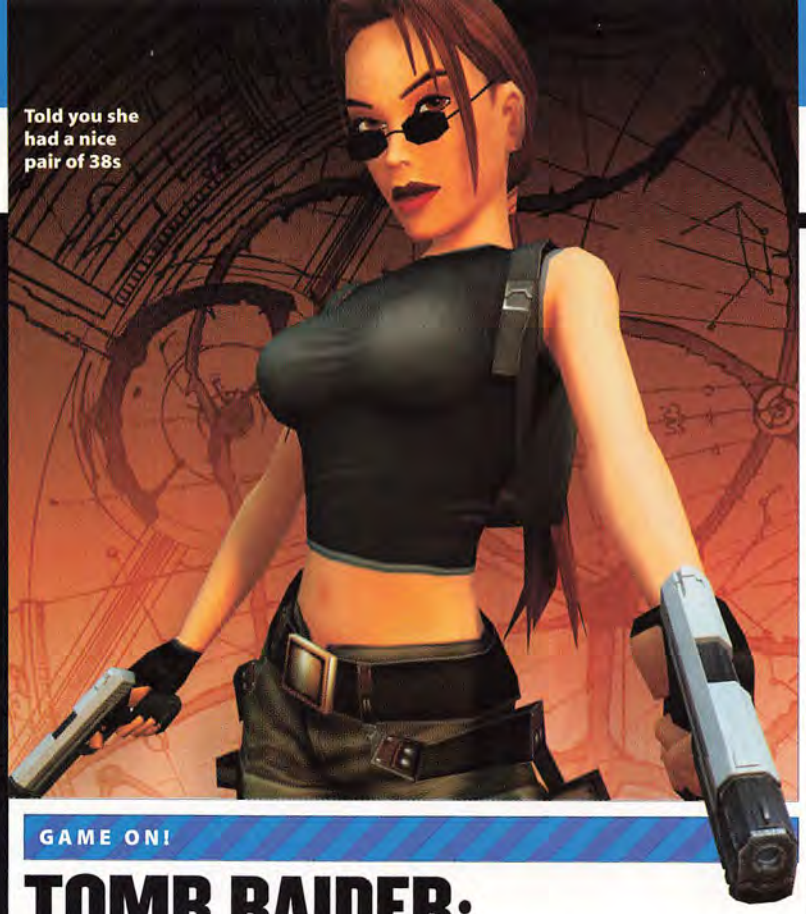
JOHN MAYER

The guitar-strumming singer-songwriter reveals his Soul Train *side.*

"We had this idea on tour for a thing called 'Short Bus Dance Party' after shows. I wish we'd thought of it earlier, but like summer camp, it only got fun near the end. So what we do is, we close off part of the bus, leaving a small area up front, and we cram as many people as we can into it. People just walk onto the bus—I don't really know how they get there. I don't go out with my arms wide open waiting for someone to tag me or anything. I just hang out on the bus and suddenly go, 'Oh, here are people.' Anyway, we put on a playlist from the iPod and just dance to the point where anyone looking into the bus from the outside would think there was something very strange going on. And, in fact, there *is*. 'Hot in Herre' by Nelly, we found, usually gets everything pretty ridiculous. But I don't dance as much as everyone else, because my thighs start to burn after a minute. There are very few times that I feel like I really have to get myself into shape. One's playing onstage, and the other's definitely Short Bus Dance Party. Luckily, though, I'm like the gym teacher who doesn't have to climb the rope, 'cause I said so. It's fun to just watch people completely blindsided by this strange event, going, 'Oh, my God, I had no idea I would be dancing with the band!'"—*as told to David Peisner*



Ground control to Pvt. John



Told you she had a nice pair of 38s

GAME ON!

TOMB RAIDER: THE ANGEL OF DARKNESS



(Eidos—PlayStation 2, PC)

A little pixelation didn't stop Lara Croft from becoming the hottest video game vixen since Ms. Pac-Man, so it's a safe bet that her PlayStation 2 debut will round out her curves and make the fellas come running. *Angel of Darkness* follows an apocalyptic story line, incorporating some brand-new abilities: Unlike with previous incarnations, you need to interact with other characters in order to solve many of the puzzles, and you'll even be forced into the unbabelike shoes of playable character Kurtis Trent. Despite these, er, silicon enhancements, however, the basic game hasn't changed from the "run, jiggle, shoot" style we know and love, ensuring Lara will be every bit the guilty pleasure she's always been.—*Scott Steinberg*

★★★★★

Like this? Try these...

Indiana Jones and the Emperor's Tomb (LucasArts—Xbox, PC)
DOA Xtreme Beach Volleyball (Tecmo—Xbox)
Tomb Raider III (Eidos—PlayStation, PC)

Rocky

(Ubi Soft—PlayStation 2, Xbox, GameCube, Game Boy Advance)



After *Rocky V*, we were convinced that nothing could pull that slab of brain-damaged Italian beef off the mat again. But wait—Rock's back up! This haymaker of a boxing game delivers the pugilistic fun that the last couple of sequels lacked. Filling in for crusty old manager Mickey, players steer Balboa through a career from Philly meat lockers to heavyweight bouts, or they can simply go toe-to-toe with classic Rocky opponents Apollo Creed, Clubber Lang, Ivan Drago, and, um, Tommy Gunn (you can also play as the bad guys). Easy-to-master punches, nasty touches like facial swelling and blood, and clips from the flicks really go the distance. Truly a game that eats lightning and craps thunder.—*Alex Porter*

★★★★★

Devil May Cry 2

(Capcom—PlayStation 2)



The original *Devil May Cry* taught us that a guy who dresses like one of Prince's backup dancers can still be a badass. Outfitted in blood-red gothwear and sporting a silver coif, the Dante character employs two-fisted, John Woo–style gunplay and one big-ass sword to dispatch demon hell-spawn in a third-person action orgy. Part 2 delivers more of the same, while also upgrading some of Dante's more stylish moves with *Matrix*-like effects and offering new power-ups that let you transform into a winged demon or unlock an additional playable character (a slinky slayer babe named Lucia). Clunky camera moves hit the occasional sour note, but the eventual showdown with the Dark Lord Currently Known as Satan makes it all well worth the ride.—*A.P.*

★★★★½

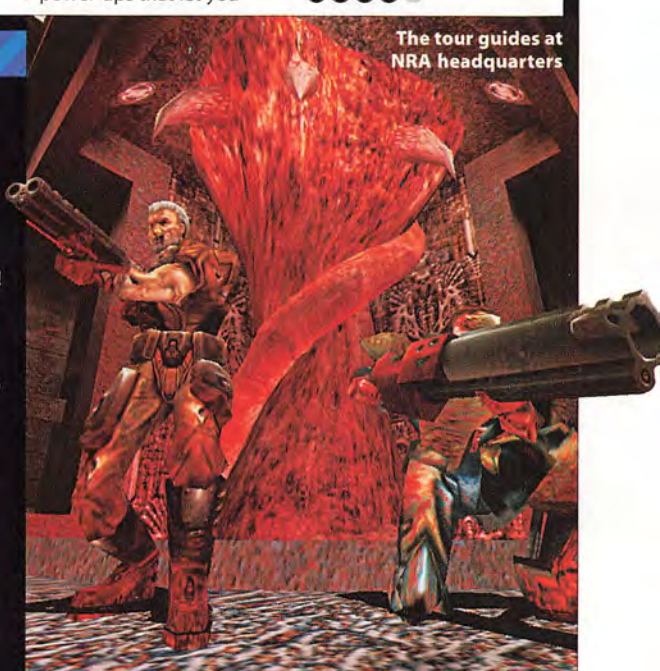
CIRCUIT TRAINING

POINT 'N' JOCK

The World Cyber Games pay video champs to leave the basement.

We knew that playing too many video games could score us carpal tunnel syndrome and a Visine monkey on our back—but $20,000? Cyberjock John Hill (a.k.a. ZeRo4) won that purse as *Quake III* champ at the recent Korean-hosted World Cyber Games, a global contest that, according to a press release, "strives to facilitate harmony and peace between youths of the world," apparently by letting them blow the virtual shit out of each other for cash. And though there are no juicy endorsement deals to be had, John's got his share of fans. "In Korea I was signing autographs—it was weird! And the girls are really into it, and pretty cute!" So the whole obsessed-gamer thing isn't a turnoff? "I actually only play up to two hours a day," he swears. "I'm a senior in high school. I have other stuff to do." Like counting all that money and praying Mom doesn't up the rent.—*A.P.*





The tour guides at NRA headquarters

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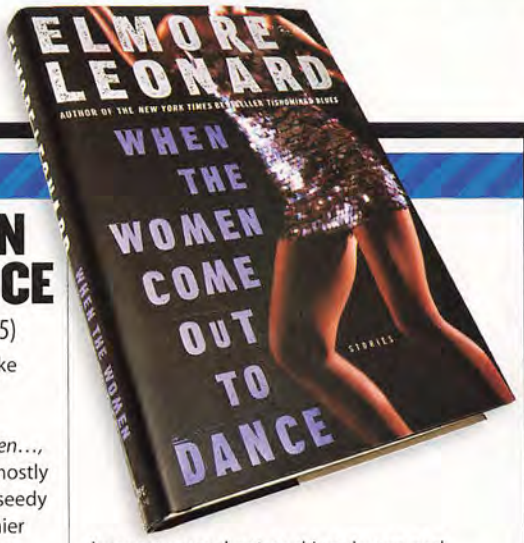
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TEXT APPEAL

WHEN THE WOMEN COME OUT TO DANCE



By Elmore Leonard (William Morrow, $24.95)

To crime fiction fans who worship him like some sort of hard-boiled demigod, a little Elmore Leonard is better than no Elmore Leonard. Good thing, since *When the Women...*, his first-ever collection of short stories, is mostly devoid of the underworld plot twists and seedy double-crosses that make his longer, roomier novels (*Rum Punch, Get Shorty*) so engrossing. In fact, most of these nine stories seem like promising *beginnings* to great crime novels but end before they can really get cooking. Regardless, longtime aficionados will relish the desperate men, heat-packing dames, and punchy dialogue that Leonard can deliver in his sleep. It might just be enough to tide you over till he reloads with a full clip.—*Ben Goldstein*

★★★☆☆

'It wasn't a minute later the front door banged open and a guy wearing alligator teeth walked in the house.'

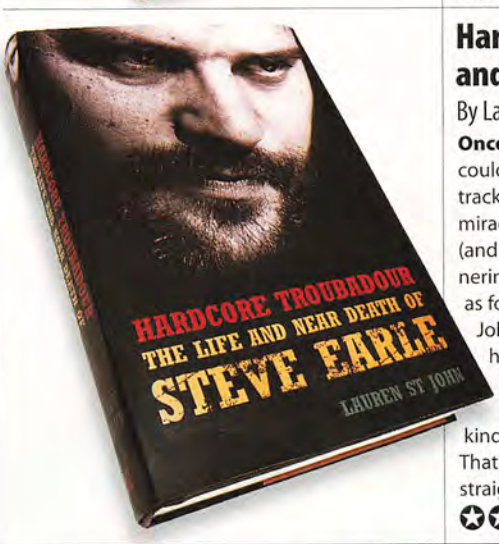


Kingdom of Fear

By Hunter S. Thompson (Simon & Schuster, $25)

Sick of revisiting *The Nanny Diaries*? Lucky for you, former Hells Angels punching bag and founding gonzo journalist Hunter S. Thompson is back with a new memoir that is anything but typical or, at times, even lucid. Part *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* with a hint of twisted confession, the schizo scrapbook opens with nine-year-old Thompson accused by the FBI of knocking down mailboxes. It only gets stranger after that, with such heavier topics as Vietnam, racism, and Al Goldstein (not to mention those ridiculous drug laws). Bonus: more than 30 photos of Thompson golfing and handling guns. *Kingdom* proves Hunter's still *caaa-razy* after all these years.—*Laurina Gibbs*

★★★★☆



Hardcore Troubadour: The Life and Near Death of Steve Earle

By Lauren St. John (Fourth Estate, $26.95)

Once a hell-raising reprobate whose motto could've been, "Live fast, die young, and leave a track-marked corpse," country rocker Steve Earle miraculously got clean after many had lost hope (and after a stint in the slammer). Now he's garnering as much attention for his political views as for his music. Veteran Nashville chronicler St. John got dibs on Earle's story, which is both harrowing and inspirational; unfortunately, her prose is as lardy as the post-smack Earle. Example: "At school, Steve was the kind of pupil teachers' nightmares are made of." That's a roundabout way to describe such a straight shooter.—*Glenn Kenny*

★★★☆☆

Photographs, Robert Glasgow

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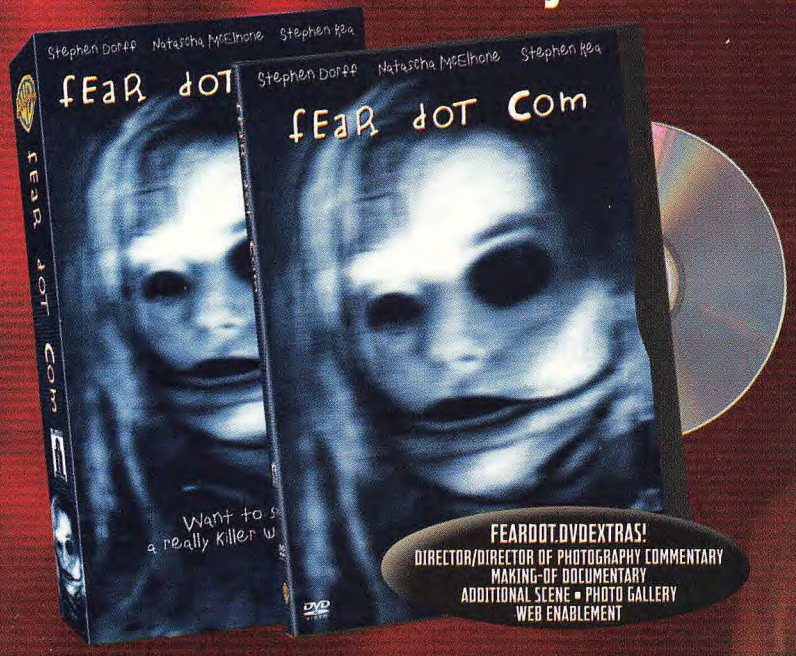
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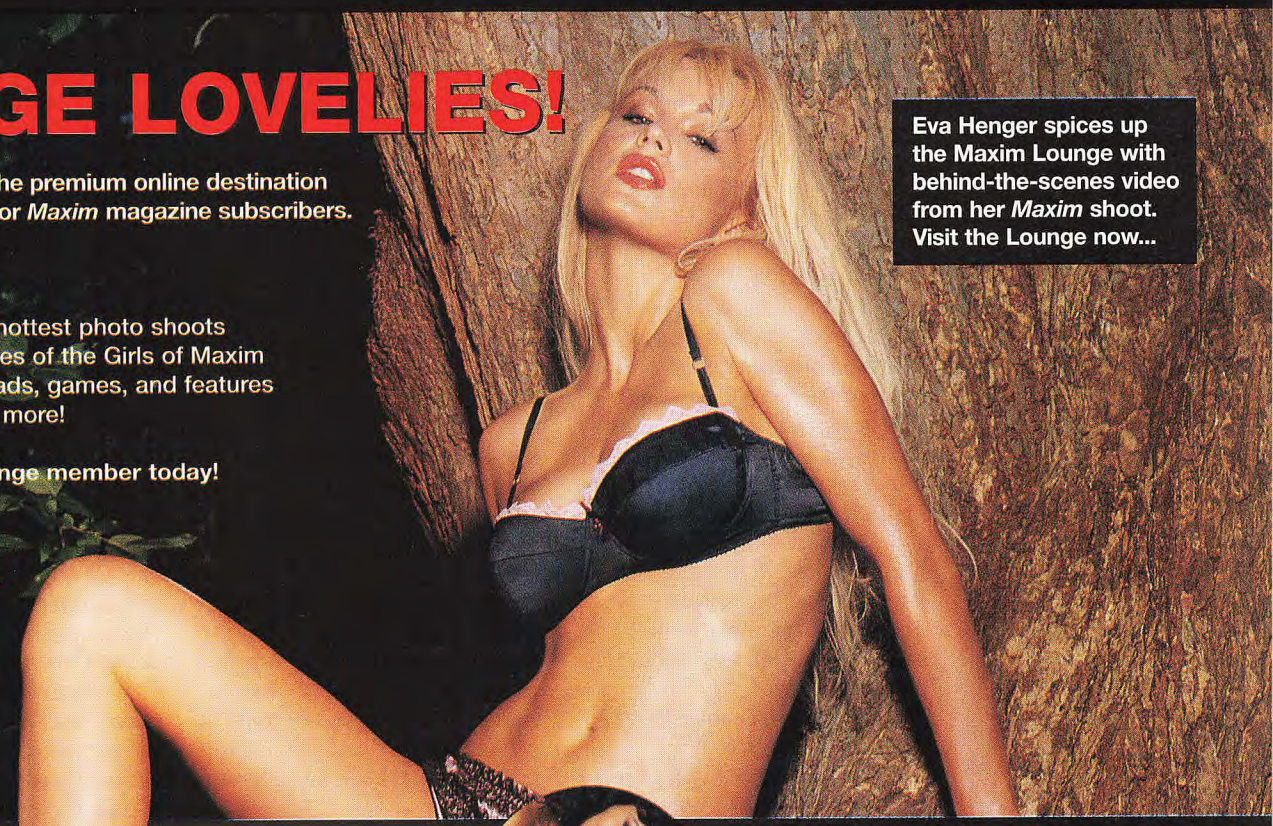
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RAY LIOTTA

He may play steely-eyed tough guys with explosive tempers in movies like *GoodFellas* and *Cop Land,* but Ray Liotta has a funny side, too. Funny like a clown.

QUICK PICKS



MUPPET: Miss Piggy. "I loved the goofy scene I did with her in *Muppets From Space.* Actually, that's one of my favorite scenes."



SPORTS TEAM: Them damn Yankees. "C'mon, I grew up in Jersey and went to the games. Who else am I going to root for?"



SECRET DESIRE: To tickle the ivories. "I think it's cool when there's a piano in a hotel and some guy walks up and starts playing."

So, after *GoodFellas* and *The Rat Pack*, we gotta ask: Are you mobbed up?
I've only talked with those guys. I remember after I got *GoodFellas,* Marty Scorsese took me to dinner at this place called Rao's in New York. And it's known to have some guys that might be on the other side, if you know what I mean. As soon as we finished dinner, I noticed that people were looking at us. Pretty soon there must have been 10 guys around this table, and they're all telling stories. But they never admitted to anything. They'd say, "I knew this guy who had to shoot this other guy because of yada-yada." Then another guy would say, "Well I knew this guy who threw this other guy off the fuckin' roof." It was like they were little kids trying to top each other: "Fuck you." "No, fuck you back."

What about after they saw you play *GoodFellas'* Mafia snitch Henry Hill?
I remember this one guy came up and said that he really liked the movie, and I had a feeling that he was a wiseguy. He goes, "So where is that guy anyway, that Henry Hill?" To them Henry was a real scumbag. It was obvious he wanted to know where Henry was because he looked at me in the eye and said, "You sure you don't know where he is?"

Ever find a dead fish in your mailbox?
No, but I did get a horse's head. It happened while shooting *The Rat Pack.* I opened this package, and it was a life-size plastic horse's head. At first I was thinking, *Jesus, what did I do? This isn't good!* It turned out to be from Frank Sinatra's daughter Tina, and it was all in fun. I had turned down the Sinatra role in a miniseries she was putting together, and I guess she wasn't crazy about me doing Sinatra later in the HBO movie. She wanted me to sign the thing.

Wiseguys aside, are normal folks a little scared of you?
Sometimes I step into an elevator and people move over to the other side. Maybe that's because they have an impression of me from my movies, but I'm nothing like the people I play. Sure, I get angry at things, but I don't go nuts. When I play basketball, I get a little aggressive, and there will be a few "fuck you's" and stuff like that, but never to the point of fisticuffs. I'm really just a suburban guy from New Jersey, not a cowboy.

You mean you don't sit around and pick the wings off flies just for fun?
No. I pick my nose every now and then, but that's about it.

Do tough guys ever walk up to you in a bar and try to start something?
No, thank God. But I don't go to bars much. I did go to a Harley-Davidson festival, and as soon as the beer started flowing, people started coming up and saying stuff. But it was fine. No one challenged me to a fight or anything like that. And maybe that's because I don't give off a "fuck you" attitude, you know? I mean, Jesus, look at me! I'm wearing a purple T-shirt, for Chrissakes! I know that movies are just pretend—you're the good guy, and I'm the bad guy.

You're lucky those Harley dudes didn't know about your new movie, *Narc.* We don't want you to be a stoolie, but what's it all about?
I play a cop, and I'm trying to find out who killed my partner, an undercover narcotics officer. It's like a '70s cop movie, sort of Cassavetes crossed with *The French Connection.* Very edgy and raw, but with a kind of bittersweet soul.

Is hanging out with cops the most intense prep work?
Actually, when I was doing *Article 99* I played a surgeon, and I wanted to visit an operating room. The head surgeon asks me if I want to scrub up and stand next to him during an operation. So I'm right there as they cut open the chest and spread the rib cage; then the surgeon turns to me and says, "Do you want to touch her heart?" And it's there, throbbing, and I'm thinking, *Jesus, this is intense!* And he says, "Go on, touch it!" So I did. I touched this woman's heart.

Next time try flowers. Which was worse, that or having your brain sautéed as an appetizer in *Hannibal*?
That's the weirdest scene I ever did. For the last part the head was actually an animatronic exact replica of mine, and I was saying my lines off-camera, watching Anthony Hopkins lift off the top of my head and feed me my own brain. It looked so real—just completely gross.

I guess they don't teach you about that stuff in drama school.
Hey, I just got into drama to get out of taking other classes. I figured I could fuck around for a while and wouldn't have to study too hard.

You didn't make your first movie till you were 30. What other kinds of jobs did you have?
I worked in a cemetery. One summer in college, a friend and I went to Miami, and we needed jobs, and this cemetery was hiring. I thought it would be an OK gig. I'm not much of an office person, and it was working outdoors. But the first day, they were digging up this casket to move to a mausoleum—it must have been in the ground for 10 years—and when it came out it really stank! Just smelled unbelievable! The best part was when there was an actual funeral, because we couldn't do anything but stand around.

Tell us something that you're good at that would surprise us.
Well, I play a good game of basketball, for one. But I can also be a lot goofier than I think a lot of people realize. My wife and I have a lot of fun together. We make silly faces and do silly voices, you know, really stupid stuff. We laugh a lot.

So what's next, Mr. Nice Guy? A star on the Mob Actor Walk of Fame?
I already have a dish named after me at Matteo, this Italian restaurant in L.A. It's the baked ziti, which is funny, because I never even eat that. Personally, I usually order the chicken parm, but it's still cool. Although you're not really famous until you have one of those nice pastrami sandwiches named after you in some New York deli. *Then* you know you've made it.

Interview by Paul Young. *Narc* is in theaters this month—but you didn't hear it here.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NIGEL PARRY FOR CPi

Styling, Julie Waldorf for Fred Segal Beauty; prop and set design, Mark Helf for Smashbox; grooming, Kathleen Beaton

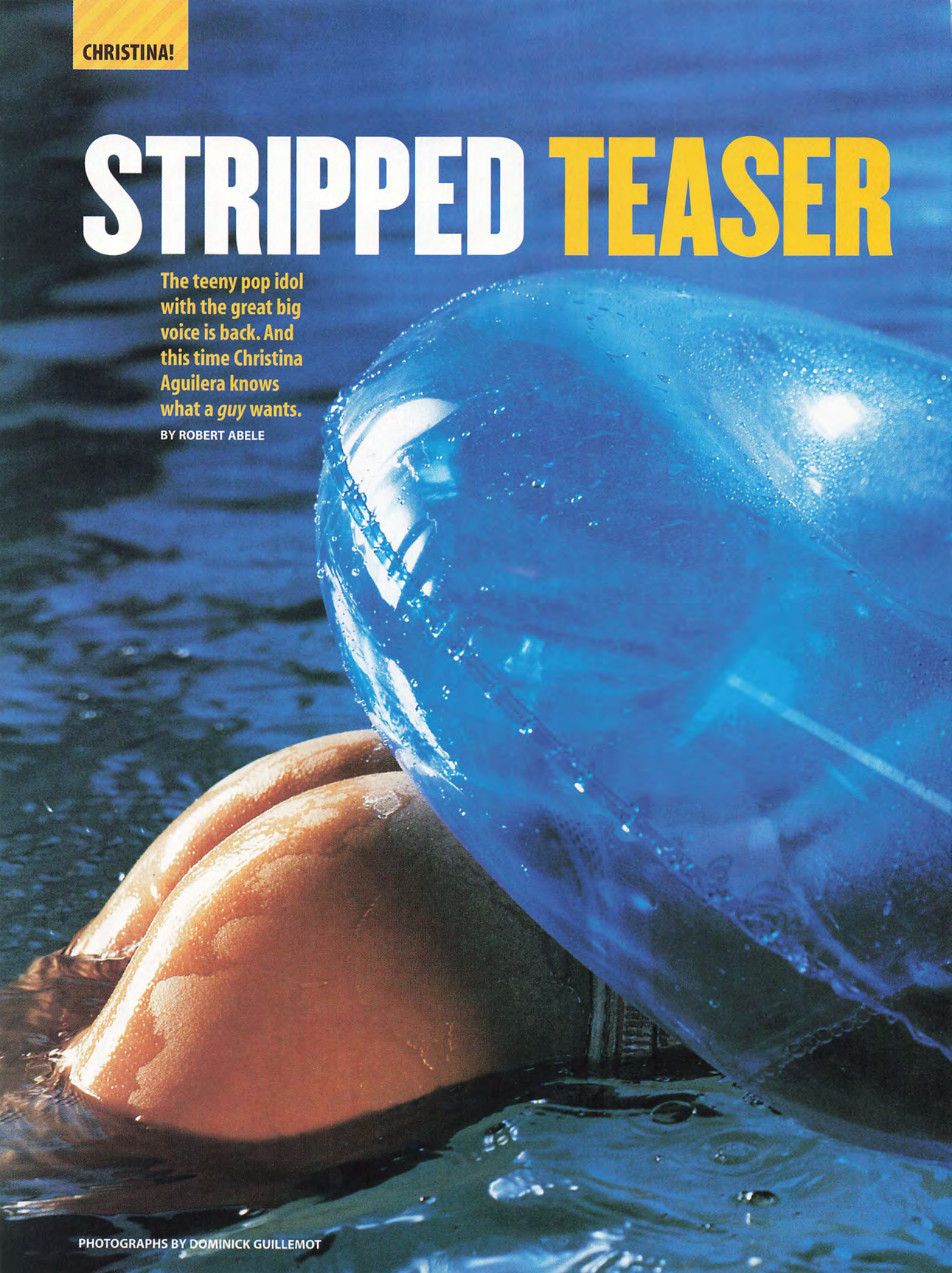


To answer your question, it takes *one* movie psycho to screw in a light bulb

STRIPPED TEASER

The teeny pop idol with the great big voice is back. And this time Christina Aguilera knows what a *guy* wants.

BY ROBERT ABELE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOMINICK GUILLEMOT






'It's about me baring my soul and being stripped down to the real me this time.'

So what has Christina Aguilera been doing while her teen-pop cohorts have been busy shoving bubblegum down the gullets of *TRL* addicts? Well, for one thing, getting totally sexed up! OK, there was other stuff too. Like catching a breather after the mega-success of her 1999 debut album. And expanding her musical horizons by remaking "Lady Marmalade" with the likes of Lil' Kim and Pink. And writing almost all her hip-hop- and soul-injected new album, *Stripped*. But most of all, the petite powerhouse from Pittsburgh has been growing up, transforming from an 18-year-old ingénue into a savvy 22-year-old artist who's not afraid to raise eyebrows with a rawer, streetwise sound and videos so dripping with sex they make rival Britney Spears look like a nunnery librarian. No doubt about it, when Christina Aguilera bounces back, she might do it half-dressed, but never halfway.

We had to coat your *Maxim* photos with fire retardant just to keep 'em from bursting into flames. How do they reflect who you are right now?
I love playing with the sexual side of things. That's a big side of me, and those photos were so much fun. I laughed a lot in the water. I love being a girl for those reasons. Guys just can't be sexy like girls can. OK? They just can't. I would rather look at *Maxim* than a magazine with naked guys in it any day.

That's so weird—us too! But a lot of girls tell us they dress more for each other than for guys.
Oh, really? Well, I wouldn't say that.

Are you comfortable with being naked in general?
For sure. At home I walk around all the time in just panties or whatever. Lingerie is definitely one of my biggest splurges. The skimpiest things I have are the cutest little pasties with tassels. *[laughs]* They go with a sailor outfit—it's so cute!

'I like my piercings. Some are visible, and some are in other special places.'

Yowza! Is that why you called your new album *Stripped*?
Not for those reasons, really. It's more about me baring my soul and being stripped down to the real me this time.

Well, the real you seems to have picked up a few piercings.
I like my piercings. I'm not gonna tell you how many and exactly where, but some are visible, and some are in . . . other special places that I really like. It's a thing that started on tour. Whenever I was having a bad day, I'd go get a piercing. It was empowering, something I had control over. I also like the rush of piercing as it's *[snaps fingers]* doing its thing.

Why has it been three years since your last full-fledged album?
With the first record, I was worked like a madwoman. I was recording my Spanish record and Christmas record while still on tour, which was hard. I was under the thumb of the label, which was threatening my management that if I didn't do this and that, I'd lose my record deal. Of course, I was going to do whatever I had to do to save my career, but I was almost worked into the hospital.

Which would be kind of embarrassing if you were wearing those tassels.
I changed management and finally got to live life, settle into my home, get a couple of dogs. I really put my thoughts together, 'cause I had a lot of things I wanted to write about. I know a lot of my little pop peers pretty much kept whipping out album after album, but with me it was more about quality than quantity.

What are people most surprised by with this album?
My fans or other people? 'Cause those other people, I think it's hard for them to say something nice about me, which really sucks. But with my fans I've been pretty open about this being a big growth step for me. It's really me for the first time, almost like being a new artist. Maybe the rock stuff like "Make Over" they won't be expecting, 'cause I'm such a perfectionist and there are so many imperfections and mistakes on there. But that's the way I wanted it to be. I really learned that mistakes can be *so-o-o-o* beautiful.

Is the big teen-pop wave you rode in on drying up now?
I hope. *[laughs]* I'm pretty over it. I hear certain things here and there where I'm like, "Wow, there's still a market for this?" I think music trends come in phases, so it'll be back one day probably. Hopefully at a new level.

What are your current feelings toward Eminem, who has notoriously dissed you in his lyrics?
I actually had an encounter with him backstage at the VMAs. I said, "Hey, that beef between us was really unnecessary. You thought I had directed a comment at you that had nothing to do with you. I come from a background where it's important for me to speak out." He said, "Well, everybody has their background." Then he was like, "You know what? Come here." And he gave me a hug. The only problem I think I'm going to run into now is that there's a song on my album that the press is turning into a whole Eminem-bashing thing.

You mean "Can't Hold Us Down"?
Just for the record, it is not a direct attack at him at all. It's really a female-empowerment song. I don't want to start World War III unnecessarily. Round two! *Ding ding!*

Would you be happy if you never heard the word *diva* again?
When people use it to compare me with great singers, that's a huge compliment. ▶





Styling, Karen Shapiro; prop design, Belinda Scott; hair, Peter Savic for aRT miX the agency; makeup, Stephen Sollitto using BIBO cosmetics for Cloutieragency.com; manicurist, Marilyn for the Delano Hotel, Miami Beach. Clothing, white briefs by Diesel; pink lace-up panties by La Petite Coquette, NYC; necklace, Johanna Methusalem, NYC; Ring, Nilaya, NYC


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But I'm really not the type to throw unnecessary tantrums or walk around in fancy-ass clothes and shit. That's so not me.

Your voice could knock a CD out of a boom box. How early did you realize you had this power?

I started singing at block parties and pool parties when I was six years old, so I was known around town as the little girl with the big voice. Once, when I was seven, this guy couldn't believe I was singing, so he unplugged my microphone in the middle of my song, which freaked me out. Then he was like, "Oh, my Gosh, she's really singing!"

Did you always know you were eventually going to be a superstar?

I sure as hell was going to keep doing it until I was. *[laughs]* If anything, *not* performing was a threat to me. I'd do normal shit like not clean my room or talk back, and my mom would say, "Is this singing thing going to your head? Because if it is, I'm pulling it!" Not allowed to sing anymore? That was the end of the world to me. I was like, "OK!!"

When you were a preteen on *The New Mickey Mouse Club* with Britney Spears, how'd you deal with puberty?

Aaahhh! I know she's gonna kill me for saying this, but me and Britney wanted to get our periods *so bad*. There were some already developed older girls that we looked up to, and we were 11 and 12—still at the stuffing stage. Thank God for Britney on that show, because we definitely needed each other.

***[climbs back in chair]* Moving right along...about those Britney feud rumors: Would a Celebrity Boxing match take care of it once and for all?**

Sometimes the press just takes that stuff to such an extreme level, but really, Britney and I used to be close, and now we're doing our own things. I don't get a chance to talk to her as often as maybe I'd like. I'm not sure how close we'd be anyway. I think we've grown into two very different people.

You never claimed to be a virgin, for instance. Was that little bit of information something you were glad to get out of the way?

It was just something that was the truth to me, and I have a really hard time not saying the truth. I could not be up there saying, *[girlishly]* "I'm gonna wait until marriage, da da da." I'm not conservative when it comes to that sex stuff. I have a problem with the whole society thing where guys have sex and get praised for it but girls do it and get labels put on them. So more power to the girl who says she can enjoy sex and not be ashamed of it. I'll back that up 100 percent.

XTINA STYLE



WHAT A GIRL WANTS (May 1999) She looks tame, but this genie is about to break her bottle wide open.



THE LATIN GRAMMYS (September 2000) Christina gets in touch with her Latin roots, declares them blonde.



THE GRAMMYS (February 2001) The wait for a new album begins. Do you know how long braids take?



LADY MARMALADE (June 2001) Fashion rebel Christina breaks the outdated matching-bustier-and-garter rule.



MTV VMAs (September 2002) Christina's not up for an award, but her *Stripped* new look is a winner.



Have you ever used one of your own CDs as bedroom music?

No, I have not! But this one guy was like, "When your album's done..." Well, you get the picture. I was like, "Really? That's kind of freaky." I don't know how I'd feel about getting down to my own song. I'd be too distracted thinking, *Hmm, I should've done that riff better.* Too distracting.

But like you said, you're not exactly a prude in that department.

I like to experiment where all that stuff is concerned. It gets boring otherwise. A guy has to be pretty inventive...but still make sure I'm comfortable with what's going on. Sometimes I like gentle and sweet. But sometimes, when I'm in the mood, I like to wrestle around and get really aggressive.

Is the guy supposed to let you win?

I don't like him to let me win anything! That's why makeup artists hate me—because I'll show up to shoots all bruised and whatnot. I like to play rough. Handcuffs are fun. *[smiles]* That's it! I'm not telling you any more.

What should a guy *not* do with you?

Try to be cool by saying, "I have to tell you, you're so much better than Britney." What am I supposed to say to that? And another thing I really hate: Sometimes I'll be checking out a guy and he totally knows who I am, and then we'll be talking and he'll say, "So, what do you do?" It'd be different if he really didn't know, but he's just trying to act cool. So I'll tell him I work at McDonald's.

How about if we just flash you a big, worshipful smile, then?

I like smiles. I remember this one guy: I was hanging over the railing at a club with my girls, and he looked up and gave me the biggest smile. Not shy or anything, a really heartfelt, warm smile, and I was like, "Wow." Then he came up and tried to talk to me, and that was a good way to go about it, you know? 'Cause I hate when guys try to act tough or like they weren't looking at you.

Does a guy in the front row at your concert have a shot with you?

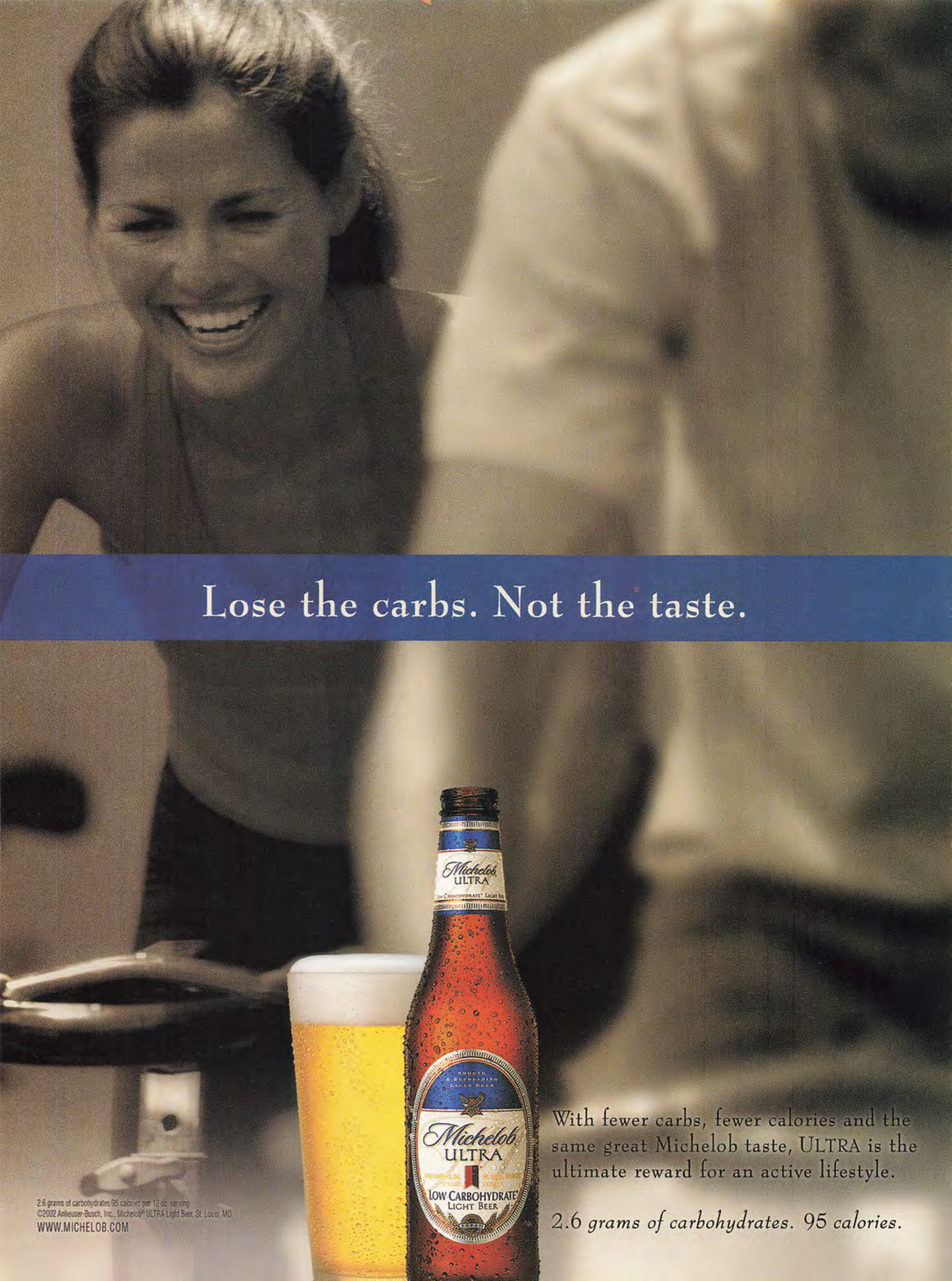
It depends. I wouldn't cut anyone off, because that's really unfair, and I like pretty normal guys. I know there are some people who totally wouldn't date fans. But I don't know, if they got to know me...

Would you extend a backstage pass?

On this tour...hmm. *[smiles]* If guys can do it, girls can do it. That's all I've got to say. M

THE MAXIM LOUNGE *Maxim* subscribers can find Christina photos at **maximonline.com.**

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'Sometimes, when I'm in the mood, I like to wrestle and get aggressive.'



CHRISTINA AT A GLANCE

Vital stats: Born December 18, 1980 and raised in bucolic Pittsburgh. Sang on *Star Search* at age eight. On her 21st birthday, Christina and posse took over an L.A. club. "Me and my girls rolled up on the backs of motorcycles. There were crazy dancers in cages, a ménage à trois going on. It was pretty dope."

X factor: "My nickname is Xtina. I'm Xtina when my darker side comes out and I want to cause some trouble. She's a little more sneaky and sly. Maybe Xtina has ulterior motives."

Favorite assets: "Sometimes it's my eyes, and sometimes I really like my booty. I like my thighs. I think I have the healthiest perspective on this stuff, 'cause I like that I'm a bit thicker now."

Genie in a bottle: "I'm not really a shot taker, but I'll have drink after drink after drink. And I know it's kind of ghetto, but I like beer over champagne, 'cause champagne gives me a headache."

Personal jukebox: Radiohead, Etta James, Björk . . . and the Muppets? "I have a *Sesame Street* tape, with Cookie Monster singing 'C is for cookie, that good enough for me . . .' I love to pop that in."

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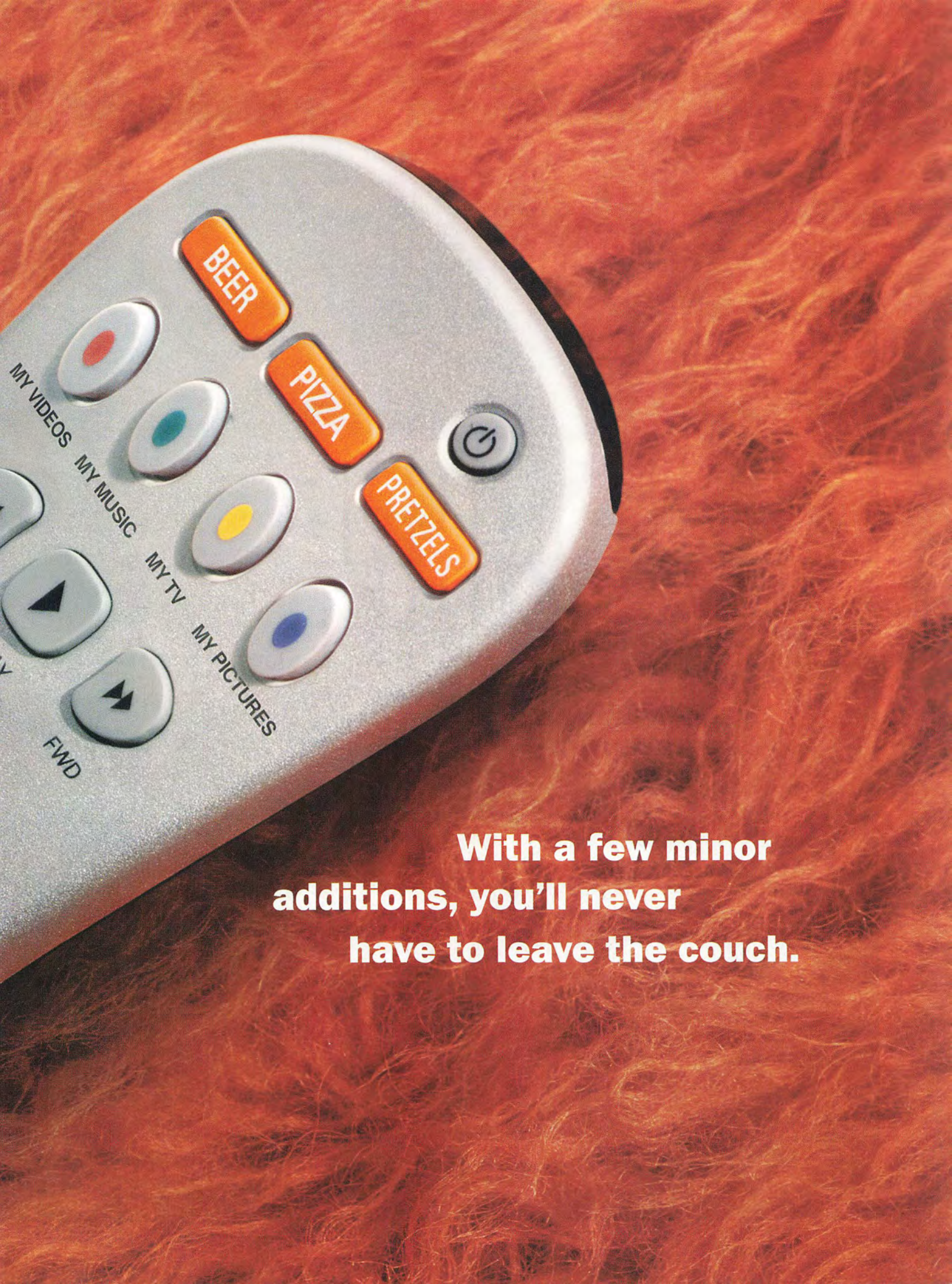
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GANGS GONE WILD

***The Sopranos* may still** rule the Mob underworld on television, but on the real streets where the rest of us live, a new gangster wave is moving in. From centuries-old syndicates to ultraviolent upstarts, the planet's most ruthless criminal organizations—the Russian Mafia, Asian street gangs, Colombian cartels, British Yardies, Japanese Yakuza, and America's indestructible Hells Angels—have coldly eyed our era of global unrest and sensed...opportunity.

On their home turf they control everything from back-room gambling to entire governments; now they want more. But which should you be most scared of when taking a shortcut through a dark alley? That's for you to read and decide—we're not dumb enough to insult any of these nice folks.

They steal and extort, deal drugs and flesh, and kill anyone who gets in their way. Here's how to spot the world's most notorious gangs...before they spot you.

BY CHUCK THOMPSON

THE RUSSIAN MAFIA

Boris Yeltsin called his country "the biggest Mafia state in the world."

These guys took it as a compliment.

History: Soviet leader Joseph Stalin didn't just butcher peasants and uncooperative city dwellers; he packed them into prisons all over the U.S.S.R. in the 1930s. From this population of ne'er-do-wells, the Russian Mafia coalesced around convicts who ran the gulags with ruthless power. When Communism collapsed a decade ago, released inmates hooked up with relatives and ex-KGB agents and exploited the virgin free market—using any means necessary. They quickly put a stranglehold on many aspects of Russia's shaky government and economy. Next they contacted their comrades in the West and soon established themselves as the new heavy hitters on the global block. The danger they pose explains why the FBI has 100 agents dedicated to stopping the new red menace.

Turf: An estimated three million hoodlums in 5,000 groups influence everything from bathroom attendants in Moscow brothels to the guys guarding leftover nukes. Big operations thrive in Hungary and the Czech Republic, while emigration has spread no-goodniks to the good old U.S.A., especially New York City. Today Brooklyn's Brighton Beach neighborhood is the most notorious Russian satellite since Sputnik. (For your own safety, don't confuse L.A.'s touchy Armenian gangs with Russians.) In 1994, FBI honcho Louis Freeh said that Russian organized crime represented the greatest threat to U.S. national security, though he later retracted the comment.

Areas of expertise

Arms: According to several reports, the RM controls practically the entire arms industry of Hungary. They've also swapped thousands of AK-47s for Colombian cocaine and recently sold rocket launchers and tank ammunition to Taliban fighters hiding out in Pakistan.

Narcotics: An estimated 1.5 million hectares of Russia is planted with weed, accounting for the lion's share of the world's hashish.

White-collar crime: The RM controls 60 percent of the Russian banking industry, while in America, "Russian criminal groups distinguish themselves with complicated types of fraud" like untaxed gasoline sales, fake insurance claims, and stock fraud, says Thomas Firestone, a federal prosecutor in New York specializing in Russian organized-crime cases.

Prostitution: Besides running Eastern Europe's flesh trade, the Russian mob pimps prostitutes to Israeli bordellos, where each girl is sold for $2,000 to $3,000—and most of their earnings go to thugs "safeguarding" their passports.

Olympic fixing: OK, it wasn't the studliest criminal operation, but at least the alleged rigging of pairs figure skating at the 2002 Winter Games proved that Russians have a sense of humor. They did do it for laughs, right?

Violent highlights: "We Italians will kill you," a John Gotti crony once said, "but the Russians are crazy—they'll kill your whole family." Gangsters have turned Mother Russia into the Wild West, with automatic-weapons battles regularly staining Moscow streets with blood. Law enforcement has fought back—ineffectively. In 1997 alone there were 1,500 murders in Moscow. Stateside guys are no slouches, either. Benjamin Nayfeld, an Olympic weightlifter turned New York thug, allegedly killed a teenager on a crowded street by lifting him off the ground with one hand and plunging a knife into his heart with the other. In Brighton Beach extortionist Evsei Agron routinely and publicly tortured debtors with an electric cattle prod till someone finally shot him—in the face.

Kingpin: Semion Mogilevich (left) has been called "the most dangerous mobster in the world" by Russian Mafia expert Robert Friedman. Known as "the Brainy Don" for his economics degree, Hungary resident Mogilevich has allegedly dabbled in heroin dealing and art smuggling. He also extorts money from recalcitrant businessmen in his infamous torture chambers. But what really heats the vodka in his veins is arms trading. In one deal Mogilevich and associates reportedly sold Iran $20 million in weapons pilfered from East Germany, including ground-to-air missiles and armored troop carriers.

Notorious calling card

Russian gangsters like shooting enemies in the face so that victims can see their executioners. Permanent disfigurement is a favorite, too: A crusading crime reporter had sulfuric acid flung in her face in 1998.









Clockwise from left: Mobster Mikhail Kuchin's $100,000 tomb; Paul Tatum, an American businessman marked by the mob under 24-hour guard; (inset) Tatum's funeral; score one for Russian cops.



▶

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMIE SNEDDON



Notorious calling card

Each member wears a new pair of jeans and a jacket with a skull emblem to his initiation. Then a bucket of shit and urine is poured over his head, or the uniform is dipped in oil. These rank "originals" are to be worn every day and defended to the death.

HELLS ANGELS

Kicking in your teeth and turning out your girlfriend is all in a day's work for the terrors on two wheels. Maybe you've heard of them...

History: U.S. military units that roared across WWII Europe on 20,000 Harley-Davidsons often nicknamed themselves "Hells Angels"; when these thrill-junkie vets came home, they transformed gentlemanly stateside "motorcycle clubs" into outlaw biker gangs. In 1957 a teenage Oakland street tough, Sonny Barger, ripped the name and assembled a two-wheeled crew that defied authority wherever it spread. By the time law enforcement figured out that the Angels were a full-fledged organized-crime outfit, they were practically an American institution. Members pledge their allegiance for life, says Lt. Terry Katz, a biker gang expert with the Maryland State Police. "It comes before their family, their job, before the laws of this nation."

Turf: California remains Hells Angels holy land, but like any successful enterprise, they've expanded—with 2,000 riders in 193 chapters worldwide, 48 in the U.S. They've also parked their hogs all over Canada: A 2002 report from Canada's Criminal Intelligence Service stated that Angels "persist as the largest and most criminally active outlaw motorcycle gang in the country." Their quest for blonde molls has even taken them to Scandinavia—leading Denmark to institute "Rocker Laws" that prohibit the public gathering of such groups as the Angels.

Areas of expertise

Narcotics: "Drugs and violence. That's what they're all about," says Edmonton police detective Ron Robertson.



Auto theft: In 1991, Canadian authorities seized more than 193 stolen vehicles worth $10 million—just part of the haul taken by a multinational car-theft ring that included the Angels.

Prostitution: According to several reports, the Hells Angels' Vancouver chapter is a major player (along with Asian and Russian gangs) in Canada's sex trade, helping to smuggle American women and children into the country's brothels.

Marketing: The Angels' famous death's-head logo is trademarked. Proceeds from sales of paraphernalia bearing the symbol reportedly go to a legal defense fund that keeps a fleet of Cochran-esque attorneys on retainer.

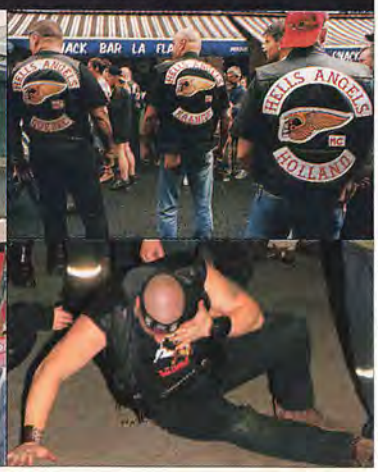
Motorcycle maintenance: One assumes.

Violent highlights: Hired to provide security for a Rolling Stones concert at California's Altamont Speedway in 1969, the Angels stabbed an 18-year-old black man to death in front of the stage, an event many peg as the end of '60s hippie innocence. In Scandinavian turf battles throughout the '90s, Angels deployed rocket-propelled antitank grenades. In 2002 about 30 Angels surrounded rival Mongols at Harrah's Casino in Laughlin, Nevada. Three bikers wound up dead. "When someone's willing to take on the opposition on the floor of a casino, one of the most heavily surveilled places in the world, you know they're committed to their turf," says Tim McKinley, a former FBI agent who spent 20 years tracking the Angels.

Kingpin: Barger, the most famous Angel ever, softened his image with a 2000 autobiography that revealed his wild-man boozing is now limited to a couple of Bud Lights a day. His hell-raising Canadian counterpart is Yves "Apache" Trudeau. Known as Canada's most prolific killer, Trudeau's Angels battled rival bikers the Outlaws and other gangs in a '70s Quebec turf war that killed 165 people. When his chapter was all but exterminated, he turned government witness and confessed to 74 homicides—including several girlfriends. The turf war rages on.

Above: Sonny Barger, the most notorious Angels leader ever. Below: Old friends gather in Europe to booze, bike, and brawl. Bottom right: A shell-shocked Angel recovers after his Denmark HQ was blown up.





AS THE UNDERWORLD TURNS

They came, they saw, they charged protection money. A brief history of your friendly neighborhood gangs.

1095 Knights Templar: Noble knights who died defending Christian pilgrims, or infidel invaders who extorted tribute and desecrated holy sites? You decide.



1612 Kabuki-Mono: Unemployed samurai who terrorized the Japanese countryside in the 1600s. Recognized for sword skills and Elvis-like hairdos.



1718 Blackbeard: Rum-soaked Blackbeard (a.k.a. Edward Teach) and his fellow pirates sailed into peaceful Charleston to enjoy some Southern hospitality.

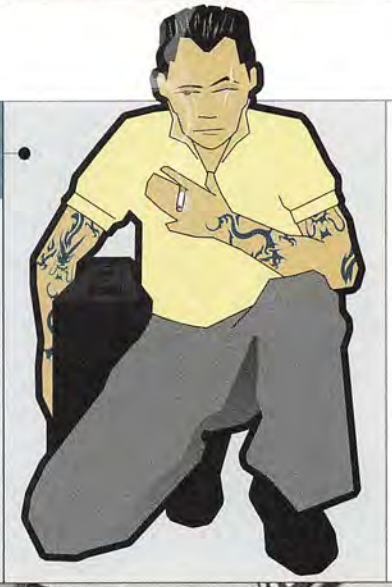
JAPANESE YAKUZA

As the once-mighty economy continues to flatline over at Japan Inc., this highly organized and violent gang is going public.

History: A legacy stretching back three centuries to the street peddlers and gamblers of the samurai era makes the Japanese Yakuza one of the world's most entrenched criminal organizations. During WWII, they flourished as black marketeers and, in its aftermath, wormed into government and a variety of shady businesses. During the 1970s and '80s, Yakuza groups made the jump from local gangs to multinational corporations, turning modest inroads in the sleazy Southeast Asian sex trade into a springboard for criminal and legitimate operations around the world.

Notorious calling card

The Yakuza is famous for requiring any member who has shamed the gang to amputate part of his pinkie finger. On the other, er, hand, a nub garners instant respect from outsiders. Intricate full-body tattoos are also seen as proof of a high pain threshold.



Turf: Virtually all facets of Japanese society fall into the Yakuza's grip, as do such foreign holdings as golf courses and resorts. "They have spread their power to every corner of society," says Raisuke Miyawaki, former head of Japan's National Police Agency's organized-crime division, who even blames unrecoverable Yakuza loans and shady deals for many of the country's present economic woes.

Areas of expertise

Government influence: It's hard to imagine gangsters openly running for government office, but that's what enterprising Yakuza have been doing for decades. When they don't win, they buy. One of Japan's biggest payoff scandals came in 1992, when Shin Kanemaru, then the most powerful politician in Japan's dominant party, took a Yakuza shopping cart crammed with 10,000-yen bills totaling $4 million.

Hard-core porn: From selling teens' soiled panties to producing graphic rape videos, nothing is taboo to these guys.

Money laundering: In 1973 the Lockheed aeronautics company allegedly used Swiss banks to secretly transfer to Yakuza boss (and war criminal) Yoshio Kodama $12.6 million—a kickback for a $320 million Japanese government aircraft purchase he helped orchestrate.

Legit business: A 1999 police investigation uncovered the embarrassing fact that a Yakuza-affiliated boss is the second-largest individual investor in Japan Airlines.

Contract killings: Standard day-to-day killing is often carried out by "pavement hijacking," in which a Yakuza hit man flings a surprised victim into oncoming traffic. One report claims that pavement hijacking claimed 1,367 lives in a single year in Okayama.

Violent highlights: After gang boss Takayuki Sato picked a fight with a 27-year-old student in the port city of Kobe last year, seven of his underlings joined in, beating and kicking the young man nearly to death before depositing his dying body on the street. In 2000, 15 Yakuza wearing Hawaiian shirts (they're known for their garish fashion sense) stormed the offices of a right-wing organization armed with guns and golf clubs. Gunfire spilled onto the crowded streets, leaving two dead and five injured.

Kingpin: Shrouded in emperorlike secrecy, Yoshinori Watanabe operates his criminal enterprise like a ruthless CEO. As head of the 20,000-gangster Yamaguchi-gumi syndicate, he has become one of the world's wealthiest criminals, raking in a good portion of the Yakuza's estimated $9.3 billion annual earnings. "He holds together an incredibly diverse operation," says David Kaplan, coauthor of *Yakuza*. "It's like a criminal department store." Like any good Japanese businessman, the 61-year-old has a single-digit golf handicap. Unlike most businessmen, his karaoke repertoire reportedly includes a ballad sung to the *Godfather* theme.







Clockwise from above: Yakuza racketeers crash a corporate meeting; a gangster who made one *big* mistake; a show of permanent loyalty.

1720 Yakuza: Honoring a 300-year tradition, today more than 100,000 of these pinkie-challenged Japanese gangsters work the kinkier side of their sleaze-soaked sex industry.



1866 Ku Klux Klan: The "Invisible Empire" had four million members in the '20s, but today can claim only a few thousand. To bolster its numbers, Klan recruits are no longer required to spell KKK.



1866 The James Gang: Jesse James and pals robbed banks and starred in more than 350 Hollywood films. Jesse was misidentified by Bobby Brady as an American hero.



1916 Pancho Villa: With 500 of his Villistas, Pancho rode into Columbus, New Mexico and blasted 24 gringos.



Notorious calling card

Triad members as young as 14 are obligated to get a tattoo. Once inked, they can't switch allegiance and are in for life. The Ghost Shadows sport a panda-and-snake logo, while the BTK's coffin with three candles symbolizes members' willingness to die.

ASIAN STREET GANGS

What's with these Asian gangs? They kill somebody, and about a half hour later they want to kill somebody again.

History: The Chinese Triads got their start way back in the 17th century, when merchants and peasants formed secret societies to undermine their invading Manchu rulers. By the 20th century, however, underground ideology had given way to criminal enterprise. When Communist Chairman Mao tightened the screws in 1949, top members fled to Taiwan and Hong Kong and built ties with stateside Chinatown thugs. The infamous Flying Dragons and Ghost Shadows battled for New York and San Francisco turf in the '70s and more recently with upstart, ultraviolent Vietnamese and Korean gangs.

Turf: With few centralized "families," Asian gangs can thrive in any major immigrant-rich city—New York, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Chicago, San Francisco. "Gang members as young as 11 can reach into Hong Kong and China for help with a single phone call," says Frank Bari, a criminal defense lawyer in New York who has represented Asian gangsters.

Areas of expertise

Human trafficking: Immigrants packed into shipping containers fork over a "snakehead" fee of around $30,000 for the privilege of entering America in baggage class.

Contraband delicacies: Triads smuggle $33 million worth of South African abalone into Hong Kong each year, as well as rare animal parts, such as ground rhinoceros horn, an alleged aphrodisiac that fetches roughly five times the price of gold.

Gambling and prostitution: Two favorites that can be found anywhere two Asian gangsters get together. Profitable? According to Bari, the average Korean brothel in Queens generates $16,000 a week.

Protection: Once the bread and butter of Asian gangs, "lucky money" from merchants isn't as common as it was 10 years ago. "The money from that is too slow now," says one Chinese gang member in New York.

Drugs: According to some estimates, Asian gangs control two thirds of the world's heroin, leaving the rest to Robert Downey Jr.







Clockwise from above: Three former BTKs; pros busted in Hong Kong; firemen deal with the aftermath of gang violence in Macau.

Ultraviolent flicks: The Sun Yee On Triad, which boasts approximately 56,000 members worldwide, controls much of Hong Kong's movie industry.

Violent highlights: During a 1990 turf war, a Chinese gang shot down a rival Vietnamese gang member in front of a New York City whorehouse. Then, at his funeral in New Jersey, they slipped into the cemetery and sprayed the crowd with automatic gunfire, injuring several mourners. "But normal Asian populations are most terrified of the Vietnamese gangs," Bari maintains, "because they don't answer to anybody."

Kingpin: In 1986, Vietnamese-born David Thai formed what would soon evolve into the vicious Born to Kill gang, cheekily lifting the name from the slogan scrawled on Marines' helmets in 'Nam. BTK quickly became "America's most notorious Vietnamese gang," according to T. J. English, author of *Born to Kill*. When authorities closed in, Thai "caused the unavailability" of a witness; when finally busted in 1991, he had a 9 mm pistol, a Mac-10 with a silencer, and 169 rounds of ammo at his bedside. He's currently serving concurrent life sentences for murder.

1920 Purple Gang: A nice group of Jewish boys from Detroit who decided extortion and bootlegging were more interesting than law and medicine. Snuffed out by other crime groups.



1931 Murder, Inc.: Albert "Lord High Executioner" Anastasia and his crew carried out 500 hits, under orders from the Mafia's ruling body, the Commission.



1935 The Little Rascals: Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer, Billie "Buckwheat" Thomas, and the sadistic George "Spanky" McFarland ruled the playground for nearly a decade.



1948 Hells Angels: The prototypical biker gang made it OK for ass-kicking motherfuckers to pee on one another. Turned fancy-word boy Hunter S. Thompson into a bar rag.

BRITISH YARDIES

These sadistic Jamaican gangsters carry machine guns. English bobbies carry night sticks. Place your bets now.

History: Think Jamaicans are all laid-back "no worries" types? Think again. The horrific violence of this emergent criminal group has England gripped in fear. The original Yardies were leg-breaking Jamaican political henchmen who fled to London in the 1980s to escape the Trenchtown slums of Kingston, colloquially known as "the back o' the yard." Today's Yardies are recruiting from the country's legions of unemployed black youth to expand their multimillion-dollar crack and heroin business. They're known for having a macho obsession with being disrespected; a spilled drink or a wisecrack will initiate a lethal response. "We're looking at criminals between 18 and 30," says detective superintendent Andy Sellers. "Most would not be expected to live much beyond that."

Turf: THE YARDIES ARE COMING! warned a Welsh newspaper headline last April. From their Brixton epicenter, the gang has spread to Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Manchester, and has begun battling Asian and British gangsters for other U.K. turf. Members routinely travel back to Jamaica to arrange drug shipments (authorities believe that up to 10 percent of all passengers arriving daily from Jamaica are drug mules), and they also have a growing presence in New York.

Areas of expertise

Drugs: Marijuana was the Yardies' entry-level commodity, but these days they're mostly associated with crack and have started making inroads into the lucrative ecstasy business.

Guns: Illegal in the U.K., guns have become a requisite Yardie accessory; the favored Ingram Mach 10 fires 600 rounds per minute and is nicknamed the "spray and pray." Since these weapons are hard to come by, the Yardies earn spare change by *renting them out.*

Home invasions: Yardies were involved in the U.K.'s largest-ever armed robbery in 1993, when 150 people were held up at gunpoint at a blues party in Nottingham.

Violent highlights: Reggae singer and Yardies pioneer Rankin Dread (a.k.a. Errol Codling) survived an attack in which his nose was lopped off and his skull split open with a machete. In order to extract information about a relative's whereabouts, Yardies abducted a prostitute. Over a harrowing three-day period, she was beaten, sexually assaulted, stabbed, and forced to swallow a bullet. Just to make sure she was telling the truth, they also drove a coat hanger through her bicep.

Kingpin: Regarded as a "juju man" and possibly a son of Satan, 30-year-old Mark Lambie terrorized North London neighborhoods for nearly two decades before being imprisoned in 2002 on charges of kidnapping, torture, and blackmail. His most notorious crime involved two men whom Lambie worked over by hitting their feet with hammers, pouring boiling water on their genitals, and burning their chests with electric irons. "You rarely come across someone who is willing to exert such violence," noted detective superintendent Barry Phillips following the trial that locked up his anti-gang unit's "number one target."



Yardies Warren Leader (left) and Mark Lambie; a mask used in shooting.

1968 Baader-Meinhof Gang: German bank-robbing radicals. Leader Andreas Baader blew his brains out in 1977 after disco became the most popular cause.



1969 Crips and Bloods: These rivals have chapters in nearly all 50 states. Prison homeys United Blood Nation and Death Row Crips have some rather nasty debates, like who fucks whom.

Notorious calling card

With names like Foodhead and Colonel Bumpy, these thugs rally around their Jamaican heritage, and to distinguish themselves from their ghetto brethren, Yardies drape themselves in Technicolor suits and gold chains.



THAT'S ITALIAN!

PASTA LA VISTA

Once all-powerful, la Cosa Nostra is practically sleeping with the fishes now. Here's why.



Family dysfunction: Time was you couldn't toss a pizza in the U.S. without an OK from one of the New York families: Gambino, Colombo, Lucchese, Bonanno, or Genovese. But their grip started slipping in 1963 when Joseph Valachi became the first mobster to reveal underworld secrets to that other mob, the U.S. Senate.

Book 'em, RICO: In the late 1980s, the Justice Department convicted almost 100 top mafiosi under the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act. Even 78-year-old Chicago boss Joseph J. Aiuppa went down, ending the Mob's reign over Las Vegas.

Giuliani: After being appointed U.S. district attorney in 1983, Rudy "Frickin'" Giuliani began a relentless campaign to sweep his *paisan* trash out of New York City.

Strained relations: The Sicilian Mafia was at its violent peak in 1982. But its cash-flush heroin trade quickly undermined the syndicate's vaunted code of silence; in 1984 an informant helped convict hundreds of gangsters. The battered mob has since lost its impunity, and America's wiseguys have lost their bloody umbilical cords.

The final curtain: In 1991, Gambino underboss Sammy "the Bull" Gravano turned rat, sending the last major Mafia kingpin, John Gotti, to the big house for life, where he died last year. His former "social club" on Mulberry Street in New York City's Little Italy is now a purse shop.



Notorious calling card

The rush of coke and cash makes Colombian drug lords the most arrogant gangsters in the world. No problem can't be solved with money or violence: Escobar's cartel bombed Avianca Flight 203 to kill two informants; 105 other unlucky passengers died.

COLOMBIAN CARTELS

Say *hola* to a criminal empire that earns more revenue annually than McDonald's, Kellogg's, and Microsoft combined.

History: Leftist guerrillas had kept this beautiful South American country in a state of bloody civil unrest for half a century. So when the cocaine trade was forced out of Bolivia and Peru in the late 1970s, bandits in the lawless, fertile Colombian mountains made coffee farmers an offer they couldn't refuse. Production of Juan Valdez' favorite bean plummeted, replaced by the metric shitloads of party powder being grown, manufactured, and smuggled into the U.S. by highly organized regional cartels, including Cali, Coastal, and Pablo Escobar's infamous Medellín outfit. The culture of violence—death squads, political assassinations, powerful car bombs—prompted Colombia's then defense minister to warn that "a demented society is leading the country to anarchy and chaos."

Turf: By the late '80s, Colombia exported 90 percent of the blow being snorted in U.S. bathroom stalls, spawning ruthless competition for the stratospheric profits. Despite America's ongoing war on drugs, including a massive manhunt that killed Escobar in 1993, 300 decentralized Colombian organizations still feed the world's $80 billion annual habit. (Ironically, cocaine exportation has soared.) And the U.S. government continues to battle 10,000 FARC rebels, who are largely financed by drug barons.

Areas of expertise

Smuggling: Exporting 700 tons of blow annually requires innovation, setting the Colombians apart in the competitive world of narco trafficking. Communication networks coordinate fleets of ships and planes, which are considered as disposable as FedEx envelopes. Even Soviet-designed submarines have been deployed to evade pesky Coast Guard patrols.





Government corruption: Cartels ship most of their U.S.-bound cocaine through Mexico, Venezuela, and Cuba, presumably with the help of local law enforcement.

Technology: When police nabbed the North Valley cartel's top IT consultant, they found a warehouse outfitted with a 40-foot retractable German-made transmission antenna and invoices for $100,000 worth of high-tech Motorola communications gear.

Self-preservation: In 1995 the Colombian government set up a toll-free hot line for people to call in anonymous tips on a particular cartel. That same cartel was able to tap into the phone line and identify the callers, who were then promptly executed.

Violent highlights: Escobar's wave of violence resulted in 6,300 killings in Medellín in 1991 alone. But when he "surrendered" to the government, authorities set him up in a personal prison—or, rather, fortress—replete with a soccer field, waterbeds, and antiaircraft guns to ward off would-be assassins, like the CIA. During his 13-month incarceration, guards allowed friends and prostitutes to visit Escobar, as well as two "business associates" he hung upside down and bled to death—without repercussion.

Kingpin: The successor to Escobar is a one-armed, womanizing 47-year-old brainiac who is changing the face of drug dealing. Archangel Henao, who could lead graduate seminars in criminal enterprise, has built the North Valley cartel around some of the most awesome intelligence technology drug money can buy; his men regularly track radar sweeps of drug surveillance planes to exploit gaps in the coverage. Though never convicted of a drug-related offense, he isn't shy about utilizing his private army's firepower. "The North Valley cartel is known for massacres of hundreds of peasants and decapitations with chain saws," says Paul Kaihla, an award-winning investigative journalist. "Dismembered bodies just float down the Cauca River. Routinely." M





Clockwise from top: Pablo Escobar behind bars; a cartel submarine built to hold 150 metric tons of cocaine; a government security building in Bogotá bombed in 1989; U.S. DEA agent posing with Escobar's dead body in 1993.

1970 The Westies: The leader of this savage Hell's Kitchen Irish gang hacked the hands off enemies so he could use their fingerprints. Cool!



1979 The Warriors: With nicknames like Swan, Snow, and Rembrandt, no wonder they ran from guys dressed like mimes.



1983 White Aryan Resistance: Founded by neo-Nazi Tom Metzger, these racist skinheads spend their days drinking beer and staying unemployed.



1997 The *Maxim* Gang: They run the football pool with an iron fist every year, and God help you if whoever's thrashing the Bengals doesn't cover the spread.

THE MOST ACCLAIMED GAME OF THE YEAR

- 5/5 - Official PlayStation Magazine
- 9/10 Editor's Choice Award - Official XBOX Magazine
- 4.75/5 - Nintendo Power
- 9/10 Game of the Month - PSM
- 9.2/10 Editor's Choice Award - IGN
- 10/10 - Gamers.com
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INTERVIEW BY PAUL YOUNG
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVIS FACTOR

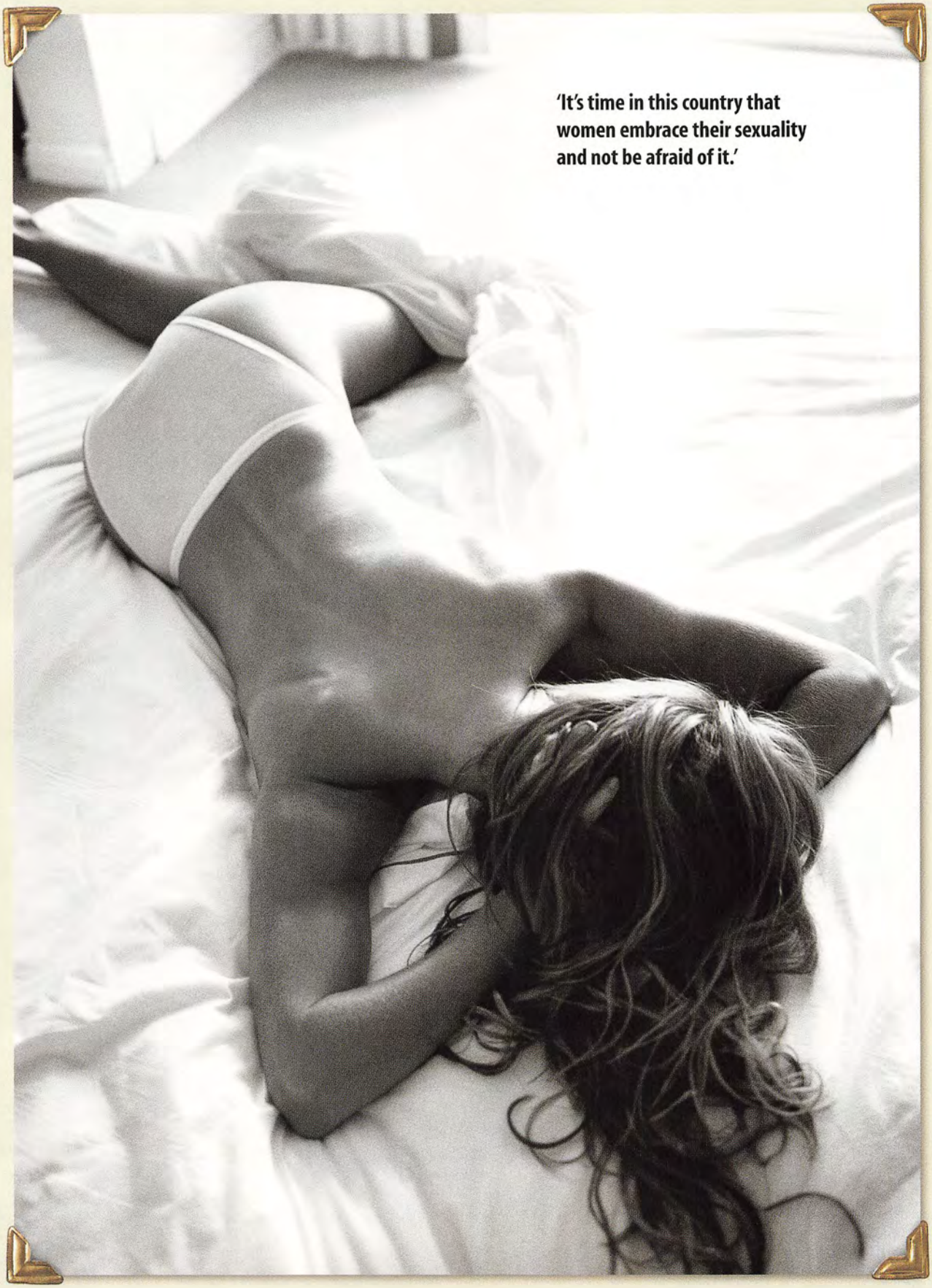
***The Bachelor's* Trista Rehn is back with another series, *The Bachelorette*. If this girl doesn't get married soon, she could be looking at a four-picture deal.**

SINGLE HOT FEMALE

"Are you ready to get into a compromising position?" That's the loaded question Alex Michel, the first bachelor from the coincidentally named hit reality series *The Bachelor,* proposed to Trista Rehn. It came on their last televised date—and it pissed her off. "I don't know why he asked that," admits a still-steaming Trista. "So I said, 'Well, not with the cameras on!' " And that, it seems, was enough to convince a national audience that she and Michel had done the mattress mambo. It also may have played a role in her incomprehensible second-place finish by painting her as more doable than eligible. "They just wanted people to think we slept together. But we didn't. Nothing happened." Ultimately, something *did* happen to the gorgeous 30-year-old temptress—it just didn't involve loser bachelor boy's bare-ass. When the nation responded with a collective "What the fuck?" to her runner-up finish, *The Bachelor's* producers offered her the lead role in *The Bachelorette,* which premieres this month on ABC. Now she has to weed through 25 pretty boys till she finds one worthy of a tryst.

Is she planning to get all kinds of ironic and put *them* into compromising positions? "There's a double standard here," she fumes. "It's considered cool for a guy to date 25 girls, but for a girl it's something else. But I don't care. I just want to make sure the guy I end up with is the guy I *should* end up with. And if that means getting intimate with him behind closed doors, I will. Because I think it's time in this country that women embrace their sexuality and not be afraid of it." Those of you interested in the grass-roots Trista for President campaign should send us a contribution. We'll see it gets to the right people.

A little competition doesn't scare this Indiana native, who spent her grammar school years kicking baby bachelor ass in soccer, swimming, and softball. When she got to the University of Miami, Trista parlayed ▶



'It's time in this country that women embrace their sexuality and not be afraid of it.'



an eventual master's degree in physical therapy into a job as a dancer for the Miami Heat. "I love sports and I love dancing," she says, "so being able to perform courtside while seeing guys like Michael Jordan up close was pretty fantastic."

Despite her academic achievements, Trista was still left wanting more. "If I could have anybody's body, it would be Madonna's crossed with Janet Jackson's," she says.* "But I'll never get that because I'm a total carboholic. That's why I work out so much—because I love to eat!"

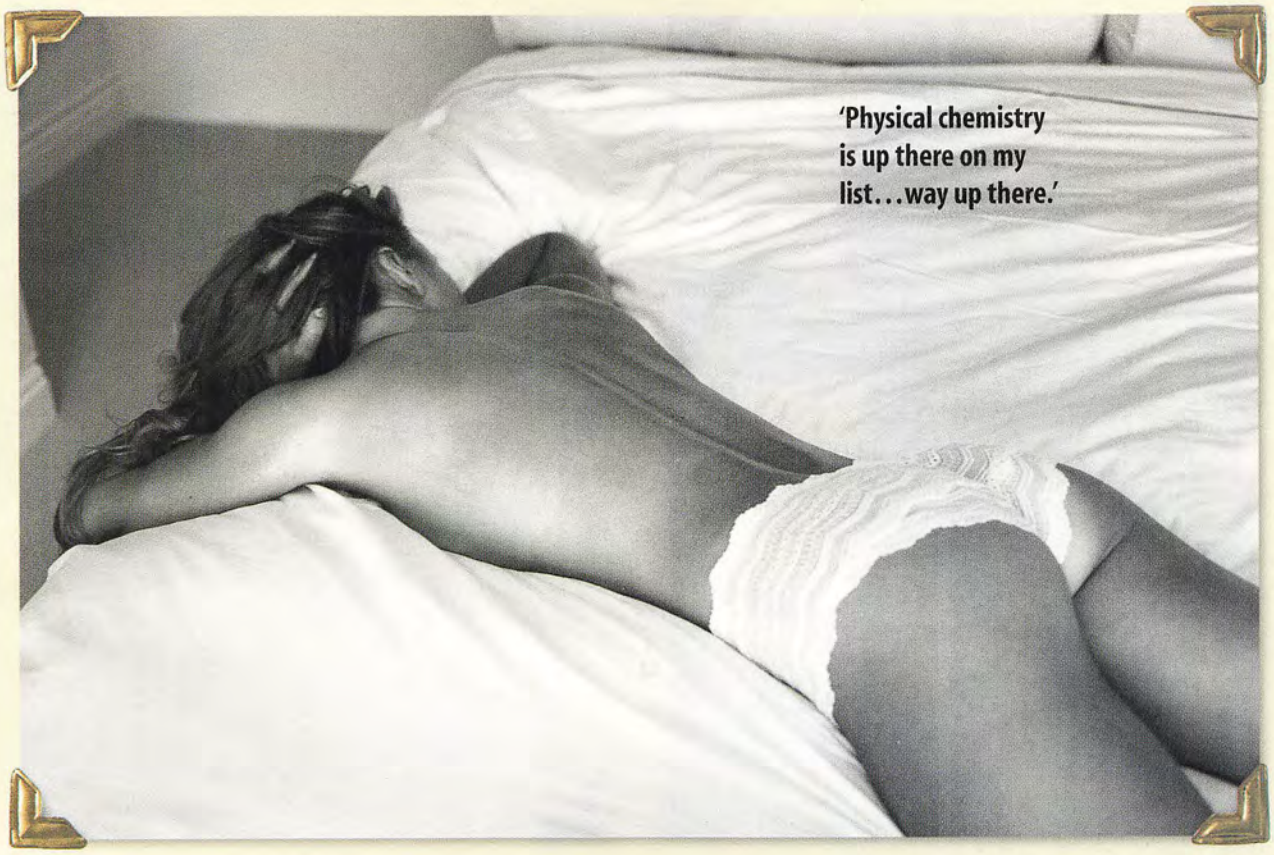
A nice rack is also an important feature for her dream bachelor. "But now I'm trying to focus on intelligence and personality. Although physical chemistry is up there on my list—way up there."

Which is nice, since these guys have been put through enough blood tests and FBI background checks to scare off a Green Beret. "This is the safest dating pool anyone can be put in. I mean, am I supposed to say, 'No, thanks. I don't want to meet 25 good-looking guys who have been totally screened and tested, and they're there just for me'?"

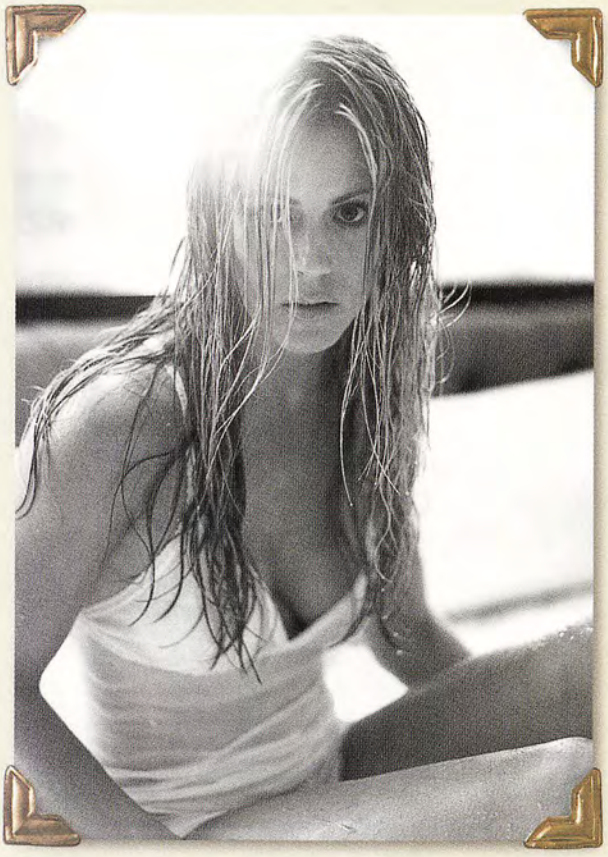
So, will she play pin the tail on the bachelor while the cameras roll? "No way!" she squeals. "I could never do that." At least not until *Bachelorette Party III: Operation Thailand.* Stay tuned...

C'mon! A girl's gotta make a living. M

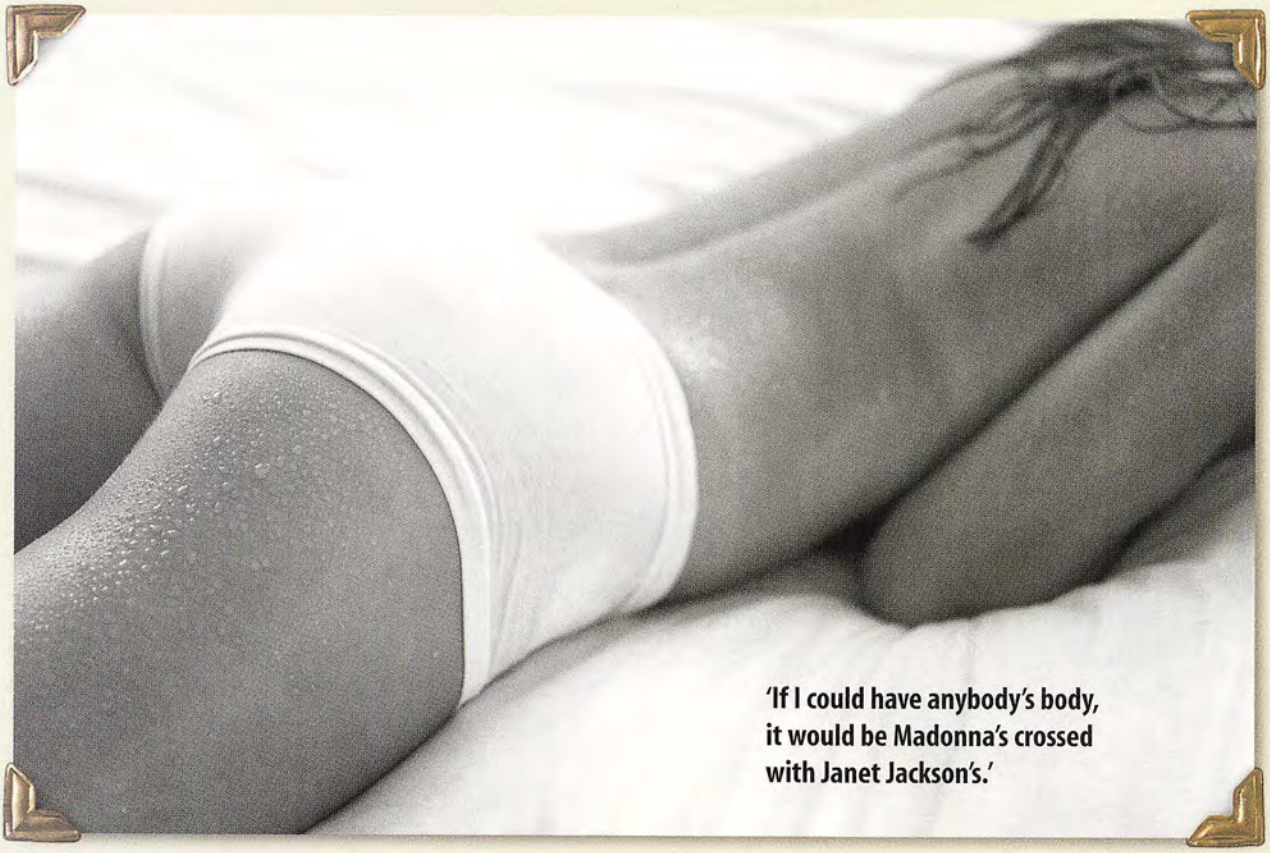
*In *our* fantasy, they're crossed horizontally, at the hips, in a bed of dirty feathers.


'Physical chemistry
is up there on my
list...way up there.'







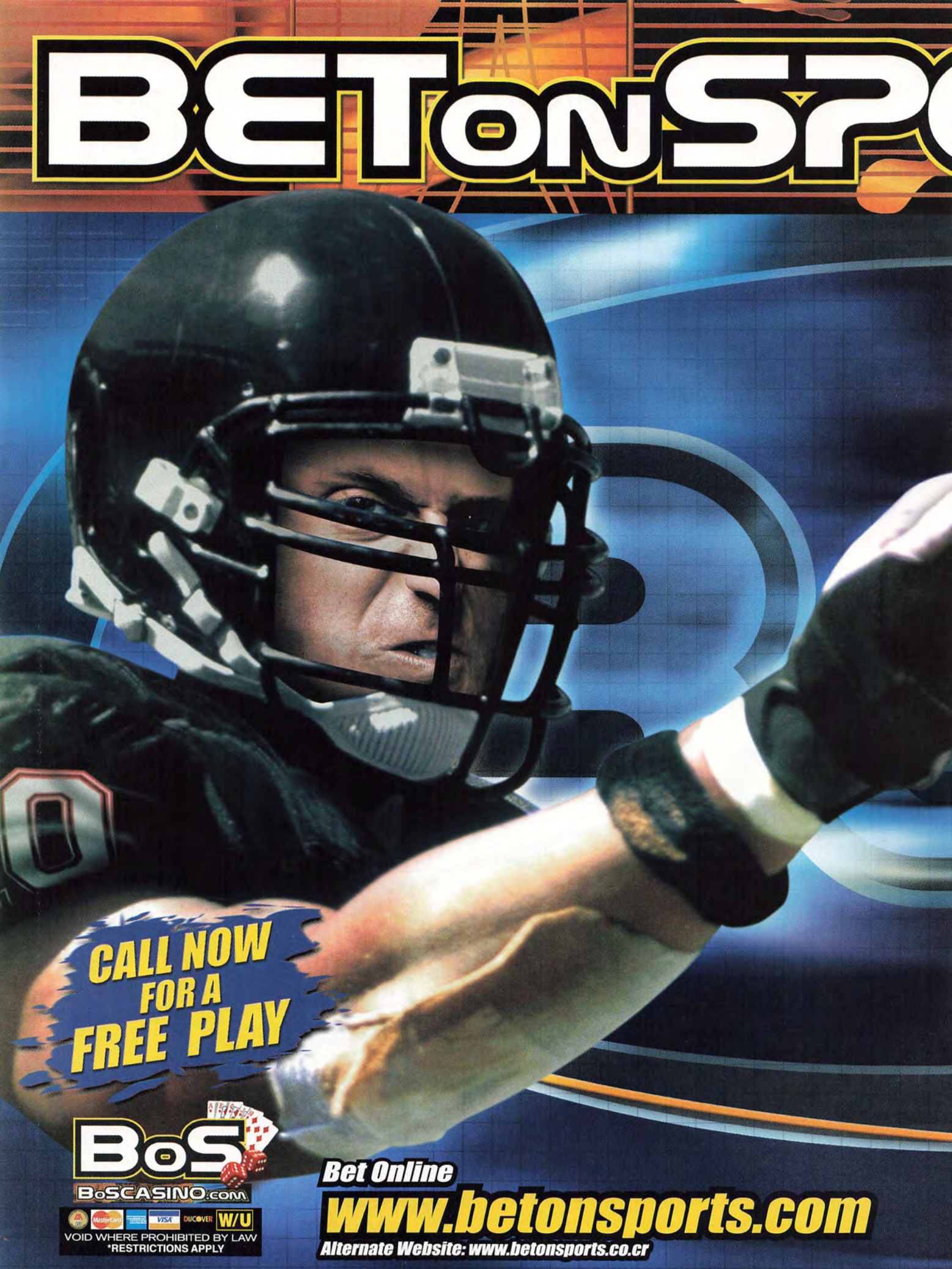


'If I could have anybody's body, it would be Madonna's crossed with Janet Jackson's.'

Styling, Rita Rago; hair, Louise Moon for Artec Pure Hair/Luxe; makeup, Hiromi Inoko for Luxe. Shot on location at the Viceroy Hotel in Santa Monica.

THE MAXIM LOUNGE *Maxim* subscribers get more photos and video at **maximonline.com.**


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ARE YOU READY?

PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. VOLTRON





"Is she still there? I can't bear to look."



GARO YEPREMIAN

A kicker's pathetic pass nearly sacked the NFL's only perfect season. Here's how:

With 2:07 *left and the culmination of Miami's 17-0 perfect season on the line, the Dolphins place-kicker . . . acted like a friggin' kicker.*

A 42-yard field goal was like nothing; I could have done it in my sleep. But the darn kick didn't get the elevation I needed. The ball was blocked, and after bouncing around it somehow ended up in my hands. Well, as soon as I looked up, [Redskins DT] Bill Brundige was in my face, and I tried to throw it. But the ball slipped out of my hands and went straight up in the air, so I figured if I batted it out of bounds it'd be a dead ball. Unfortunately, I batted it straight to [Redskins DB] Mike Bass, who picked it up and went for a 49-yard touchdown.

So all of a sudden a very boring shutout is 14–7, and we could lose the game. But we won. Sometimes I resent the fact that I did so many positive things—I was the Kicker of the Decade and MVP of the Pro Bowl—and it's all overshadowed by one terrible pass.

The Dolphins' defense held, but Yepremian is still kicking himself that he couldn't get it up.



SUPER STATS:

- Rank of SB weekend on list of slowest weekends for weddings: 1
- Percent rise in U.S. sales of big-screen TVs during SB week: 500
- Percentage of people who call in sick on SB Monday: 6



- U.S. women who watched the 2000 Academy Awards: 27 million
- U.S. women who watched SB XXXIV: 35 million
- Americans who attend Sunday church services: 110 million
- Americans who watched Super Bowl XXXVI: 150 million

AUDIBLES

TERRELL DAVIS

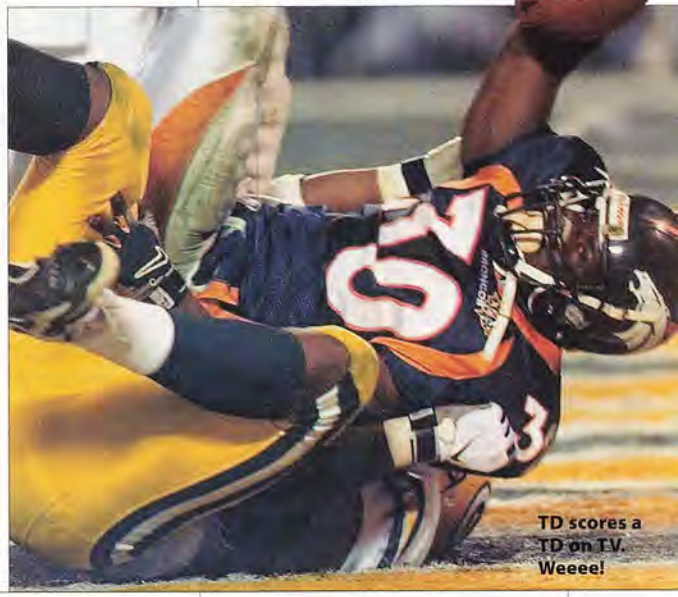
Super Bowl XXXII's MVP beat the Packers with his eyes closed.

His three touchdowns *and 157 yards rushing took Denver to its first Super Bowl victory, but a midgame migraine made him a legend. At the start of the second quarter, TD went blind from the pain. But minutes later, still unable to see, he strapped on his helmet and ran back onto the field.*

I was so amped I forgot to take my migraine medication. Normally I take it 10 minutes before I go out for pregame. But I forgot this time, and when I remembered, it was just 10 minutes before kickoff. It takes a while for the stuff to kick in, so if you don't take it before you start running around, it's not going to work.

As soon as the migraine hit, I walked over to Coach and told him, "I can't see a thing." But he called a play late in the second quarter, a play-action that wouldn't have had any credibility if I wasn't out there. It was a routine play—fake 15, quarterback keep right. I'd done it a million times. Except now everything looked like it was through a kaleidoscope. I remember just praying John Elway didn't audible at the line and give me the ball.

The rest is history. Davis' decoy worked and Elway ran into the end zone for the go-ahead touchdown. Davis then used the Super Bowl's extended halftime to recover from his migraine and run all over the Green Bay Packers while saving Elway's career from the crapper.



TD scores a TD on TV. Weeee!

STUPID BOWL CHAMPS

For these NFL legends, the SB was a natural high—just not high enough.

SUPER BOWL I, Los Angeles

Unnecessary putz-ness: Green Bay WR Max McGee caught the first TD in Super Bowl history hung over like Andy Dick in lockdown. "I didn't expect to play at all the next day," says McGee. "So I figured it didn't matter if I played some the night before."



He's drunk...

The penalty: After "playing" with booze, more booze, and some airline stewardesses until 7:30 A.M., McGee was forced into the game on the fifth play when one of the Packers' starting WRs went down. Seven catches for 138 yards and two TDs later, he was the first of many well hung Super Bowl heroes.

Moral: Drunk and stupid is the way to go through the Super Bowl, young man.

SUPER BOWL XIII, Miami

Unnecessary putz-ness: "The Orange Bowl holds about 80,000 screaming fans, plus there were 200 million watching worldwide on TV," Dallas Cowboys LB Thomas "Hollywood" Henderson recalls in his autobiography, *Out of Control*. "And there I was on the sideline taking major snorts in front of them all!"



He's high...

The penalty: The 'Boys, um, blew the game; Henderson got cut and later did jail time for—surprise!—drugs. Fantastically, he hit a $28 million lottery jackpot two years ago. Now he's high on tax cuts.

Moral: Drugs bad. Hitting the lottery good.

SUPER BOWL XXIII, Miami

Unnecessary putz-ness: The Cincinnati Bengals' Super Bowl was shot to shit when drugged-out RB Stanley Wilson had to be dragged from his Holiday Inn bathroom the night before the game. The team found Wilson cowering behind the shower curtain with a bag of white powder that later proved not to be tough-actin' Tinactin.

The penalty: After four days in a Miami crack house, Wilson finally reemerged, long after Cincy had lost to the 49ers without him.

Moral: Professional teams should not stay in Holiday Inns.

SUPER BOWL XXXIII, Miami

Unnecessary putz-ness: Hours after receiving the Bart Starr Award for "high moral character" and one day before the freakin' Super Bowl, Atlanta Falcons safety Eugene Robinson offered an undercover cop 40 bucks for a blow job on the same Miami street where Henderson bought coke in '89.



He's *really* high...

The penalty: Hours later the four-time NFL Man of the Year got burned on an 80-yard John Elway TD pass as the Falcons lost to the Broncos, 34–19. "It's like a cliché now," St. Louis Rams DT D'Marco Farr said before Super Bowl XXXIV. "Whenever you see a bunch of guys go out, you say, 'Remember Eugene.'"



This guy's just pissed

Moral: Cops give crappy blow jobs.



AUDIBLES

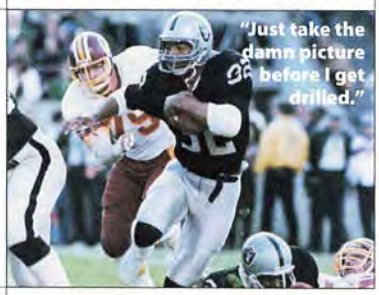
MARCUS ALLEN

Super Bowl XVIII's MVP ran a broken play into the record books.



Late in the *third quarter, Allen turned a 10-yard loss into a 74-yard run—the longest rushing TD in Super Bowl history.*

The run? Honestly? It was magic. Surreal. Time travel. Metaphysical. Nothing that could run, block, or tackle could stop me that day. That play was a 17 bob trey 0. I bounced outside, but suddenly the safety was coming at me like a torpedo. I remember he almost grabbed my arm and got the ball out, so I did like any great back would do: I ran for my fucking life. I put the brakes on, made a very abrupt U-turn, and cut it back all the way to the left. Cliff Branch gave me a block, then it was just a matter of running into the end zone. No big deal.



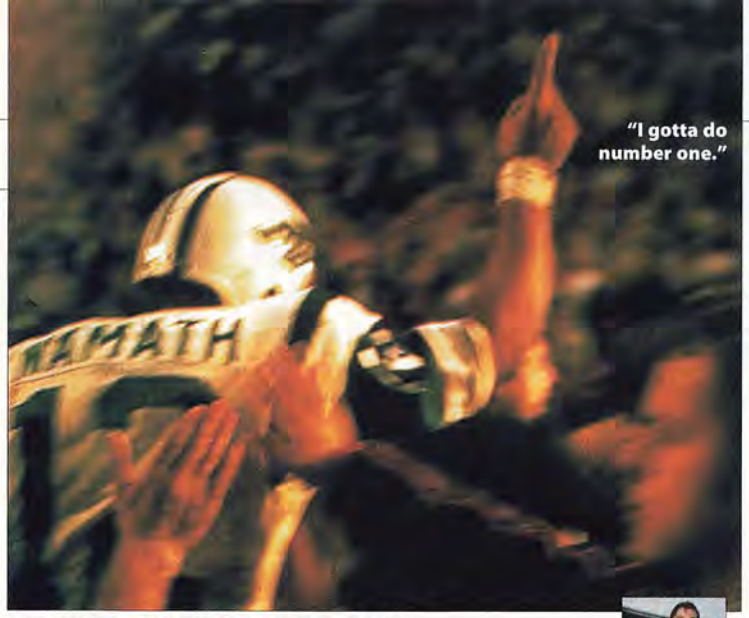


- Tons of chips and popcorn eaten in U.S. on Super Bowl Sunday: 18,500
- Percent increase in U.S. sales of antacid on SB Monday: 20



TRUE OR FALSE

- More toilets are flushed during Super Bowl halftime than at any other moment of the year: True
- SB Sunday is the day with the highest rate of alcohol consumption: False (It's the 4th of July.)



JOE NAMATH



Broadway Joe kicked the Baltimore Colts in the balls—then he gave 'em the finger.

As he ran *off the field, the Super Bowl III MVP lifted his right hand and extended his index finger. Instantly, Namath invented the universal symbol for "We're number one." Jealous?*

Heck, no, I didn't plan that. Just like I never planned the guarantee. It just happened. I was at the podium of the Miami Touchdown Club, and this guy yelled out, "Hey, Namath! We're going to kick your you-know-what!" So I got angry. "Hey, buddy!" I said. "I got news for you: We're going to win that game. I guarantee it." I'd never said anything like that in my life.

I didn't even think about it again until practice when Coach Ewbank started yelling: "What the hell have you done? Now they're all fired up." But I knew that if the Colts needed that to get fired up, they were in trouble.

A few days later in a bar, Colts kicker Lou Michaels was running his mouth about how they were going to beat us. So I said, "What the heck do you know? You're just a kicker." But Lou was a 250-pound kicker/defensive end, so when he jumped up, I sat down.

It was the same thing with that "We're number one" thing. It just happened. We'd just won the game, and as I was running off the field I saw these New York guys going nuts in the stands. So I looked up at 'em and wanted them to know, "You're darn right we're number one! We're Super Bowl champs!"

SUPER SELLS!

Even if the game sucks, Super Bowl commercials are a great distraction from the guys throwing up on your new couch.



ORWELL THAT ENDS WELL

Apple, Super Bowl XVIII

The game plan: This *1984*-inspired spot featured Big Brother (PCs) monitoring a world of drones till a sexy savior in running shorts (Apple) liberated their creative spirit with a sledgehammer.

The score: Apple doled out $1.2 million, hired 200 extras, and built a seven-story set—then only aired the spot 18 times in 11 markets. Madison Avenue's answer to Ryan Leaf.



THIRD AND LONGNECK

Bud Bowl I, Super Bowl XXIII

The game plan: Budweiser buried Bud Light 27–24 in the premiere gridiron clash of, um, beer bottles.

The score: The Bud Bowl was the first Super Bowl ad to bill itself as an event on par with the actual game. After initially labeling it the stupidest commercial without a talking duck, we laid a C-note on Bud Light in Bud Bowl V.



"AN." "NOY." "ING."

Budweiser Frogs, Super Bowl XXIX

The game plan: Three frogs sat on lily pads. One said, "Bud," the next said, "Wei," and the third said, "Zerr," over and over, till you were forced to drink cases of the stuff just to make the voices stop.

The score: Long before we wanted to wipe out the "Wassup!" guys, we were killing every frog we came in contact with. Sorry, Pierre.



DIRTY LANDRY

Doritos, Super Bowl XXXII

The game plan: Who can forget Ali Landry? Barely wrapped in a teeny-tiny tee in a Laundromat, she played an all-world girly goalie by going spread-eagle to catch rocket-launched Doritos 3D's between her luscious lips.

The score: A worldwide audience ate this spot up. This would be the first in a series of three yummy Landry spots.



GREAT BRITNEY!

Pepsi, Super Bowl XXXVI

The game plan: America's favorite teen-pop diva tarted it up for four decades' worth of caffeine freaks in nostalgic re-creations of Pepsi ads from the '50s, '60s, '70s, and '80s.

The score: Pepsi ads haven't been this hot since Michael Jackson went up in flames in '84. TiVo viewer surveys found that the spot was more replayed than any action in the first quarter of the game.

Photograph (main), Mr. Voltron: styling. Paula Kowalczyk: hair. Hyunsoo for Privé NY: makeup. Karen Panoch for Artists. Photographs on map, David Brooks. Illustrations, Paul Wootton

LOST WAGES, NEVADA

WANNA BET?

Super Bowl Sunday offers a wide variety of reasons to quit gambling.

USA Today sports analyst Danny Sheridan previews a few of the creative ways to throw away your future in Sin City.

Coin toss landing on tails Even	Coin toss landing on heads **Even**
Opening kickoff being returned for TD **40:1**	**Second-half kickoff returned for TD 40:1**
First score coming on a run 1:1	First score coming on a field goal **1:1**
First score coming on a pass **6:5**	**First score coming on a fumble 400:1**
First score coming on a blocked punt 500:1	First score coming on an interception **250:1**
Last score coming on a safety **1,000:1**	**Last score coming on a field goal 2:1**
Over/under number of interceptions 3	Over/under number of turnovers **5**
Over/under number of kickoffs **10**	**Over/under number of punts 8½**
Over/under number of sacks 5	Over/under number of fumbles lost **3**
Over/under number of field goals **3½**	**Over/under shortest TD 1.5 yards**
Over/under longest TD 46 yards	Over/under longest field goal **44 yards**
Over/under number of penalties **12½**	**Over/under number of blocked punts 1**
Over/under number of total points 52	Game going to overtime **50:1**
MVP being a quarterback **Even**	**MVP being a running back 6:5**
MVP being a defensive player 7:1	MVP being a punter **100:1**





SAN DIEGO CHEAT SHEET

Follow this game plan if your fantasy girlfriend is sending you to Super Bowl heaven.

QUALCOMM STADIUM



All hail the third-largest parking lot on Earth! Too bad tailgating is banned because certain terrorists ruined the fun for everyone. Call 619-685-4900 for transportation. Then offer your testicles to a scalper for a pair of tickets.

SEAU'S RESTAURANT



Couldn't score seats no matter how many body parts you put up as collateral? No worries. Chargers All-Pro linebacker Junior Seau's 14'x16' TV screen is the biggest in Southern California. Who ever told you size doesn't count?

HODAD'S



NO SHOES, NO SHIRT, NO PROBLEM. That's what the sign says at this anything-goes beach pub. Last time the Super Bowl was in San Diego, Hodad's was packed with bikini-clad girls getting drunk for lunch. See ya there.

TIJUANA



Mexican for "Waiter, another five-gallon beer for $3, please." Just 20 minutes from downtown San Diego, Tijuana has a drinking age of 18, legal steroids, and all the Viagra you can swallow without a prescription.

CHEETAH'S GENTLEMEN'S CLUB



A "gentleman" does not discuss such matters. Try the champagne . . . room.

SPANKY'S PAWN SHOP



Now that you've hit the strip clubs, the casino, and a couple of teenagers with your rent-a-car, you're gonna need this guy. Word on the street has it that his payoffs are better than Alfalfa's.

SYCUAN CASINO



Vegas is a five-freakin'-hour drive from Super Bowl ground zero. But the Native Americans at nearby Sycuan Reservation in El Cajon will be happy to relieve you of your wampum in their 305,000-square-foot casino.

SAN DIEGO ZOO



We like the black rhino who, when threatened by tour buses, defends his turf by spraying them with urine. It's worth twice the price of admission to see a busload of tourists swimming in rhino wiz! Roll up your window . . .

KING STAHLMAN, BAIL BONDSMAN



Look, everybody screws up. But having your salad tossed in lockdown is a big price tag. Stahlman to the rescue! For a mere 10 percent, this guy will save your virginity for that special someone on the outside.

BLACK'S BEACH



There may be better breakers at Ocean Beach, but this nudie beach in Torrey Pines is notorious for its unprotected flesh dunes. So grab a pair of dark shades, a book you won't read . . . and keep your periscope beneath sea level.

TONY HAWK VERT RAMP



After the San Diego Chicken, Tony Hawk is the city's greatest living legend. Check out the Hawk-designed 13-foot vert ramp at the YMCA Park in Encinitas. Do a faceplant for us!

DON'T MISS IT!

We're finally coming to TV! Don't miss *The Maxim NFL Beach Bash*, our on-air tribute to the best of the NFL season, airing on ESPN, February 2 at 10:00 P.M., right after the Pro Bowl, yo.

"Morning, officer. Could you whip me up an omelet?"

YOU SAY YOU WANT A RESOLUTION?

We've got your New Year's resolutions, pal—maybe enough for the whole damn world.



Here we go again: On January 1, we'll crawl out of the Dumpster at the crack of midafternoon, eyeballs bleeding and guts churning, wondering where we left our pants and how that dead goat wearing a party hat ended up in our bathroom. (The den, sure, but the *bathroom?*) Then we'll beg God for mercy, making every New Year's resolution under the sun if only He'll stop jack-hammering our cerebral cortex. But if we gotta change our ways, everybody else—the government, celebrities, our parole officer—does, too. So pay attention, reprobates! Now if you'll pardon us, we need to go puke up a hamster.

- We resolve to watch every single bowl game on New Year's Day. C'mon, you never heard of baby steps?
- We will figure out what that green, malodorous liquid oozing from our navel is. Or find a cheaper dry cleaner.
- Anna Kournikova will be given a 30–0 lead at the start of every tennis game, just 'cause she's really hot.
- We resolve to stop blowing our paychecks on booze, cigarettes, and women. Betting on the ponies is important, too!
- The Russian Space Agency resolves that if it can launch one boy-band member into the cold depths of space, it will try its damnedest to launch them all.
- In the name of fairness, pro athletes will also blame God when they lose.
- To reacquaint themselves with some basic economic principles, Fortune 500 CEOs shall sit in hot-piss-filled dunking booths triggered by any sale of their own stock.
- We resolve to judge women less on physical appearance and more on whether or not they put out.
- Satellite TV makers resolve to finally break through the artificial 1,000-channel barrier. What is this, the Dark Ages or something?
- We will finally take a European vacation to expand our horizons, liberate our thinking, and deepen our appreciation of other cultures. First stop: Amsterdam.
- President George W. Bush resolves to watch the Super Bowl without the clear and present danger of hard-to-swallow snack foods. After that: Improve the economy, settle Saddam's hash, and obtain more convincing fake IDs for the twins.
- Michael Jackson shall realize that to claim discrimination, he needs to be identifiable as a member of an actual race...or gender...or species.
- *60 Minutes* shall boost ratings with the key 18–34 demographic by combining with *Fear Factor.* Therefore, before Mike Wallace presents yet another exposé on corporate malfeasance, he must first eat a heaping bowl of yak sphincters.

Major League Baseball will redesign its logo to reflect players' preferred leisure activities.

- We will learn to listen to our hearts more. Right now, for instance, they're saying they want more bacon.
- John Wayne resolves to come back to life, if only to beat the living crap out of Vin Diesel.
- Personnel departments resolve that the "blow" and "hand" categories now count toward your job experience.
- France resolves to shut the fuck up and leave world affairs to nations that aren't brought to their knees by weekly asparagus-farmer strikes. And then to fetch some ice for our Coca-Cola. *Garçon!* ▶

BY JACOB KALISH AND STEVEN RUSSELL



"Zowie—I bet she gives great head!"

■ We will stop registering at fancy hotels under the pseudonym P. Ness.

■ We resolve to be much more open about what we're feeling. Right now, for instance, we're feeling horny.

■ Al Qaeda sleeper cells resolve to hold regularly scheduled press conferences at a fixed location to curse the infidels and outline upcoming plots. (Really, you fellas are doing a bang-up job—why shouldn't you get a little exposure?)

■ Britney Spears promises to finally lose her virginity with a sensitive, respectful partner...live on Pay-Per-View.

■ We will stop swearing so much. Wait up—is "motherfuckingshitbagcocksucker" a swear word? If so, deal's off.

■ The NFL will sponsor a charity food drive in which fans are encouraged to "donate" canned goods at players who spend more time practicing end-zone dances than studying the playbook.



The U.S. Mint shall issue the 2003 penny in four new versions that better represent its worth.

■ China resolves to give Tibet back to its people—psych!

■ Natalie Portman resolves to stop calling us up in the middle of the night and then hanging up without saying anything. C'mon, Nat, you've gotta move on!

■ Congress shall follow up the popular tax rebate plan with the even more popular "every third drink is on the government" plan. A toast to bipartisanship!

■ We will stop exaggerating about the size of our love harpoons—11 inches is nothing to be ashamed of.

■ MTV swears to immediately put Warrant's "Cherry Pie" video back into heavy rotation, this time with those Warrant guys digitally removed.

■ We will be more considerate to our remaining hostages.

■ The Catholic Church shall stop referring to christening ceremonies as "wet 'n' wild pajama parties" in internal documents.

■ Miss America Pageant organizers promise to finally abolish the "interview" portion of competition and replace it with the "lap dance."

■ We will improve our vocab...vocabil...vocubu—list of big words we know.

■ Israel and the PLO resoive once and for all to settle their seemingly endless, intractable territorial conflict with a giant winner-takes-all game of Red Rover, Red Rover.

■ The British monarchy shall replace "God Save the Queen" with Sir Mix-A-Lot's "Baby Got Back." 'Cause have you seen Queen Elizabeth? Baby got back.

■ R. Kelly promises to make sure a girl is 18 before he urinates on her.

■ We will stop dropping acid. It's too hard to find it on the floor when we're tripping this hard. Aaargh—bats!

■ The Internet entrepreneur who told us in 1999 that he was going to "retire at 30" resolves to smile more while mopping out our bathroom. Happy birthday, whiz kid—here's a brand-new toilet brush!

■ To determine a more worthy winner, the Commission on Presidential Debates shall replace "rebuttal" with "kung fu."

■ Creed vows to stop bothering Jesus for inspiration and instead turn to the far more rockin' Satan.

■ Donald Duck, SpongeBob, He-Man, Snagglepuss, Peppermint Patty, Aquaman, and Porky Pig resolve to come out of the cartoon closet and star together in *The Super-Duper Gay Rainbow Kiddie Fun Hour.*

■ We will stop giggling every time a sports announcer says a coach is bringing a player off the field to "give him a blow."

■ Now that every 18-year-old girl's getting tattoos, the U.S. Navy resolves to begin uniforming its sailors in low-rider jeans and halter tops.

■ Animal-rights activists resolve that, since we share 99 percent of our DNA with monkeys, it's OK for us to go naked, eat bugs, and compulsively masturbate.

Styling, Liz Engelhardt; special effects makeup, Tara Meadows for aRT mix the agency; illustrations, John Sosnovsky (pennies, Oscar, MLB).



"And a sweat-thong eliminates panty lines."

■ David Caruso shall leave *C.S.I.:Miami* for the movie stardom normally associated with middle-aged, funny-looking, semi-talented guys.

■ *Meet the Press* host Tim Russert resolves to exercise his First Amendment rights by badgering Donald Rumsfeld about American unilateralism. And Rumsfeld vows to administer an on-air wedgie to Russert to demonstrate the foreign-policy principle that we can damn well do what we want and nobody is going to stop us.

■ We will love all people unconditionally and live in peace and harmony—right after we fry all the assholes.

■ Anyone who schedules his or her personal life around *American Idol 2* will undergo reeducation by being forced to watch 40 uninterrupted hours of Ramada Inn Lounge karaoke.

■ We will pay more attention to our wives and children—just as soon as they figure out a way to get on television.

■ George Lucas resolves to construct an actual working lightsaber—and then to cut off his own fat head with it as an apology for the last two *Star Wars* movies.

■ NBC resolves to change its slogan from "Must-See TV" to "TV That's Slightly Less Crappy Than Everything Else Except For HBO, Which Costs Extra."

■ To more accurately reflect their true market-prognostication abilities, government economists will reject durable-goods orders and GNP indexes for tarot cards and eye of newt.

■ We will picket our local cable company until they replace the Lifetime network with the Drunken Bar Fight network.

■ *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus* author John Gray resolves to step up and apologize to hermaphrodites for not figuring out where the heck they're from.

■ Jesse Ventura swears to single-handedly repair U.S.-Arab relations by holding a summit with the Iron Sheik.

■ We will adopt a healthier diet—by eating vegans.

■ We will start attending church on a regular basis. Hold on—church is on Sunday mornings? Sheesh! OK, then, we resolve to start our own church, every-other-Thursday-nights at McFurley's Pub. No cover for single ladies!

■ America's foremost scholars will determine why Lois Lane never asked Clark Kent to take off his glasses during sex.



The Oscars will present a new statuette for all awards given out after the first big musical production.

■ Randy Moss will be half as tough with defensive backs as he allegedly is with female traffic cops.

■ Those idiot TV executives who canceled *Caroline in the City* promise to put it back on. God, what were they thinking?

■ Our optometrist resolves to quit holding our testicles and making us cough 37 times to get our prescription checked. Er, your eye doctor doesn't make you do that?

■ We will stop annoying Special Olympics officials by claiming to be "special, too." (It's just that we *know* we could sweep the track-and-field events.)

■ The definition of "formalwear" shall be expanded to include sweatpants.

■ Buddhist monks shall replace transcendental meditation with the more spiritually fulfilling "party till you puke."

■ We resolve to march into Oprah's house every day at 4 P.M. and tell her how to live *her* life. That's right, girl!

■ Arms dealers will stop calling themselves that, because heaven knows you can never buy a decent arm from those jerks.

■ Necrophiliacs vow to be less domineering in their relationships.

■ We resolve to stop procrastinating. Why put off breaking our resolutions till tomorrow when we can do it today? M

Resolve to be the first on your block to submit your own resolutions at **maximonline.com.**

AULD LANG ZING!

DEAD MEN RESOLVING

Historical resolutions your punk-ass Western Civ professor didn't tell you about.

Adam: "Maybe Eve's right. I should lay off the junk food and start eating more fruit."

Julius Caesar: "I resolve to become ruler of the Roman Empire, reform the calendar, and nail a hot Egyptian broad. Oh, and get some new clothes—this toga makes me look like a frat boy."

Napoleon: "If ze United States is zilly enough to pay $15 million for zat Louisiana Territory, I shall take zeir money and run. Really, zat place has no decent bistros."

Thomas Alva Edison: "First, usher in modern age by inventing the light bulb. Second, change sissy middle name."

Harry Truman: "If those eggheads ever finish tinkering with that 'atomic' contraption, I resolve to drop it on somebody just to see what happens. I mean, they've worked so hard."

Ernest Hemingway: "If one more person tells me what a great writer I am, I'll kill myself!"



"Sorry, the melons aren't ripe yet."



CHICK TRICKS

We've infiltrated a foreign culture that has harbored and passed down mysterious but enormously useful information through the ages. They are called women—and these are their secrets.



Women have this sneaky trick that gives them a leg up on us guys: They talk to each other. In effect they've been doing reconnaissance work since the dawn of time. The men of *Maxim* have gone behind enemy lines to capture the best secrets women hold. Just don't go braggin' about it. If our girlfriends find out, they'll kill us.

Get your e-mails obeyed!

Women know that when you pretend to be nice to people, they're subconsciously more willing to do stuff for you in return. So wise up and start getting your way . . . by laying it on thick. Greet the recipient with his or her full name, throw in a personal remark ("Good to see you yesterday, and I loved the elegant Popeye tie"), and DON'T YELL!!! by using all caps or be a lazy-ass by never capitalizing. "It only takes a second to be polite, but it will make people think you actually care," says Jaimie, 21 (pictured far left). Your "casual" requests for stacks of office supplies to send to out-of-work cousins, well-deserved time off, or a quiet hand job after work (be careful about who's on your cc list!) will be better received if preceded by pleasantries.

Set the social agenda!

Ever find yourself wearing cucumber slices on your eyes and wondering how you wound up at a New Age spa instead of a sports bar? Women present their ideas as the default social agenda, and we're too lazy to challenge it. "Whenever I want to do something, whether it's see a girly movie or go to an out-of-the-way wine-and-cheese place, I just make plans for the night and then gradually say, 'Yes, we're going here and here,'" says Tara, 25. Next time your date says, "I dunno, whatever *you* wanna do," be decisive and you'll get your way—whether it's suggesting a steakhouse or an arena football game. (Hey, it's gonna be a tough ticket someday . . .)

Derail your superiors!

Want to let your blowhard boss know you're on board without sitting through another nasty monologue? When he says, "Johnson! Without some fucking leadership, this office will go to the shitter!" you say, "Without leadership, this office will go to the shitter. Got it." This does two things. "First off, repeating helps you actually remember stuff—like a group of people's names. But more importantly, repeating people's sentences back to them puts them on their heels," swears Kristen, 29. "They're hoping to launch into a tirade about their problems, but you can make them feel as if they've already said all there is to say, and you're off to solve ▶

BY LAURA GILBERT AND DAVID BLEND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANIEL GARRIGA



the problem." While he sits there trying to figure out what happened, you can excuse yourself to finish "that report" and resume your morning of surfing for midget porn.

Scam your way out of screwups!

So you show up for a lunch reservation with someone important—your boss, your in-laws, an exotic concubine—only to realize you sort of forgot to make the reservation. As a guy your first reaction is probably to scream at the concierge. Don't. And don't wimp out by apologizing profusely for creating the disaster. Instead, act indignant that it happened in the first place with the old, "I can't believe this! Dammit. I'm going to have to fix this myself!" In other words, make it look like it's somebody *else's* fault. It didn't work at Watergate, but, hey—they probably won't launch a congressional investigation into your case. "Act like someone else screwed up and the person will actually admire that you are taking care of the situation and not remember that you caused it," says Maureen, 23.

Upgrade everything!

To score roomier airline seats or a penthouse suite at the hotel, play the sympathy card your girlfriend has dealt you time and again. "Make up a story that'll win you some points and lay it on the nearest female ticket agent or hotel clerk, who'll be more understanding of your 'predicament,'" says Jane, 30. "Avoid the guy pitfall of being confrontational and demanding. Instead, use convincing language: Replace 'What can you do for me?' with 'Can anything be done?'" If you're upgrading your girlfriend, this rule may not apply.

'We call it gossip; you can call it insider info. But it's how you get ahead at work,' says Deirdre, 25.

Make your lies stick!

Everyone knows that women lie better than men, as evidenced by the phrase "Don't worry, it happens to a lot of guys." Take a cue from the Golden Girly Rule of Lying: Keep it simple. Heroic exaggeration about the baby you pulled out of a fire on the way home from work makes you sound a *tad* too suspicious. "Plus, the fewer details a woman has to work with, the less she can actually prove you're lying," says Jane, 25.

Steal corporate secrets!

If you hang out with the guys at the office, you'll learn that Barry Bonds took another pitcher downtown last night, perhaps for ice cream. Fascinating—but not all that useful in furthering your career. There's an alternative. "If a guy wants to know about the real politics in an office, he should spend his breaks and lunches with the women," says Deirdre, 25 (pictured above, left). If you hang out with the girls, you'll get the lowdown on hirings, firings, office affairs, and employee gastrointestinal crises. Dismiss it as gossip and you miss the point: It's insider information, and it *will* be useful. The first step in getting into the loop is giving the girls some ammo to work with. Just mention some conversation you overheard your supervisor having with his S.O. (significant other) or P.O. (parole officer) and the ladies who lunch on innuendo will leap at the chance to dish whatever *they* know. You win!

Dump her the easy way!

Women are all about being passive-aggressive, so they'll appreciate your ability to ditch a chick who's starting to be as attractive to you as a three-day-old beer. Skip the pithy excuses and pity dates, and get right to ignoring her phone calls. As it turns out, girls are already well-acquainted with the no-callback treatment, so they'll recognize your strategy and appreciate the fact that you spared them the humiliation

of hearing how little you ever want to see them again. "If she calls, don't call back," says Jane, 29. "Everybody knows what it means . . . and it's legit as long as you haven't been on more than five dates together." That "everybody" includes everyone except that girl who's currently climbing through your window to make sure your answering machine works.

Escape any argument!

When you're in the middle of a fight with your girlfriend about something you don't give a crap about, stop the kvetch train just by saying, "I'm sorry." Those two words will save you a lot of hassle. "Women do it all the time to get people off their backs. Best part: You don't even have to go into detail about why you're sorry," says Leslie, 30. "Just feign sensitivity with those words and any girl will shut up." Bonus: You'll get credit for sensitivity in the bargain. Then make a quick retreat for the couch before you stir up reminders of any other infractions.

You pussy...open that jar!

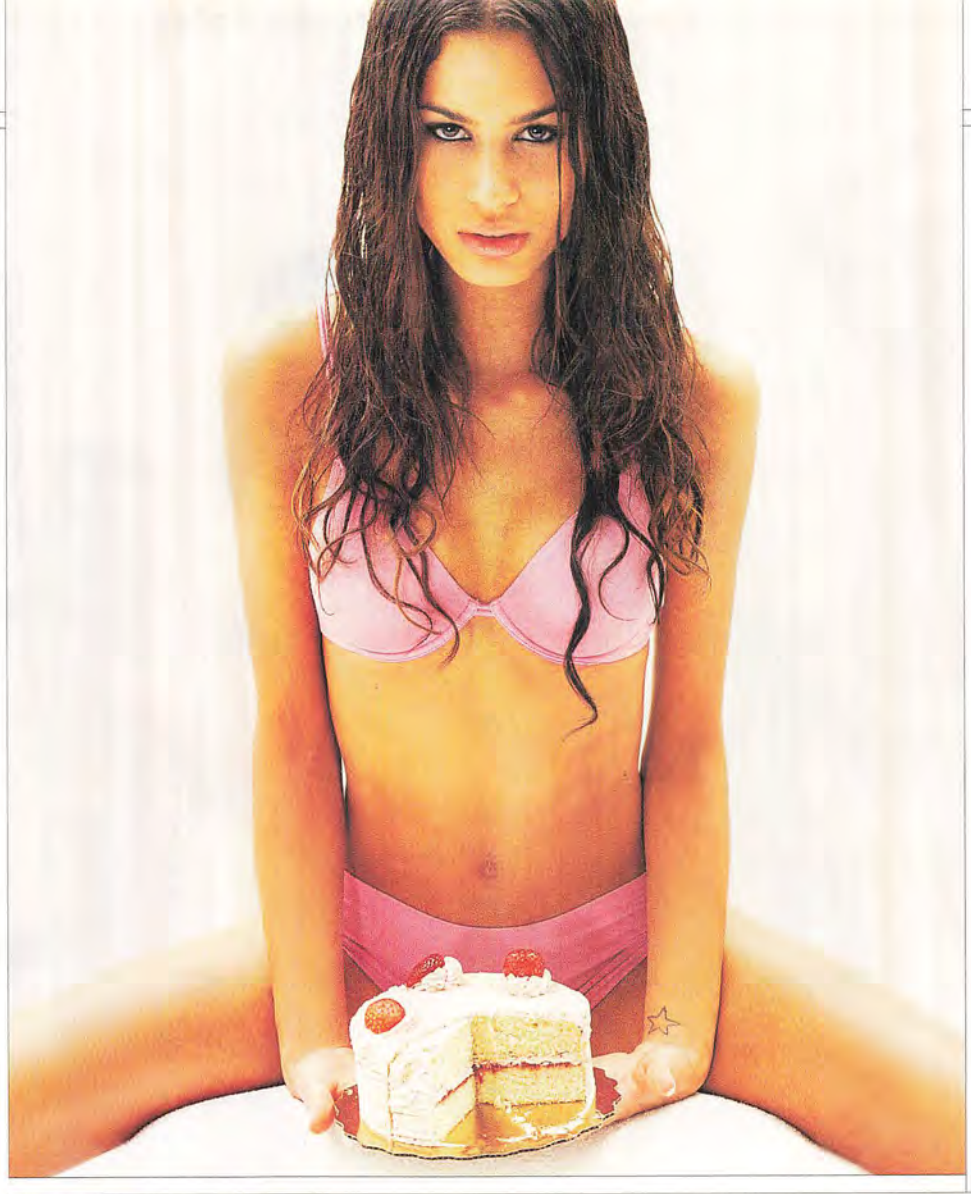
You know you're a man if you're asked by neighbors, relatives, or cute chicks to open up a bedeviling glass jar. But when you huff and puff and still can't unseal the lid, you've essentially failed the universal male litmus test. Women are smarter than that because they *have* to be when there isn't a brawny guy like you around. Bang all around the rim with a butter knife or, suggests Wendy, 28, "Put a flat screwdriver under the lid a little, let some air out, and then unscrew it."

Dress for success!

One bad element in your outfit and you can blow an interview—or screw up the deal at a bar. If there's one thing girls have the inside track on, it's accessorizing. "My rule of thumb on dressing is if you think even for a second it might look bad, it probably does," says Kandace, 30. Keep that in mind and ban the following items: all jewelry but a wedding ring, mandals, ascots, V-neck sweaters without a T-shirt, and anything that exposes chest or back hair. Only wear a beret if you're French or in Special Ops.

Stock a kitchen!

Women are great inventory managers; they just seem to know what needs to be stored. "Think of your house as an upscale bomb shelter," says Giselle, 24 (pictured above). "Stock up on stuff that has a long shelf life but is a little more sophisticated than Spam." Fill up on nonperishable and long-life essentials: onion, garlic, lemon juice, canned tomatoes, pasta, crackers, olives. Bonus: Girls will think you know good food—and they'll cook harder for *you.* ▶



Styling, Paula Kowalczyk; makeup, Elisa Flowers (Bernstein & Andriulli); hair, Yoav (Bernstein & Andriulli)

THE FIX-IT SHOP

When it comes to grooming problems, gals know what's in store. By Rosie Amodio



PROBLEM: You skipped a cut and the 'fro is outtasight.
THE FIX: Pantene Pro-V Frizz Control Smoothing Crème ($7) will keep your waves moist and under control without the crunchy car-salesman effect.



PROBLEM: Your pals stripped your passed-out body and left you to fry in the Tijuana sun.
THE FIX: After Sun Aloe Soother by Kiss My Face ($6). It's topical Advil that cools—like your girl on a good day.



PROBLEM: Your lizard lips are scaring off dates.
THE FIX: Stop the cracking without adding a girly shine with Blistex Clear Advance lip balm ($2). A dab'll do ya all day, so you don't need to tote the tube around.



PROBLEM: Mosquitoes threaten to ruin your outdoor amateur porn video shoot.
THE FIX: Never fear: Off! Skintastic Family Formula insect repellent ($5) works great and comes in a spritz bottle.



PROBLEM: Ingrown hairs are pimplifying your puss.
THE FIX: Tweezerman Scissortweeze tweezers ($20) with slant tips for tough hairs and finger holes for easy grip. Your ugly mug is *your* problem.



"Your're having my what?"



Pack like a little girl!

This doesn't mean line your luggage with 18 pairs of shoes. Take your cues from women and start packing more efficiently—and your clothes will stop coming out as wrinkled as Strom Thurmond's ass. Predictably, women have perfected a time-honored technique. "Fold in your sleeves, then roll up each piece of clothing tightly, and toss underwear and socks into the the corners of your suitcase to keep things from getting moved around too much during travel." says Elia, 29. The phat rolls will keep your clothes reasonably smooth, and you'll be able to fit more stuff into your Samsonite. You'll also be less likely to be singled out for full cavity search at airports.

Start fights...and win!

"The best way to defuse a fight is to start it yourself," advises Paulette, 23 (pictured above, front left). "I feel like a traitor saying this, but girls do it all the time to turn the tables when we think you're mad at us." See a smackdown coming? Bring up a battle you know you'll win and you'll have control. Plus, when the fight is finally over, you'll earn nice-guy points for being proactive about addressing relationship kinks. Then make it seem like you're letting bygones be bygones when you conclude by saying you don't want to go to bed angry. All this will make your girlfriend forget what she was mad about in the first place. Move ahead two spaces to make-up sex—obviously the real bonus in this devil's bargain.

'The best way to defuse a fight? Start it yourself,' advises Paulette, 23.

Use the silent treatment!

No one knows better than you and the Viet Cong how icy silence can mess with your mind. This freaky technique may not work with women, but professional mind games may get results in the office. "I had one boyfriend who told me just how confused and scared it made him when I shut him out *[Ed. note: wussarama!]*, so I realized I could do the same thing to my coworkers," says Helen, 29. So if you're peeved that someone's stealing your ideas, getting your office, or just cutting too much cheese, start acting like he's not even there. He'll assume you either know something he doesn't or are plotting something scary (like a workplace shooting spree), and he'll become increasingly paranoid. Bonus: You'll be sparing yourself a front-row seat to his captivating Friday-morning "Did you guys see *Friends* last night?" performance.

Get her to kink it up!

When it comes to firing things up in bed, girls like to spin it so it seems as if they heard about somebody else's kinky shit. The logic: If you're not into the idea, at least you won't think they're sluts. "If I'm looking to do something a little edgy in bed, I use the old 'I read in *Cosmo* that guys love it when you...'—fill in the blank," admits Darlene, 27. "It's a great way to open up the topic without saying, 'Do this to me now.'" While she may not jump at your



suggestion to play hide the salami on a mixed-assortment deli sampler, at least you'll have broached the topic. So try it—you have nothing to lose except your self-esteem when she dumps you and circulates pictures of you in fishnets and a pair of Depends.

Ditch social obligations!

You're a guy: When somebody dies, you'd rather get a rubdown with fishing tackle than talk about it. The result? She's pissed, and you may as well be dead. But there is an easier, more productive path, well-trod by women. (There's that International Secret Society again!) When someone you love has someone they love take a sudden dirt nap, mail a sympathy card. "It's so hard to say the perfect thing when a friend's relative dies," says Amy, 27. "So I just get a simple card, write, 'Thinking of you. Let me know if I can help,' and mail it." Need some other quick, painless, get-out-of-jail-free techniques? If you want to score points for a housewarming, buy a $15 to $20 plant. Cousin's getting married and you don't want to go? Call the store where the couple's registered and let them pick their gift (spend $50 if you're single, $75 for a couple). And if someone has just spit out a rug-rat, hit Baby Gap for a $20 to $25 gift card. Done.

Use compliments to get results!

Nothing breaks the ice like a little well-placed ass-kissing. It may make you feel weak, but it works! "If I'm struggling to make conversation, I just compliment the person," says Deirdre, 25 (pictured above). "But the way I take them off guard is by picking something the person's not expecting: If he's obviously a geek, I'll say he's 'very intense,' or if someone's wearing a loud shirt, I'll comment on his 'spiritual nature.'"

Learn to shop!

Just kidding . . . the advice here, obviously, is to get a girlfriend. She'll love shopping for you, you'll love *not* shopping—peace on Earth. M

GIRL FOR A DAY

Women act girly to get any damn thing they want. Could a guy do the same?* Chris Connolly *finds out the hard way.

ASSIGNMENT: Use flirty tactics to cut in line, get free drinks, cheat at pool, and fool the cops. Maybe.

MISSION: Cut in line at a club
TACTIC: Play dumb
OUTCOME: A near-death experience. I went to a place that always has a huge line and walked to the front. Handing the bouncer my ID, I flashed my sexiest smile. True, the look he returned might best be described as "lust"; unfortunately, it was "blood lust." He didn't address me; he pointed to the end of the line with his huge flashlight with all the *joie de vivre* of a hitman.
CONCLUSION: Bouncers are territorial animals. Unless you represent a breeding opportunity, respect their borders. At least I think that's why he peed on my leg.

MISSION: Get a free drink
TACTIC: Expose cleavage
OUTCOME: Request denied. I wore a bowling shirt with the top four buttons undone. By bringing my shoulders together, I was able to expose about three inches of tempting, if overly hairy, boob. I zeroed in on a smallish guy, slouched against the bar next to him, and asked what he was drinking. He replied with a terse "beer." I leaned down to give him an eyeful of my tasty rack and asked if he'd buy me one. He walked away. Just my luck—I pick a married guy!
CONCLUSION: If your ta-tas are as hairy as mine, bring your wallet.

MISSION: Cheat at pool
TACTIC: Girlish giggling
OUTCOME: Score! I was playing pool with da boys and invoked the fictitious "inch rule." Faced with a tough shot, I inserted my stick between the cue ball and the rail. While I did this I giggled like a fourth grader who just heard the word *vagina*. This threw my friends off guard, and they hardly noticed I was cheating.
CONCLUSION: Guys are suckers for a pretty face . . . or even a tittering idiot.

MISSION: Weasel out of a ticket
TACTIC: Invent excuses, bat eyelashes, compliment cop
OUTCOME: As he strolled up to my car, I got a look at his night stick: battered and blotchy with old bloodstains. No deal, *Maxim*—find yourselves another guinea pig.
CONCLUSION: I may be a big pussy, but it beats being on my knees by the front seat fishing for the rest of my bloody teeth.



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ALL LETTERS ON FILE

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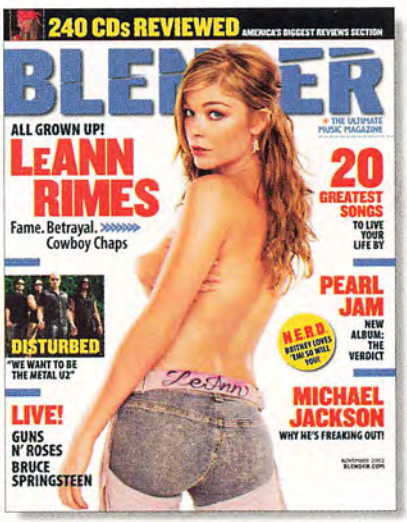
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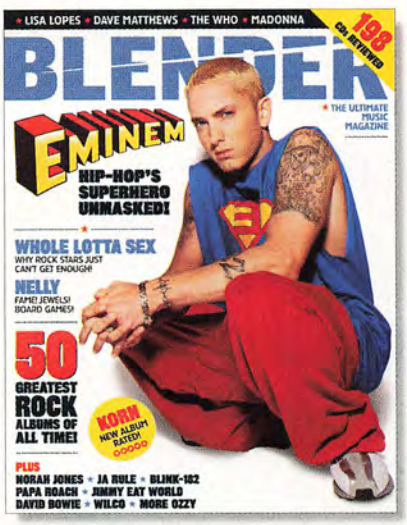
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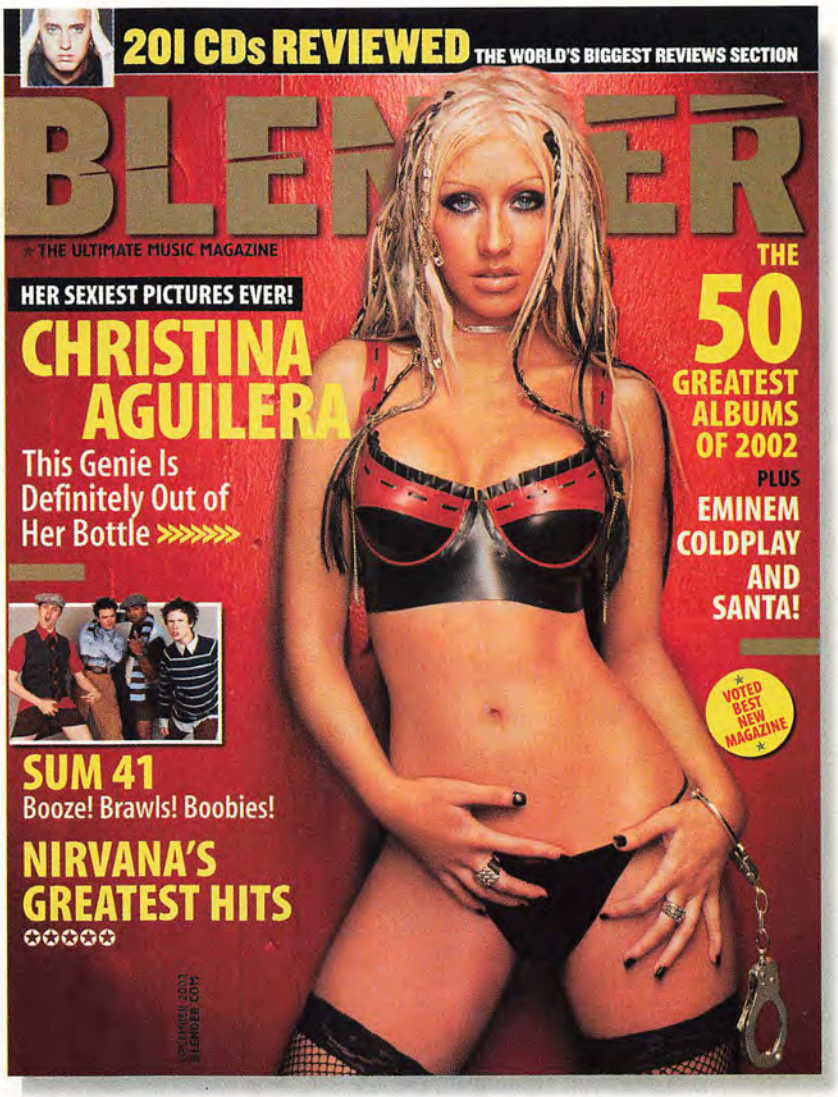
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***Gangs of New York*'s Eva Henger reveals her comedic side on Italian TV and, um, pretty much everything else in her porn career. But only *we* were able to reveal her love of strong-arming stalkers.** INTERVIEW BY ROSIE AMODIO

Eva Lasting Lust

Stop us if you've heard this one before. This former Miss Hungary is already a big star in Italy. She's managed not only to steal scenes in such art-house favorites as *Anal Delights* and *Sins of the Throat* but also to carve herself a nice little career as a comic actress—starring on two sketch-comedy shows on Italian TV. In between she's appeared in mainstream movies in her adopted home. Eva's now ready to conquer America with a small role in the anxiously awaited musical comedy *Gangs of New York*, opposite Leo DiCaprio and Cameron Diaz. In adorably broken English, Eva tells us about her role as a madam whose bordello is host to a screen-searing orgy. Sort of brings a delightful new dimension to gangbanging.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLIE LANGELLA



Trust us, there are no small bordello madam roles:
"In the movie I play a madam. They wanted someone who could play this role that involved a lot of nudity. And I said, 'I want to do it. I don't really have a problem playing erotic parts.' I figured that even a small role like this—but with Martin Scorsese—is still important."

Why she embraced *Gang* life:
"I was on the set for about two weeks to film my one scene. Scorsese insists that everyone be there from 6 A.M. on. Then he decides what to film. It's a little bit like school, except that it was more fun. No, really. Everyone was always joking around and acting silly."

Look! She speaks Latin, too!
"More than anything, I was surprised by the fact that Daniel Day-Lewis had his nose broken in a fight scene with DiCaprio. But he just continued the scene despite the pain and the blood. I would've cried; he was happy because the scene came out well. Cinéma vérité, I guess."

On connecting with her public:
"This one time a lunatic stalked me for two years. He wasn't even that ugly. He was young but out of his mind. I'd call the police, and they wouldn't do anything, because they said he wasn't breaking any laws. So I decided to take more 'radical' measures to get rid of him." [We asked for details, but she just growled, possibly implying she had *Gang* connections. Apparently, this Leo fellow is not one to be trifled with!]

Her odd mating habits:
"I'm on this show called *Cocktail D'Amore (Love Cocktail)*. It's kind of like the *Saturday Night Live* of Italy, but it parodies '80s TV shows. It's not often that women can be funny *and* sexy. I like that I've mated eroticism with comedy."

The international language of lust:
"I started taking English lessons because I was fed up with not knowing what people were saying. Everyone speaks English—even in Rome, where I live—and I couldn't understand a word. I was always paranoid that they were saying bad stuff about me or that I was missing out on funny stuff."

Her recipe for love:
"I think it's true that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but I have other methods. *[laughs]* I can't say what they are, but they're a little more unorthodox than baking—if you know what I mean." M



Styling, Karen Shapiro; makeup, Donna Fumoso; hair, Shalom for TWI, NYC. Shot on location at Inwood Hill Park, NYC.


'It's not often that a woman
can be funny *and* sexy.'



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Gaze Donuts

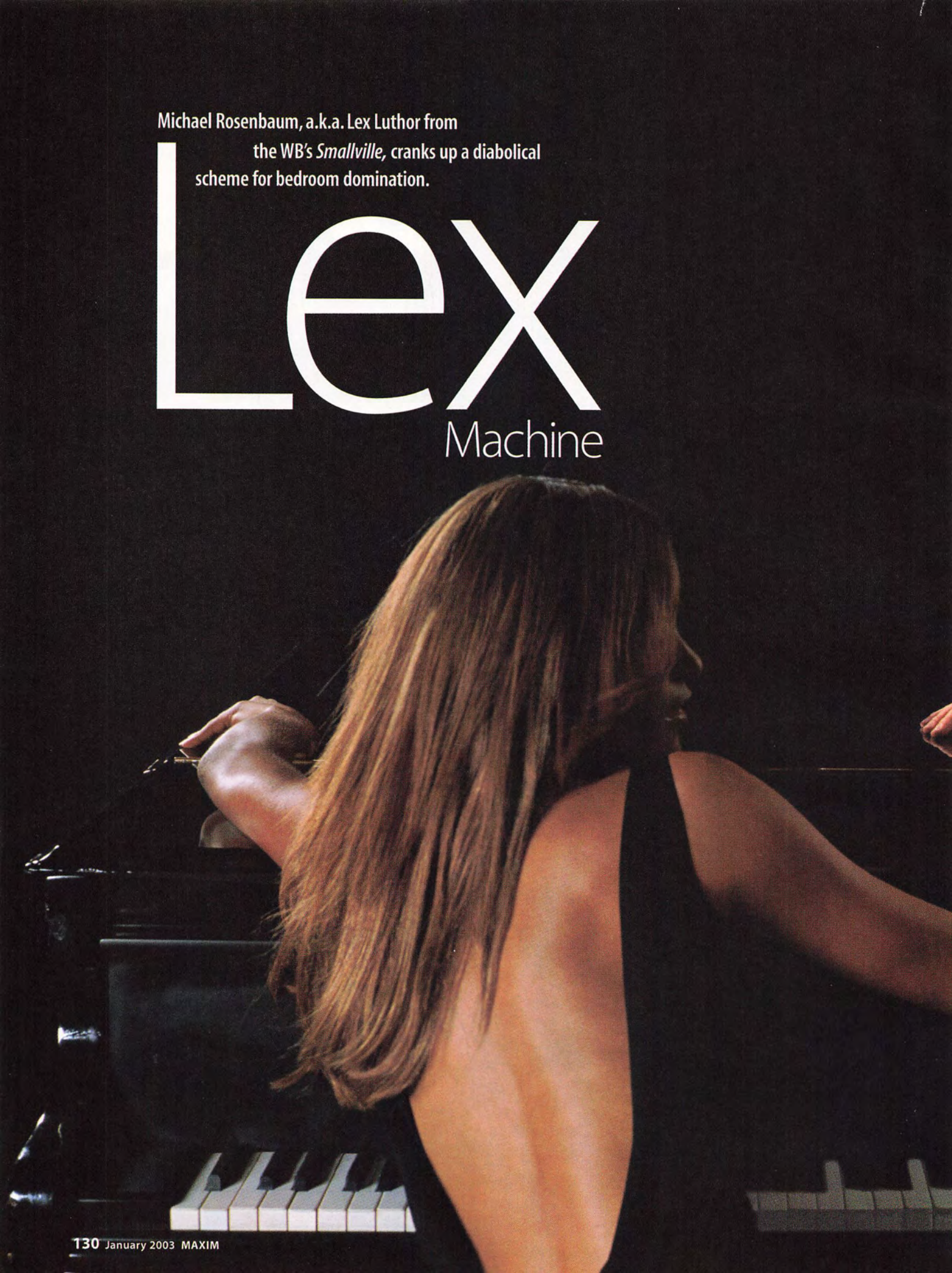
Enjoy the tasty powder and keep your eyes flake-free with these wicked goggles from Oakley, **$120.** Sweater, **$98,** by Guess?; jacket, **$98,** by Gap; cap, **$18,** by American Eagle Outfitters. **On her:** Sweater by Guess?; pants and accessories by American Eagle Outfitters; boots by UGG Australia.

Special-effects makeup, Lorin Cole for Bernstein and Andriulli; makeup, Andie Markoe Byrne; set design, jesse for Kaboom. For buying information, see page 154.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK MANN STYLING BY MARIA RUOCCO

Michael Rosenbaum, a.k.a. Lex Luthor from the WB's *Smallville,* cranks up a diabolical scheme for bedroom domination.

Lex Machine





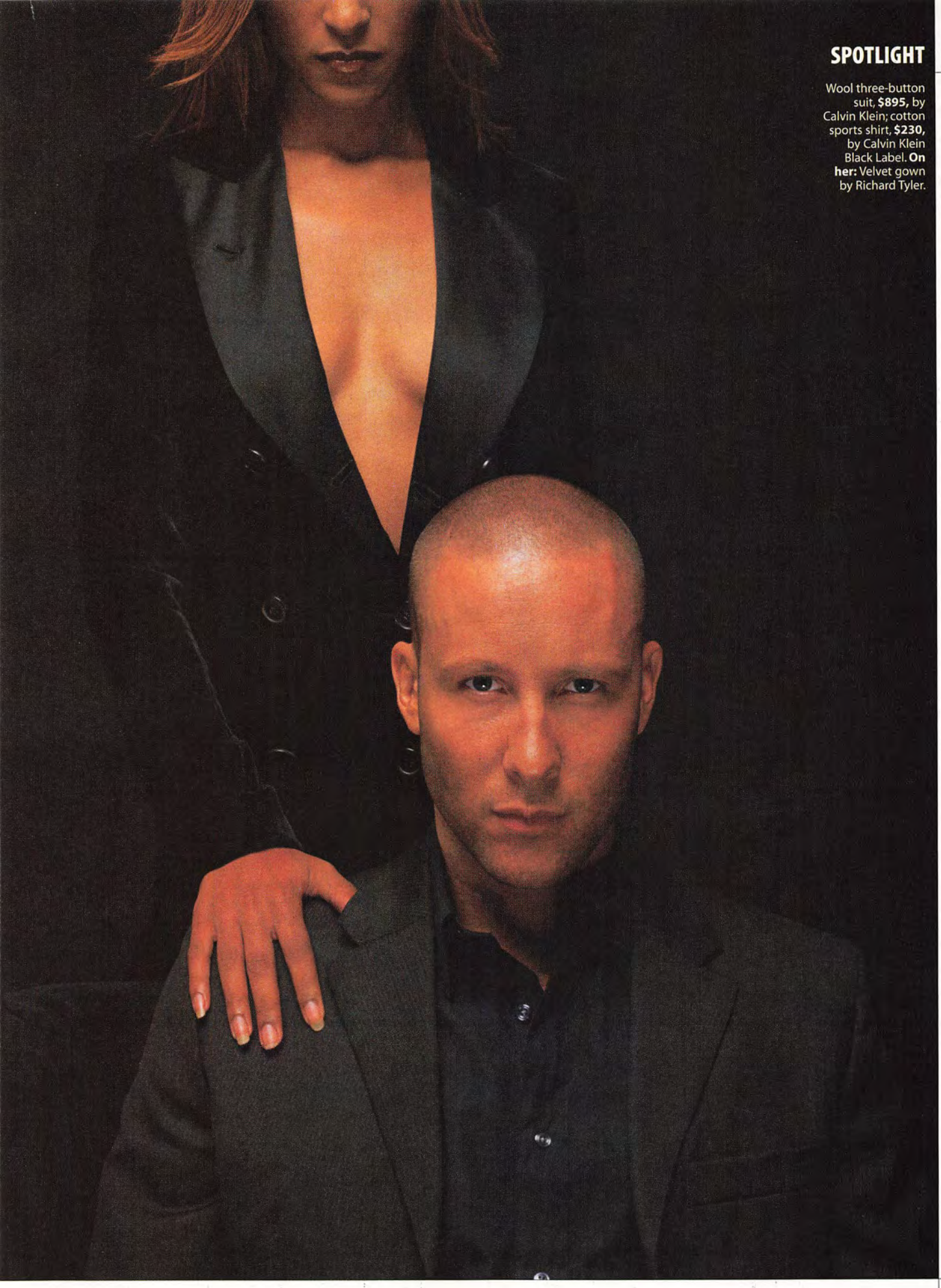
Wool tuxedo, **$995,** and cotton shirt, **$70,** both by BOSS Hugo Boss. **On her:** Crepe gown by Escada.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NIGEL PARRY
STYLING BY VINCENT BOUCHER FOR CELESTINE



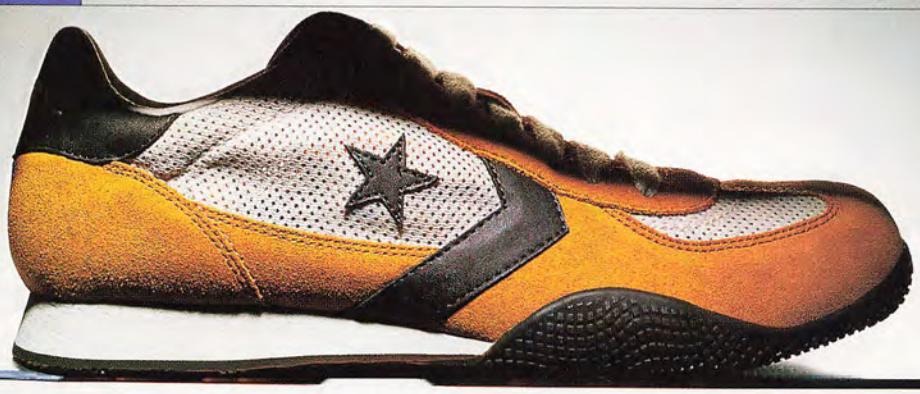
Cotton poplin shirt, **$165,** by Michael Kors. **On her:** Beaded gown by Swarovski.

Grooming, Diana Schmidtke using Alterna for Celestine; makeup, Marie Josee LeDuc for Celestine; props, Ali Blankley. For buying information, see page 154.



SPOTLIGHT

Wool three-button suit, **$895,** by Calvin Klein; cotton sports shirt, **$230,** by Calvin Klein Black Label. **On her:** Velvet gown by Richard Tyler.



Targa, $60, by Converse



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Classic Runner, $60, by Reebok Classics



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Cortez, $55, by Nike



815, $50, by Avia



Samba, $50, by Adidas

For buying information, see page 154.

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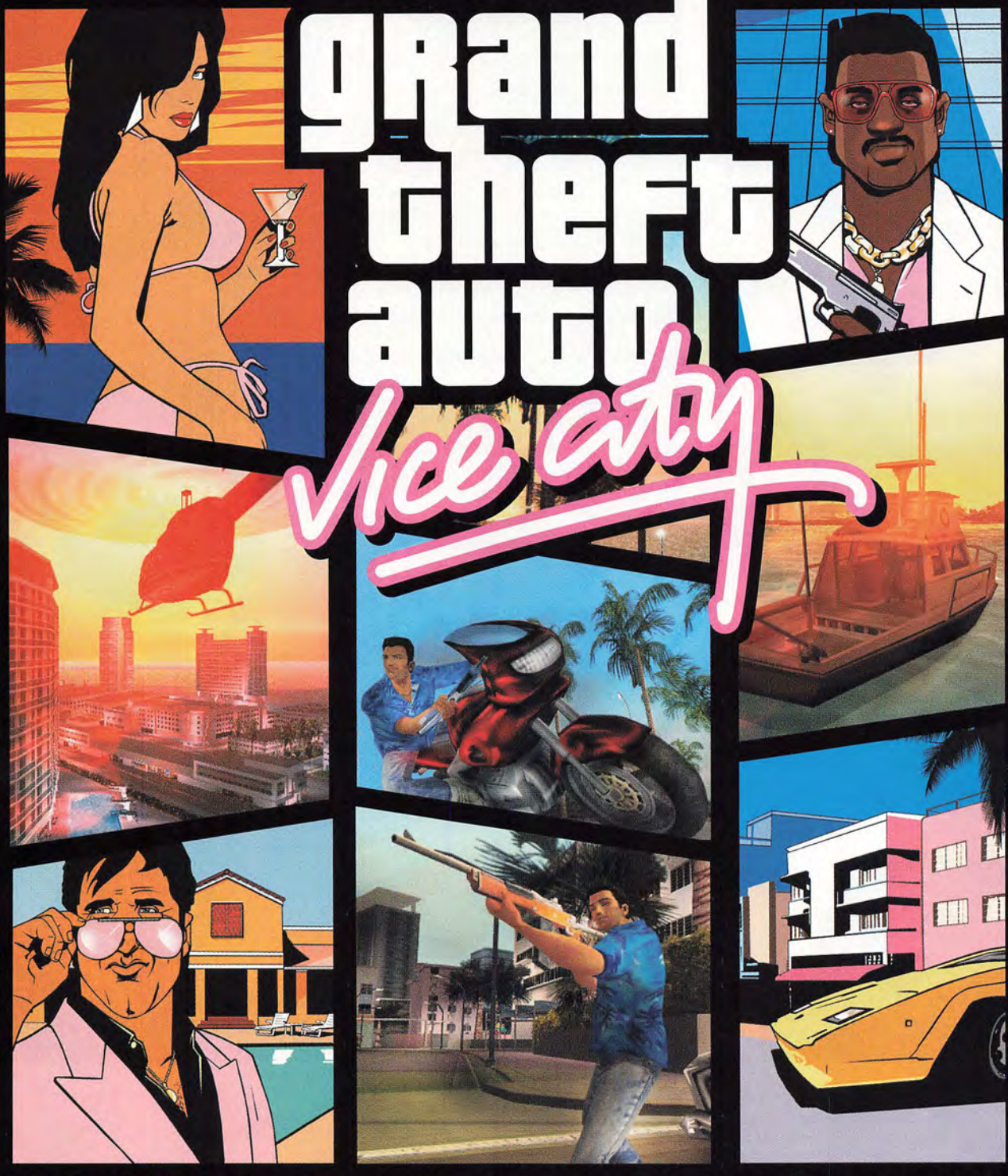
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PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN LAWTON

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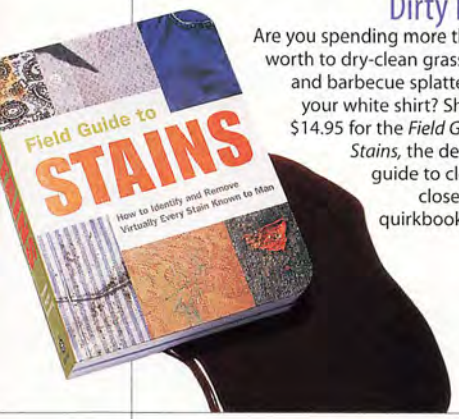
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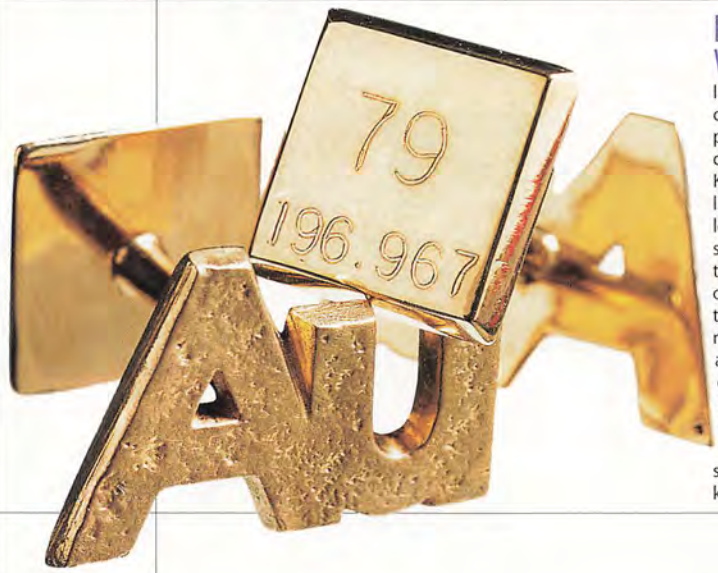
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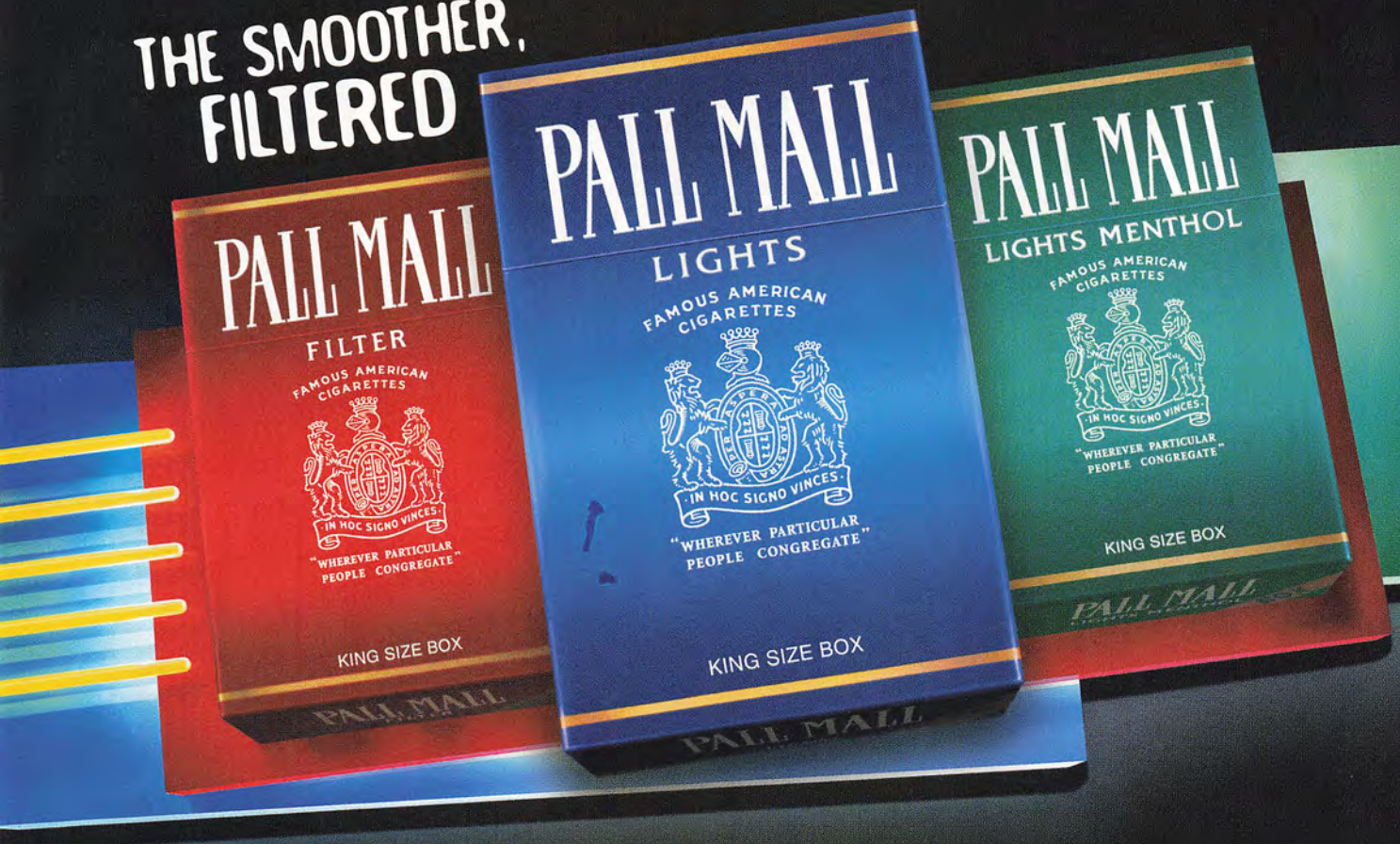


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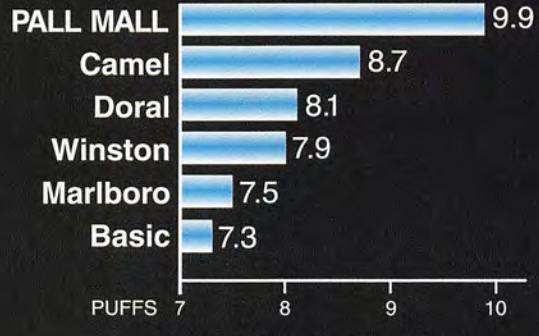
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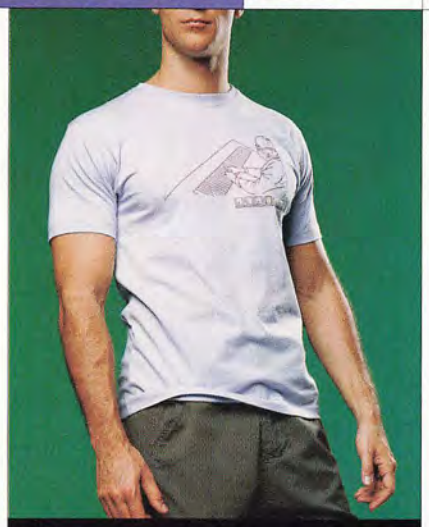


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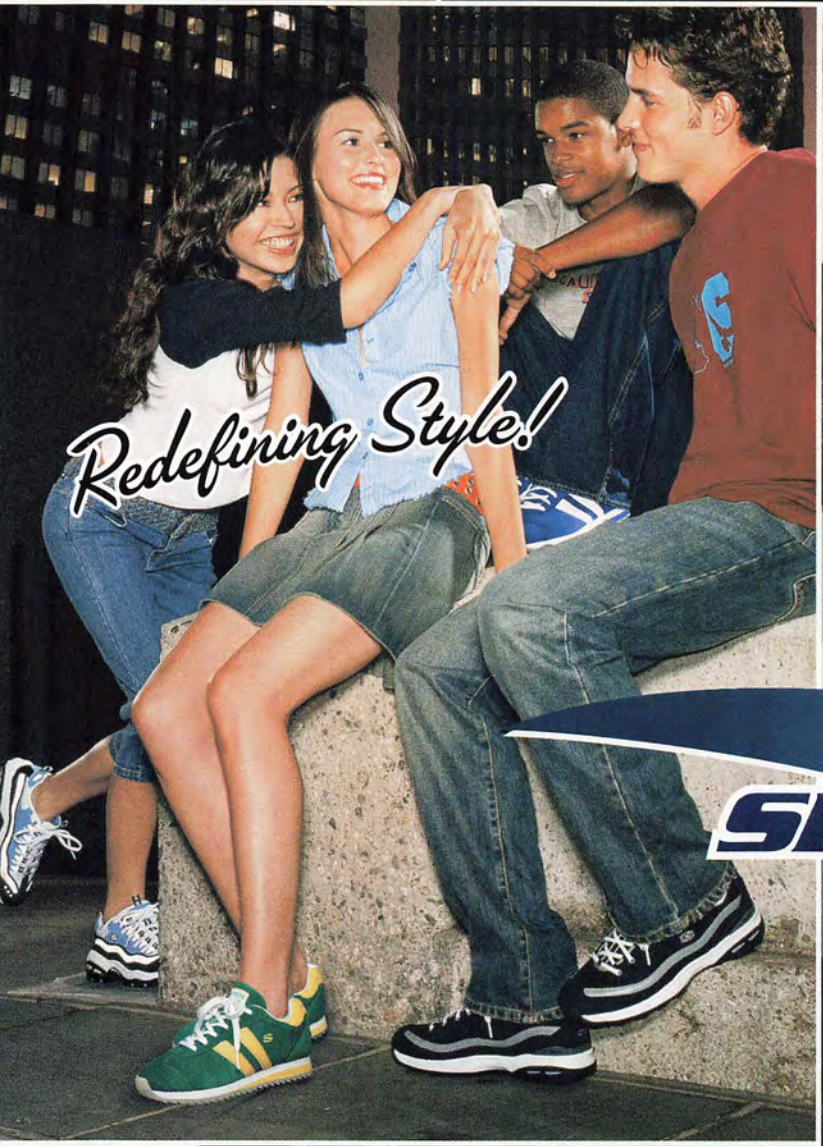
Blood
Strong Language
Violence

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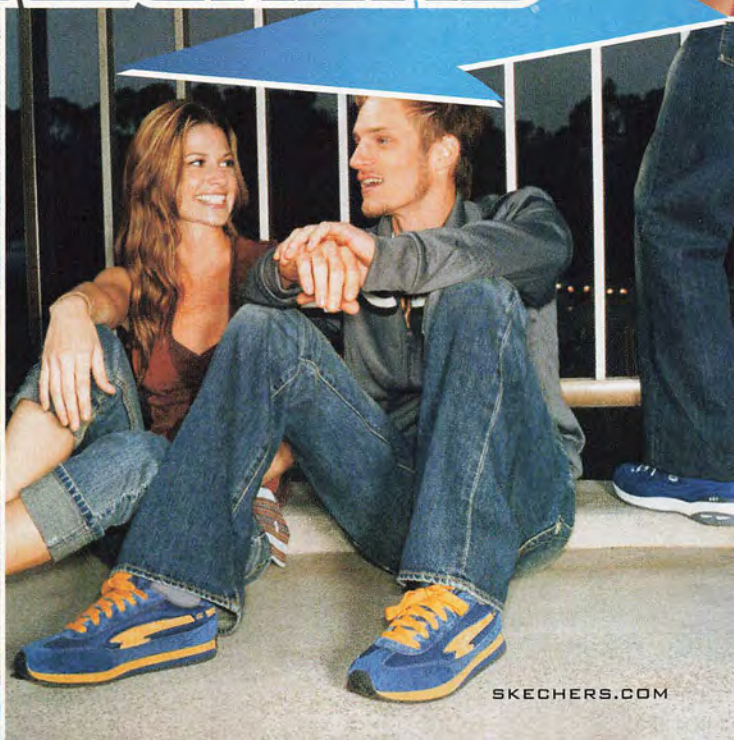




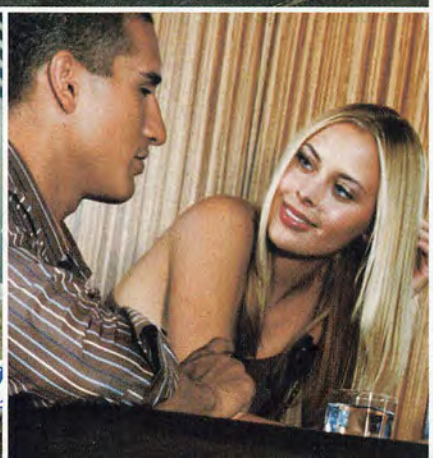




SKECHERS







Contents

Everything you need to keep your life from sucking!

Grab Bag
Full-frontal body armor, a supersonic sucker-upper, tunes, and more! **p.146**

Forks Down, Fat Boys!
Six beer-bellied porkers forced to starve for your amusement. What will we think of next? **p.148**

Top Gear



Photograph: Kaz Arahama; props: Eyal Baruch

SHOW AND TELL

Peekaboo, she sees you...

We've seen the future, and it's on the phone. So that budding starlet you've been dating just moved to L.A. Tough luck not seeing that rack every day, huh? But get yourself a pair of Beamers ($500) and she can tuck you in with a nightly naughty video call. For the same cost as a regular phone call, Beamer streams video (up to 15 frames per second) over any analog line. And if you're using it to call in sick, turn on the privacy option, which stops video transmission. Or at least hide the hookers and the trapeze. (*Aboutbeamer.com*)

GRAB BAG

You know the old saying: Whoever dies with the most vacuum cleaners, T-shirts, decanters, audio systems, toy cars, radios, inflatable speakers, and armor wins.

BY RUSTY TROMBONE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHIN OHIRA

2



3



4



5





1. SHARP SD-EX 100 ONE-BIT AUDIO ($500)
Despite their differences, all audio formats have one thing in common: Through a cheap amplifier, they sound like crap. Sharp's new one-bit processing creates a pure digital signal path from source to speaker, which means you'll hear more than you thought was on your disc. Including those whispered orders to *kill. . . kill. . . (Sharpusa.com)*

6



7





8. SAMURAI ARMOR ($4,000)
Centuries before Godzilla laid waste to their quaint koi ponds, mighty Japanese samurai crossed swords in flashy armor like this. Men feared it. Chicks dug it. And now you can buy it. Handcrafted of forged metal and decorated in brilliant silks, this is a 74-pound wearable work of historic art. Warrior spirit not included. *(Swordsonline.com)*

2. MT. BEAVER CAMP TEE ($20)
Oh, those treasured memories of summer camp. Canoeing on the lake, silly sing-alongs and spooky stories by the campfire, making s'mores, wild lesbian bra-and-panty pillow fights with the other girls . . . whoops! Those must be somebody else's memories. Never been there, never did that. But, what the hell, at least we have the cheeky, conversation-starting T-shirt. *(Gyromart.com)*

3. DYSON DC07 HEPA ($400)
Did you hear the one about the conventional vacuum cleaner? It sucks. No, seriously. With its cumbersome bag and filter design, the average vacuum cleaner is a woefully inefficient remnant of darker, more ignorant times. But this *Jetsons*-esque, candy-colored Dyson—just four pounds with a 17-foot quick-draw hose—has a powerful, revolutionary motor and canister system that never loses suction. Don't ya just wish that were true of all your attachments? *(Dyson.com)*

4. RADIOSHACK ZIPZAPS ($20)
Finally, an affordable car. You may have to lose some weight, though. And height. And dignity. RadioShack's ZipZaps are the latest, and littlest, in remote-control technology. At a 1:64 scale, these guys are about the size of Hot Wheels. You can build them, customize them, charge them for 45 to 60 seconds, and then taunt nervous house pets for about five minutes. And they're interchangeable—just snap off the chassis and try different motors for varying levels of control and speed. Get ready to drag for tiny pink slips! *(Zipzaps.com)*

5. ELLULA HOTAIR SPEAKERS ($50)
Sssss. Sssss. Wait, this isn't the blowup doll we ordered! But it's just as cool. The world's first inflatable speakers expand from about three inches tall to nine inches of day-glowing, sound-blasting surrealistic pillows faster than you can say "Blow me." Just put your lips around the protruding tip and start helping. (You know . . . like Mommy helps Daddy!) Plug the 10-watt speakers into an iPod, CD player, game system, or any other source and you're in business. No, not that kinda business, you perv! *(Ellula.com)*

6. CAPTAIN'S DECANTER ($30)
Arr, matey! 'Tis a bitch of a life for an alcoholic on the high seas, arr. Ye got to hold ye bottle in ye hand or ye run the risk of spillage. And that leaves only ye hook free for stroking the parrot, if you know what we mean, arr. What ye need is a fine glass decanter, like this'n with ye wide bottom (nine inches) to hold her steady and let ye fine wine aerate more quickly. Now where's me Dramamine, arr? *(Uncommongoods.com)*

7. TIVOLI AUDIO PAL RADIO ($130)
You never think twice about portable radios until you've listened to a really good one. Henry Kloss (the "K" in KLH loudspeakers) crams his excellent Model One tuner into this 6"x3.5"x4" rubberized portable, available in wacky colors like "yellow." And it's weather-resistant, so you can puke on it. Or at least near it. *(Tivoliaudio.com)*

Top Gear Torture Test

DIET SQUAD

Happy New Year—you're fat! But which diets will get you slim, and which are just shady?

Hell, even if you aren't among the 59 million obese Americans, shedding 10 pounds may help get you laid—and isn't that reason enough to starve? To find out we forced six pudgy guys onto six controversial diets—no cheating, no bitching, no excuses. OK, there was some cheating and *a lot* of bitching, but nobody died. Forks down, fat boys!



"Ohmm...my God, get me a ham."

SUBWAY

Soup to nuts: Subway's 425-pound mouthpiece Jared Fogle shit out 2.5 Calista Flockharts in under a year by consuming nothing but coffee for breakfast, a six-inch turkey sub (no cheese, no mayo) for lunch, and a foot-long veggie sub for dinner. Now he's a lean, mean doofus!

Victim: Senior associate editor Alex Straus (5'10", 185 pounds) is one of those girly-guys who say, "I just want to lose my little tummy." So we stuck him with the goofiest diet this side of a Matthew Perry "painkiller" binge.

His hell: "By week two every joker at my local Subway was calling me Jared Jr.," Alex grumbles around his 834th mouthful of turkey sub. "I walk in and they all yell, 'J. J., you lookin' dyn-o-mite!' I will hurt them soon."

The lying game: "I was most miserable in the mornings, 'cause I knew I wouldn't be eating until 2 P.M. But I did it. Dinner was another story. Ever try bringing a date to Subway?"

The weigh-in: 11.5 pounds lost.

The skinny: Of course it works. On 600 calories a day, Mini-Me would shrivel up and die. Subway sucks—we're taking the bus to KFC. **(3/10)**



EAZYPATCH

Soup to nuts: EaZyPatch is a "transdermal dietary aide" made of herbal supplements. Just stick it on your body and it promises to "increase mental alertness, decrease appetite, and elevate your mood." Wow, just like crank. But unlike nice recreational drugs, it comes with "dietary guidelines" and an "exercise program." Yeesh.

Victim: Talk about one foot in the grave: Jon is a 5'9", 206-pound suburbanized married guy with no job and two kids. And, by the looks of him, kid number three may shoot out of his navel any minute.

His hell: "The first three days were great," says Jon. "Then, on day five, I woke up with this strange, tightening pain in my solar plexus." Sorry, buddy—you signed the release.

The lying game: "Nobody told me I had to eat less and exercise," Jon bitches. "If I wanted to do all that, I'd still be dating Richard Simmons."

The weigh-in: Six pounds gained.

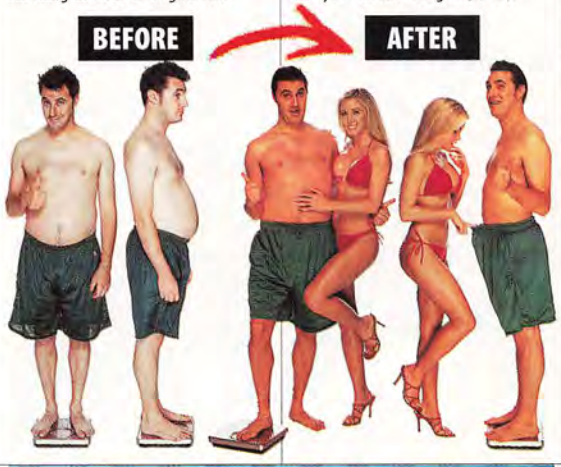
The skinny: News flash! You can eat less, exercise, and rip off body hair without paying $60 for a month's worth of stupid patches. Bottom line: The Patch is a crock. **(0/10)**



'Every joker at my local Subway called me Jared Jr.'

WEIGHT WATCHERS

Soup to nuts: Eat whatever you want; we'll keep score. That's the philosophy behind this lardo-coddling program. Every food is assigned a point value in WW's 256-page blubber bible. Exceeding your daily point total is punishable by spandex.
Victim: "I'm fat," six-foot, 180-pound assistant editor Steve Kandell admits. "Not *SNL* comedian fat, but I'm having trouble seeing my balls without a mirror." So you've tried that, Stevie?
His hell: "The WW meetings were a trip," Steve reports. "I'd sit in the back, scanning the crowd for girls with body issues. Now I have my own Cool Whip–addicted stalker. Hi, Gloria."
The lying game: Steve, a man of the cloth (cheesecloth), doesn't lie—he's mathematically challenged. "The food measurements are given in absurdly small portions. I found that while four ounces of weed is a lot of weed, four ounces of ziti is *not* a lot of ziti."
The weigh-in: Eight pounds lost.
The skinny: "WW isn't a crash diet, but an all-encompassing lifestyle change," Steve says with that glazed-over cult-member look. Avoid suicide and you *will* lose weight. **(6/10)**



THE JUICE FAST

Soup to nuts: Nothing but juice and water for seven days or total dementia, whichever comes first. Hey, if it's good enough for Gandhi...
Victim: Production editor Andrij Witiuk (5'9", 185 pounds) is a former U.S. Marine and *Maxim*'s 2000 presidential candidate, so his flaccid midsection isn't just personally humiliating, but a blow to American pride!
His hell: "On day two a gnawing stomach pain told me to run into the bathroom," says Andrij, still looking panicked. "Suddenly, I realized I hadn't farted in two days."
The lying game: "Marines don't lie," Andrij barks on day five. "By day four I was only vaguely interested in food. I'd smell people's lunches and walk by feeling strangely clean, pure, and superior. But I had to write everything down or I'd forget it. *Look out*—Charlie's behind the copier!"
The weigh-in: Nine pounds (and all sense of reality) lost in seven days.
The skinny: Does it work? Hell, amputation may be the only way to lose weight faster. Plus, fasting cleanses stinky toxins and may free India from colonial oppression. **(7/10)**



SLIM-FAST

Soup to nuts: Are you a great big fat person? Good. Because Slim-Fast lets you eat six meals a day—two Slim-Fast Meal Options (shake or meal bar); one real meal; and three nutritional snacks—and *lose* weight. Now get us a Slim Jim fast!
Victim: We found Pedro, a 5'6", 175-pound back-shaver, inhaling pork rinds by the bushel. "Hey, anybody got a sister?" our new best friend belched out. "I'm hungry."
His hell: "Pygmy poop!" Pedro screamed when asked about Slim-Fast's meal alternatives. "Those crappy Meal-On-The-Go Bars are the size of pygmy poop! And the shakes taste like chocolate mayo. Where the hell is that side of sister I ordered?"
The lying game: Day 2: Pedro caught scarfing a Slim-Fast-garnished banana split for breakfast.
The weigh-in: Zero pounds (and one green card) lost. Smell ya later, Pedro.
The skinny: Their own literature warns that losing "more than two pounds per week... may cause health problems." So if you're looking to shoehorn into a Speedo by New Year's, Slim-Slow ain't for you. **(5/10)**



ATKINS

Soup to nuts: Mmm...meat! Dr. Robert C. Atkins' genius is an all-protein (steak, bacon, cheese, bacon cheesesteaks), no carb (bread, taters, pasta, sugar, beer) heart attack starter kit. The theory: Deny your body carbs and your liver will begin to convert fat into energy. Yep, Anna Nicole is now powering all of Rhode Island.
Victim: 6'1" senior editor Charles Coxe joined *Maxim* at a trim 195 pounds. Five years and 50 pounds later, it looks like the guy swallowed an iMac.
His hell: "Eating nothing but steak and eggs sounds great," Charles bitches. "But I was constipated for a month. And even that beats trying to shit out a month-old, 10-pound brick once you're finally allowed some roughage." Thanks for the visual.
The lying game: Chuck claims he barely cheated all month. Good thing cream-filled tube-steak is all protein.
The weigh-in: 17 pounds lost. We have a winner!
The skinny: Great diet for the carnivorous man. Too bad Dr. Atkins recently suffered a heart "incident" while taking "way too many vitamins at once." But the diet works. **(8/10)**



The tests:



One bite and your appetite disappears



Great for open sores, too!



The smart ones never open the box



The glass is half-full—not you



Mmm... jelly beans



"Hey, why do they call you meat?"

Photographs, Bradford Noble; styling, Liz Engelhardt; grooming, Gina Simone for Oliver Pro/Mac pro

On the menu: THE SECOND-MOST FUN YOU CAN HAVE WITH FOOD

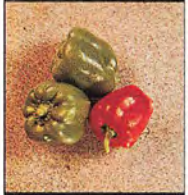
Wine&Dine

THIS MONTH: DEAD MAN'S CHILI

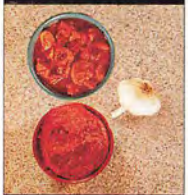
INGREDIENTS



Tequila, whiskey, beer, bitters, salt, Pepto-Bismol



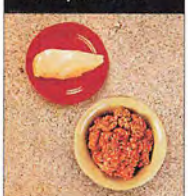
Bell peppers, jalapeños (maybe a *leetle* onion)



Stewed tomatoes, tomato paste, lotsa garlic



Harina, cayenne, cumin, pepper, bay leaves, molasses



Coarse ground beef, chicken, hungry dwarf





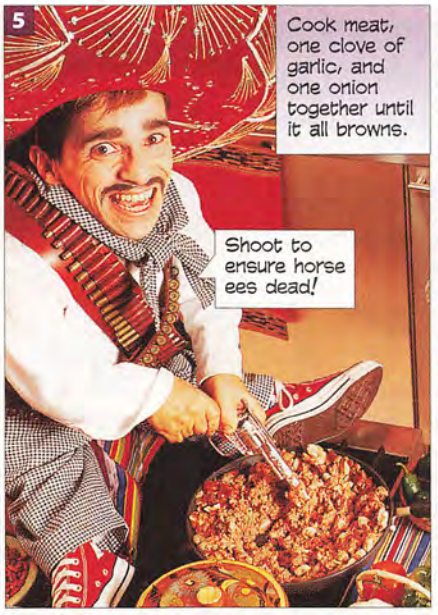




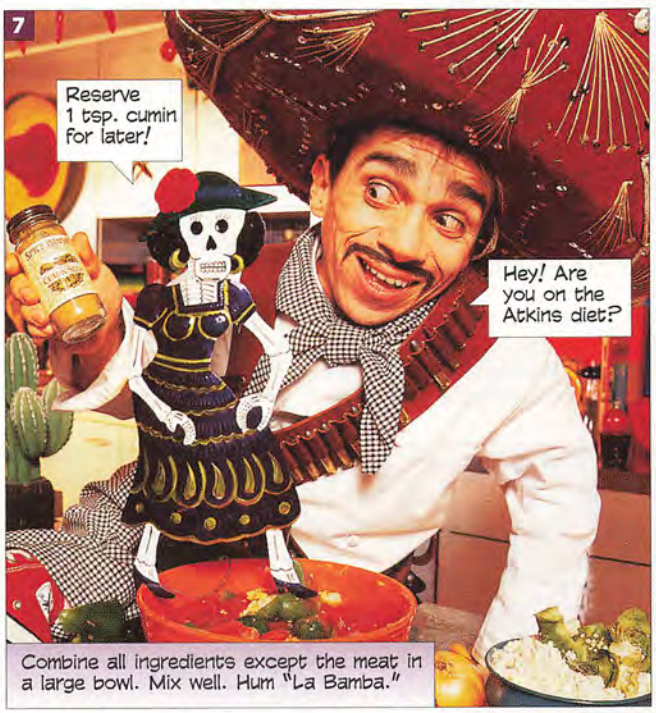
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADFORD NOBLE



You'll need three cups of stewed tomatoes and one can of tomato paste.



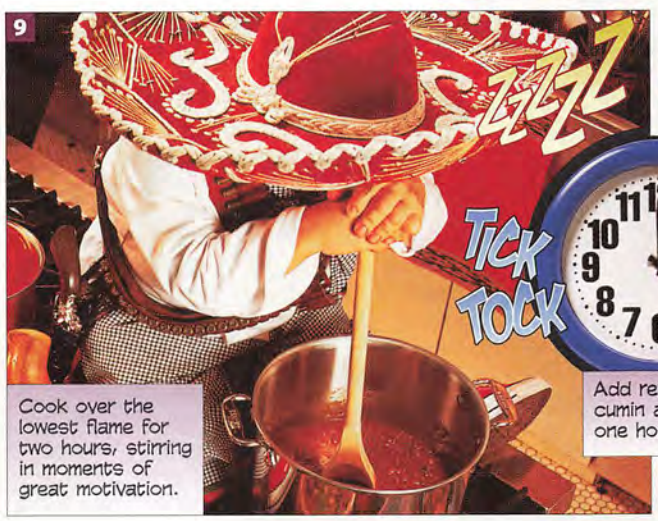




Combine all ingredients except the meat in a large bowl. Mix well. Hum "La Bamba."



Pour mixture over the meat and cook at a boil for 10 minutes. Simmer for 15 more.



Cook over the lowest flame for two hours, stirring in moments of great motivation.

Add remaining cumin after one hour.





CHILI FIXIN'S

To add your own touch, throw in...

CHOCOLATE: Two tablespoons of the grated unsweetened kind (ideally, Mexican) will sweeten your pot and deepen the flavor.

STOUT BEER: Simmer your meat in four ounces for a bittersweetness that'll make you weep. Pour one on the floor for your homeys, and crack another just for you.

MALT VINEGAR: The Midwestern touch—two tablespoons will add an acidic trip.

HICKORY SMOKE: Toss in a tablespoon of liquid hickory flavoring (you'll find it in any grocery store) for a dab of the Deep South.

BROWN SUGAR: Texans take it sweet—this baked-beans ingredient works here too. Then kiss Maya Angelou.

BEANS: Come from the East or the Midwest? Pour in a can or two of cooked pinto beans 20 minutes before serving. Just don't feed it to a purist or he'll slap you upside the head.



STUPOR BOWL: THE GAME

Watch TV, get a beer buzz on, make a little cash at the expense of people who trust you—if it's good enough for every politician in America, it's good enough for you!

RULES: Please drink responsibly. Any player too intoxicated to remember the final score has to clean up.



1. PREPARATION
Buy the beer of your choice. And friends—you'll need at least six. If you can't come up with that many, think about reassessing your life up to this point.



2. THE KICKOFF
Player number one is the guy with the fattest girlfriend; two, the second fattest, and so on. Player number one must drink continuously from the kickoff until the first time the whistle is blown.



3. HIKE!
On each ensuing play, each succeeding player drinks from the snap of the ball until the play is dead. You hear that? Dead!



4. SCORE!
If any team scores during a player's turn, he is allowed to assign the equivalent number of "drinking seconds" to the player of his choice. Seven points equals seven seconds—you get the idear. Burp!



5. FUMBLE!
In case of a turnover, play reverses rotation—if it went #3, #4, and a fumble while #5 is drinking, #4 goes next, etc. If points are scored, the drinking player must also drink the equivalent number of seconds.



6. GOING TO THE VIDEOTAPE
If a play is reversed after review, the player whose turn came on that play must go again. If this results in a score, he must drink for twice as many seconds as points scored. Oh, just keep drinking.



PEPPER SQUAD

Know your chili peppers! (Flea is the ugly one.)

JALAPEÑO
This green or orange-red pepper is a natural wuss detector: If you can't eat one without sweating, go touch up your lip gloss. **Heat index: 6**

SERRANO
It's mild, with a bright citrus flavor. Mexico exports more Serrano than it does documented Mexicans. **Heat index: 3**

HABANERO
This badass pepper can be up to 100 times hotter than the jalapeño. Humans have cultivated habaneros since 6500 B.C. But soothing, aloe-infused ass wipes didn't come along until the late '70s. **Heat index: Surface of the sun.**

CAYENNE
Its musky raisin taste will lend your chili a Cajun kick. How do you think Paul Prudhomme keeps his figure? **Heat index: 6**

CHIPOTLE
Also known as smoked jalapeños, chipotles are often sold marinated in jars of gooey, sweet adobo sauce. **Heat index: 4**

CASCABEL
If your next fart smells like potpourri, you've probably been snacking on these elegant gastric smoke bombs. Watch for a subtle taste of almond. **Heat index: 3**

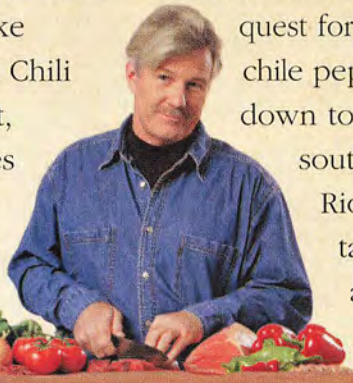
PEQUIN
It takes its name from the Spanish *pequeño* (meaning "small"). But just as even the tiniest Mexican gang member can kick your pasty gringo ass, so too can this li'l powerhouse make you blubber like a jailhouse bitch. **Heat index: 7** M

Styling and props: Liz Engelhardt; food styling, A.J. Battifarano; grooming, Gina Simone for Oliver Piro/Mac Pro. Illustrations, Lyman Daily.

If you want to cook up a great bowl of chili, you start with the best ingredients. Right? Well, for us this involves a little more than traveling to the local grocery store. Take STAGG® CLASSIC Chili for example. First, we head to places like the Midwest for plenty of juicy beef. Then, we make tracks west for sunny California's succulent red-ripe tomatoes. After that, it's north to towns like Moses Lake, Washington, where we're rewarded with plump pink beans. And winding our way east, we head for Minnesota, so we can get the pick of their dark red kidney bean crop. Our quest for zesty mouth-watering chile peppers takes us down to Texas, and then south across the Rio Grande for tangy spices and seasonings. The result is a chili so loaded with good things, it has taste you can actually see. (Unlike those other brands, which seem to blend away to nothing.) And we haven't even touched on our world famous secret recipe, refined and perfected over 30 years.



We get the best ingredients and frequent flyer miles, too.





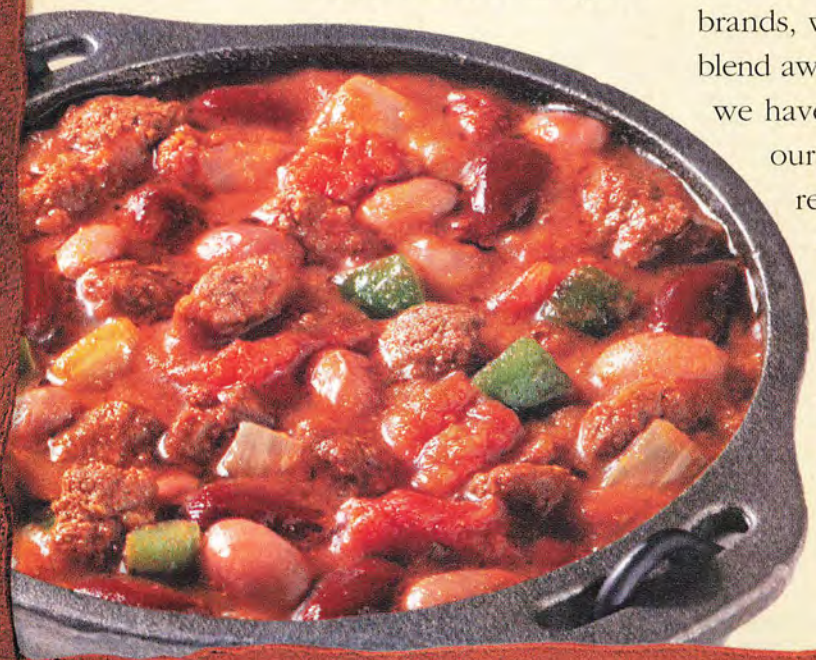
A bean this good could only come from Moses Lake, WA.

SURE YOU COULD MAKE YOURSELF A GREAT CHILI AT HOME. THE QUESTION IS "WHY WOULD YOU?"



With 12 varieties of STAGG® Chili we really get around.





So if you're still thinking about making your own chili at home, now you've got some free time to enjoy. Just pick up a can of STAGG® Chili. It's got a lot to love.



www.staggchili.com

THE CHILI CHILI-LOVERS LOVE

WARNING

the following information can bring
INTENSE PLEASURE
to one or more people

ONE TOUCH Orgasm COM

What the ladies have been saying:

"I was wet, I was horny, I was ready to jump him right there!"
-Sheila, Topless Dancer, NY

"That is not fair. You shouldn't be able to do that"
-Rebecca, NJ

"There was this warm feeling that crept over me and then all of a sudden my legs gave out and I was totally aroused."
-Kathy, MD

No pills,
no side effects,
just **INSTANT PLEASURE**
at your fingertips!

ONE TOUCH Orgasm COM

size is no longer an issue

"Hey, stop shoeing off, already!"



BUYING GUIDE

MAXIMWEAR
Page 129: Turtleneck, $98, by GUESS?, at GUESS? stores; or call 800-39-GUESS; or visit www.guess.com. Jacket, $98, by GAP, at select GAP stores; or call 800-GAPSTYLE; or visit www.gap.com. Hat, $18, by American Eagle Outfitters, at American Eagle Outfitters stores; or visit www.ae.com. Goggles, $125, by Oakley, call 800-336-3994; or visit www.oakley.com.

LEX APPEAL
Page 130–131: Tuxedo, $995, and shirt, $70, both by BOSS Hugo Boss, at BOSS Hugo Boss stores.
Page 132: Shirt, $165, by Michael Kors, at Michael Kors store, NYC; or call 212-452-4685.
Page 133: Suit, $895, by Calvin Klein, at Calvin Klein stores, NYC and Dallas; and Bloomingdale's. Shirt, $230, by Calvin Klein, at Calvin Klein stores, NYC and Dallas.

MARVELOUS FEETS
Page 134: (from top) Targa, $60, by Converse, at Dr. Jays, NYC; and Mo's Sneaker Spot, NYC; or visit www.converse.com. Marathon Trainer, $60, by Puma, call 888-565-7862; or visit www.puma.com. Road Runner, $50, by Pony, visit www.pony.com. Mexico 66, $70, by Asics Tiger, visit www.asicstiger.com.
Page 136: (from top) Classic Court shoe, $60, by Reebok, call 800 REEBOK-1; or visit www.reebok.com. Classic, $60, by K-Swiss, at Footlocker stores; and FootAction stores; or call 800-938-8000. Cortez, $55, by Nike, at Niketown stores; or visit www.niketown.com. 815, $50, by Avia, call 888-855-AVIA; or visit www.avia.com. Samba, $50, by Adidas, visit www.adidas.com.

PIT STOP
Page 138: (clockwise from center) Deodorant, $14, by Tommy Hilfiger, visit www.tommy.com. Deodorant, $12.50, by Biotherm Homme, call 888-BIOTHERM. Deodorant/antiperspirant, $2.99, by Gillette, at drug, food, and convenience stores. Deodorant, $12, by Anthony Logistics, call 866-ANTHONY; or visit www.anthony.com. Antiperspirant/deodorant, $14, by Lab Series for Men. Deodorant, (from gift set, $19.50), by Abercrombie & Fitch, at Abercrombie & Fitch stores; or call 800-432-0888; or visit www.abercrombie.com. Antiperspirant/deodorant, $4.99, by Pierre Cardin, at department stores.

NAME YOUR PRICE
Page 142: (from left) Cap, $35, by A|X Armani Exchange, at A|X Armani Exchange stores; or visit www.armaniexchange.com. Cap, $54, by Kenneth Cole, at Kenneth Cole stores; or call 800-KEN-COLE, or visit kennethcole.com. Cap, $200, by Rod Keenan, visit www.rodkeenannewyork.com.

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CLOTHING CREDITS
Page 32: Black vest, $390, Norma Kamali, at OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Bra, stylist's own.
Page 38–39: (Girl in blue) Navy blue sequined bikini, $230, by Vanda Catucci, available at Chradz, NYC. Clear heels, $39.50, by Frederick's of Hollywood, available at www.fredericksof hollywood.com. Rhinestone lightning bolt necklace, $70, by Noir, available at Big Drop, NYC. Silver hoop earrings, $35, by Noir, available at Big Drop, NYC. Garter, $15, by Religious Sex, NYC. (Dominatrix) Black patent leather bikini top by Leg Avenue, www.legavenue.com. Black patent leather corset, $555, by Dark Garden, available at Dark Garden, San Francisco, call 415-431-7684. Black patent leather gloves, $75, by La Crasia, available at La Crasia, NYC. Black patent leather hot pants with studs, by Leg Avenue, www.legavenue.com. Black fishnet thigh high stockings, by Leg Avenue, www.legavenue.com. Black patent leather pumps with steel heels, $36, Frederick's of Hollywood, www.fredericksofhollywood.com. Black spiked dog collar choker, $49, by Religious Sex, available at Religious Sex, NYC. (Guy in front) Black patent leather blindfold, by Leg Avenue, www.legavenue.com. (Girl in crystal bikini) Crystal bikini top and fringe skirt, by Leg Avenue, www.legavenue.com. Silver star drop earrings, $40, by Noir, available at Big Drop, NYC. Silver strappy sandals, $49, by Frederick's of Hollywood, www.fredericksofhollywood.com. (Girl in turquoise bikini). Turquoise beaded bikini, $310, by Domani, available at Great Shapes, Roslyn, NY. Rhinestone 3 heart necklace, $65, by Noir, available at Big Drop, NYC. Rhinestone heart earrings, $45, by Noir, available at Big Drop, NYC. Garter, $15, by Religious Sex, available at Religious Sex, NYC. Green platform heels, stylist's own. (On bachelor) Dog collar, $18, by Funk Plus, available at Religious Sex, NYC. Dog leash, $29, by Religious Sex, available at Religious Sex, NYC. (Girl on bar) Pink beaded bikini, $308, by Domani, available at Under G's, Beverly Hills, CA. Pink fur stole, $400, by Adrienne Landau, at Bergdorf Goodman.
Page 42: (Girl in gray) Grey bikini, $190, C+ Design, available at Body Hints, NYC. Silver sunglasses, $30, by Spitfire, available at Flying A, NYC. Gray faux fur boots, $96, by Regina, call 1-800-Scanski.com. Silver chain belt, $65, by Noir, available at Big Drop, NYC. (Girl in White) White bikini, $150, by Norma Kamali, available at OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. White leather fingerless gloves, $125, by La Crasia, available at La Crasia, NYC. White fur headband, $225, by Adrienne Landau, available at Saks Fifth Avenue. White goat fur boots, $147.50, by Regina, available at www.skishop.com. Silver heart rhinestone necklace, $45, by Noir, available at Big Drop, NYC.
Page 44: Slip by Hanna.
Page 45: Lingerie by Shirley of Hollywood, available at thepinkslip.com. Black bra by Chantal Thomass, available at thepinkslip.com.
Page 46: Leather and lace bra and thong by Trashy Lingerie, available at www.trashy.com.
Page 98–99: La Cosa panties, style #270050.
Pages 100–101: Cosabella low-rider hot pants with lace, style Ceylon.
Page 102: DKNY 100-percent cotton cami. Calvin Klein 100-percent cotton boy trunks.
Page 106: NFL shirt by Reebok. Leather shorts by Danier Leather Swim. Cleats by Puma.
Pages 114–115, 118: (left to right) Light pink Only Hearts cami. Panty by Benetton. Yellow Hanna bra and panty available at thepinkslip .com. White BelaBumBum bra and panty available at thepinkslip.com. Beige/blue bra and panty by Gap Body. Light blue cami and boy short by DKNY.
Page 117: Bra and panty by Benetton.
Page 119: Light blue bra and panty by Manuel Canovas.
Page 122–127: All clothing, La Petite Coquette, NYC.
Page 149: Red String Bikini by XOXO. Shoes by Stuart Weitzman.

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1 **British-born model Katie Price (a.k.a. Jordan) has what going for her?**

a. ■ Looks, smarts, pizazz—and at the age of 24 she's got her whole life ahead of her
b. ■ A $22 million Gucci modeling contract
c. ■ Tiny hands!



2 **Mercedes' new $300K Maybach has every luxury appointment but one. Which?**

a. ☐ A 12-cylinder engine, pumping 550 hp
b. ☐ A built-in humidor
c. ☐ A 20-inch monitor that stows away
d. ☐ A glass roof with variable transparency
e. ☐ A bejeweled, jive-talkin' driver with mohawk

ARE YOU AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK?

Find out right now! Answers can be found at **maximonline.com**, or just be lazy and read 'em here next month.

3 **Who said, "Dude, you have a bazooka. Stop thinking cop and start thinking PlayStation. Blow shit up!"?**


a. ☐ Laurence Fishburne, in *The Matrix*


b. ☐ Antonio Banderas, in *Spy Kids*


c. ☐ Vin Diesel, in *XXX*

4. ***Das leben ist wie ein kinderhemd—kurz und beschissen* is German for what?**

a. ☐ I would like a light breakfast—lots of liverwurst and sausage.
b. ☐ Life is like a child's shirt—short and crappy.
c. ☐ This is the time when we dance—touch my monkey. With your esophagus.



5 **What caused this geological phenomenon in Arizona?**

a. ☐ Copper mining
b. ☐ A meteorite
c. ☐ An unshielded Oprah chili fart

6. **Lockheed Martin's Atlas V launch vehicles can lift 19,100 pounds into orbit. How many untapped half-kegs is that?**

a. ☐ 103
b. ☐ 7,340
c. ☐ 32,580

7. **The Buffalo Bills set a playoff comeback record in 1993, rallying from a 32-point deficit to spank what team?**



a. ☐ Houston Oilers
b. ☐ Miami Dolphins
c. ☐ Cleveland Browns

8. **True or false: If the number of sorority house voyeurcam sites on the Net doesn't start increasing pronto, the terrorists win.**

a. ☐ True
b. ☐ False

9. **Richard Simmons wasn't always this svelte. How much did he weigh at his last-notch-on-the-pink-belt chubbiest?**



a. ☐ 268 lbs.
b. ☐ 310 lbs.
c. ☐ 365 lbs.

10. **True or false: Work sucks, and your boss is a dick.**

a. ☐ Totally
b. ☐ I work in a whorehouse

11 **Match these Technicolor NASCAR cars to their drivers.**







1. ☐ E. Sadler **2.** ☐ J. Gordon **3.** ☐ R. Wallace

12. **According to recently retired baseball MVP Ken Caminiti, what percentage of major leaguers take steroids?**

a. ☐ 10 percent
b. ☐ 50 percent
c. ☐ 90 percent

13. **Why can't women bond like men?**

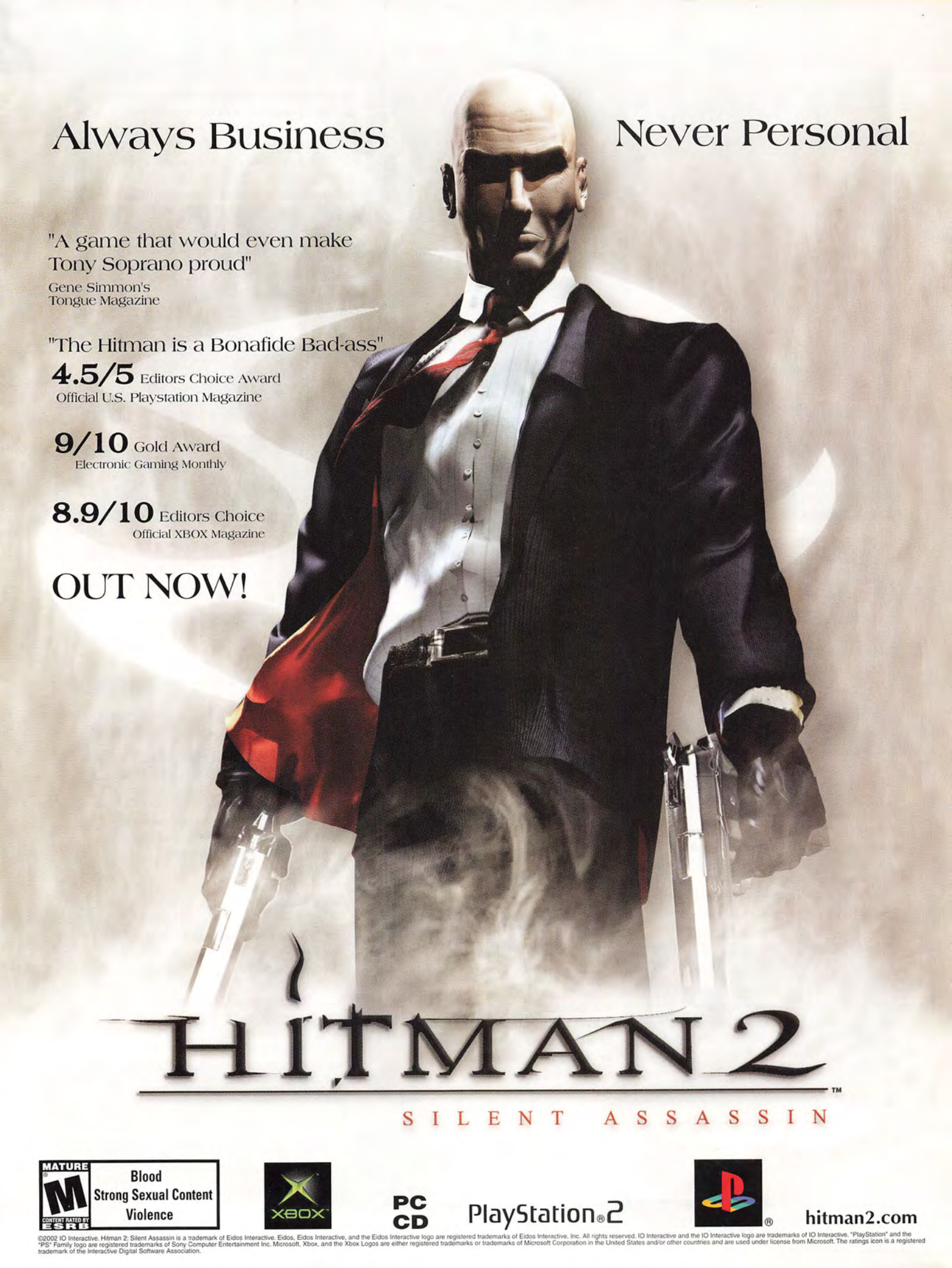
a. ☐ They have children and drift apart.
b. ☐ Their incessant loud talking annoys even each other.
c. ☐ They're unable to resolve arguments with a beer can to the groin.
d. ☐ Their faint lesbian urges confuse them, causing irrational hostility.

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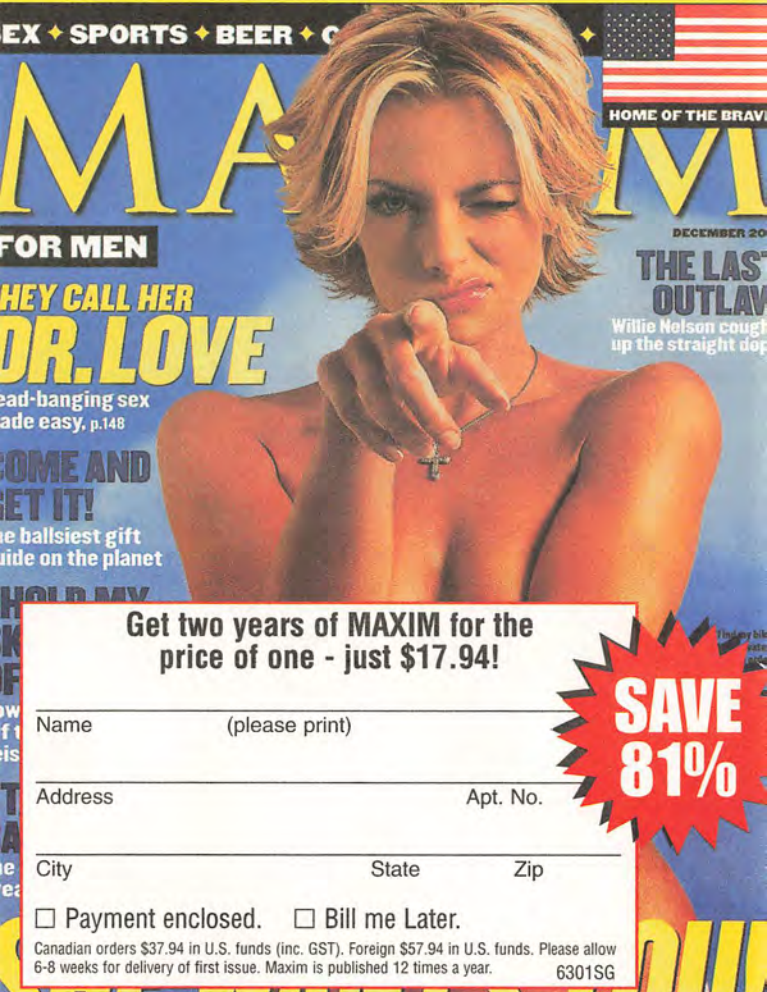


December's answers: 1. a 2. b 3. a 4. c 5. a 6. c 7. a 8. c 9. a 10. a 11. 1-b, 2-a, 3-d, 4-c 12. b 13. f



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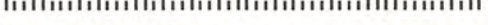
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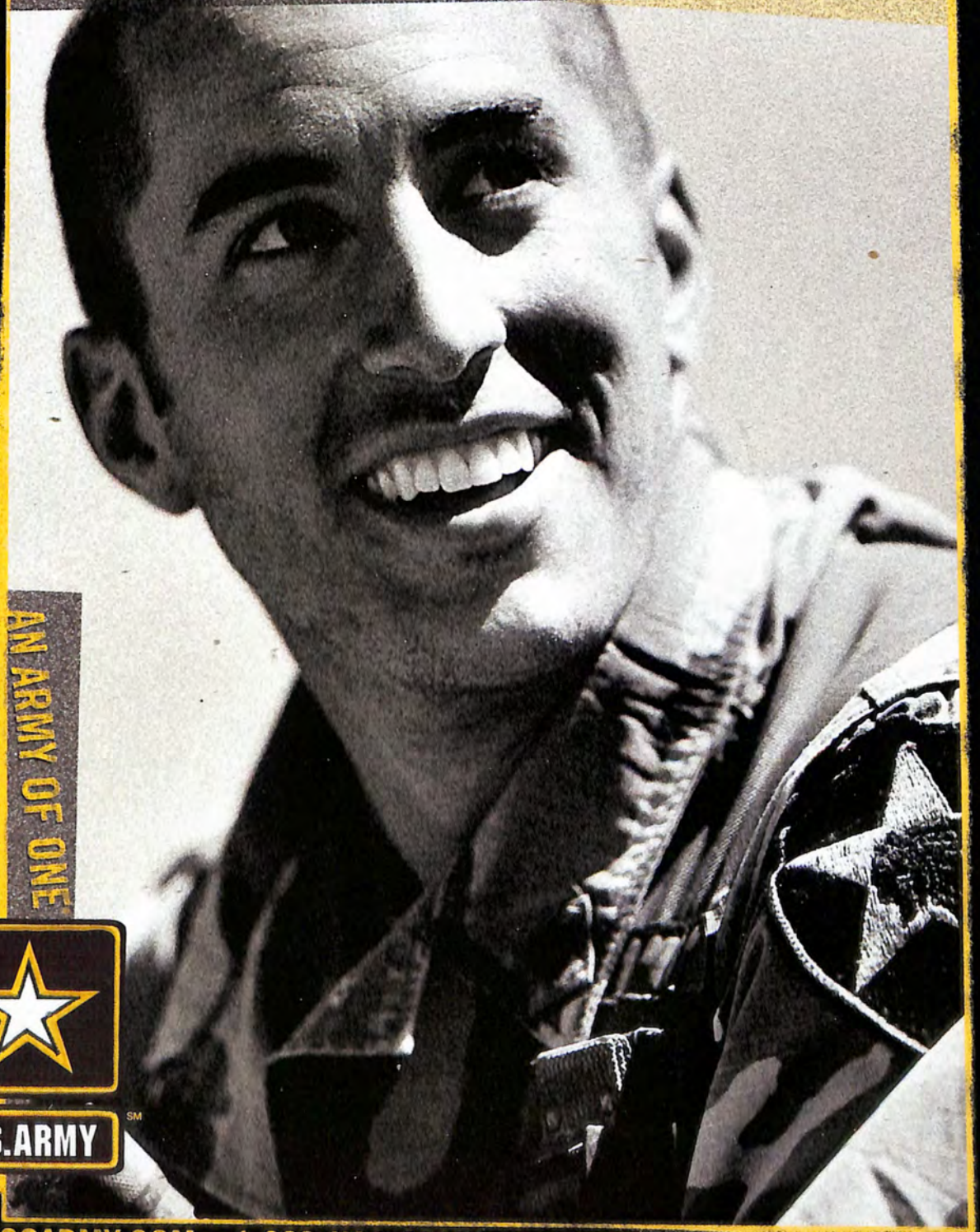
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